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PATRIOTISM AND FOOD

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I

Food is always more or less of a problem in every phase of its production, handling, and consumption. It is a problem with every farmer, every buyer, transporter, and seller, every householder. It is a problem with every town, state, and nation. And now, very conspicuously, it is a problem with three well-defined great groups of nations: the Allies, the Central Powers, and the Neutrals; in a word, it is a great international problem.

If food is a problem in the normal times of peace, how much more seriously must it be one in the abnormal times of war; and, above all, of such a world-war as the present! In this particular war-time, indeed, it is acutely true that food is a great and pressing problem; one of enormous importance, its solution bearing heavily on the whole solution of the war. Only seven years ago M. Bloch, the great Russian banker, wrote: 'That is the future of war — not fighting, but famine; not the slaying of men, but the bankruptcy of nations, and the breaking up of their whole social organization.'

The future of war, as written about by M. Bloch seven years ago, is the present of war to-day. Not that fighting and the slaying of men are lessened.

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Only the Napoleonic and the Thirty Years' wars approach to-day's war in the terrible losses of human life; and too great a drain on the human life of any one or several of the nations engaged may be the deciding factor in the war's conclusion. But on the whole, that part of the prophecy referring to the predominant influence of the food problem in modern war is thoroughly borne out by the facts. Despite the fearful and fatal struggling of an incredible number of men, consuming inconceivable quantities of munitions, and using such amazing methods of fighting as are beyond even the fantastic imaginings of the romancers of a decade ago, the national and international phases of the food and general economic problem are the predominant features of the war situation to-day.

Now we of America are hurling ourselves into the thick of this struggle at exactly the time of both military and economic and food crises. We are voluntarily taking up a part, and, in truth, the greater part, of the burden of solving this tremendous problem of food for the Allied world.

The present-day food problem of our nation, therefore, has, as its most conspicuous phase, an international character. We have joined ourselves, in effect, if not in signed compact, with

the Allies in a tremendous war task. The men of most of these Allies — the men of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy and Belgium — are fighting; they are not on the farms. But even in peace-time these nations looked to us for help in making up the regular annual difference between their food-production and their food-needs; normally these six countries, taken together, produce but sixty per cent of the grains necessary for their bread. We have always been their greatest and most reliable granary, food-store, and meat-shop. And now, with their production notably lessened, we are almost their only one. The grain of Russia cannot come out. The food of Bulgaria, Roumania, and Serbia belongs to the Central Powers. Australia and India are much farther away than ever before, what with submarines and an available supply of ships so small that no ship must travel one sea-mile farther than is absolutely necessary. And the European neutrals, caught between two threatening fires, must divide their little available surplus of meat and dairy products between Germany and England. Of cereals they have, of course, no surplus, but rather an aching void; and, therefore, they too must come to us with appeals for the satisfaction of their needs.

America then has the immediate and very great, but not impossible, task, in the general division of war labors among the members of the Allied group, of playing a predominant part in insuring a sufficient and regular supply of food for the maintenance of the great field armies of our fighting Allies, and of their no less great armies of working men and women in the war industries, and finally, of their women and children at home. This maintenance of the food-supplies of the Western Allies is an absolute necessity, second to no other, of the successful

prosecution of the war. Men continuously hungry cannot fight or work; nor will men with starving families continue to fight if they can feed their families by stopping fighting.

Let us then examine a little in detail the food-situation of the Allies, even going to that extreme, always dangerous for a writer who hopes to be read, of using a few figures. For if we limit ourselves simply to a generalized statement of the condition and need, we cannot point out in any precise terms just what we must do, and how do it, to meet our duty in this matter as a nation and as individuals.

II

Bread has not infrequently been referred to as the staff of life. And it really is. We of the Relief Commission found it so in feeding Belgium. The loudest call of the people, their principal anxiety, and our first care, all converged on wheat. German experience, as well as Belgian, has shown that a dietetic regimen for a semi-starving people is strong or weak, appeasing or dangerous, in proportion to the bread it contains. If the bread-ration is normal, or sufficient, much repression or substitution can be used in the case of the other foods. Thus, considered from the standpoint of either physiology or psychology, seeing to the bread-supply is the matter of first importance in the case of a people living on short rations and getting occasional glimpses into the abyss of starvation.

The cereals, then, should have first consideration in the analysis of the Allied food situation. And all the cereals should be considered, not only those more strictly to be called bread-grains, but also those chiefly used as feed-grains for animals: first, because in a pinch such as the present one, a much larger use than usual of the feed-grains

can be made for human consumption by mixing flour made from them with wheat flour for the bread; and, second, because on the availability of the feed-grains rests the production of meat, animal fats, and dairy products which, with sugar, are the other staples of diet.

The annual pre-war production of the cereals — wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye — of the Western Allies (the United Kingdom, France, Belgium and Italy) averaged, taking the three harvests immediately preceding the war as basis, about one and a half billion bushels annually. The annual consumption in the same period of these peoples amounted to nearly two and a quarter billion. But their production this year, because of lessened manpower available for the farms and consequent lessened acreage (in France the acreage is lessened by this and by the actual loss of land to the Germans by one third) and the lessened yield per acre, and also partly because of shortage of fertilizer, — will fall short of the pre-war average by half a billion bushels. In France, indeed, the wheat-production this year is hardly more than one half the normal.

The situation as regards the production of meat, animal fats, and dairy products is an equally serious one. The herds of the Allies have been seriously cut into since the war began by the lessened production and import (because of shipping shortage) of feed-grains and fodder for their support, and by the necessity of eating into the capital stock to meet the pressing demands for an increased ration of meat and animal fat of millions of men transferred from light or sedentary work to the severe physical exertion of the army or the war factories. This reduction of the herds by these causes means a lessened reproduction of animals, with consequent increased diminution of the natural replacement of the herds

themselves, creating thus the proverbial vicious circle.

The cattle, sheep, and hogs of the Western Allies in 1913 were over a hundred million head. At the beginning of this year they are estimated at about seventy-five million. If the decline in France continues through all this year at the rate followed since the beginning of the war, France will have but twenty-six million head, as compared with thirty-eight million before the war. She has lost 16.5 per cent of her cattle, 33 per cent of her sheep and 38 per cent of her swine since 1914. And yet she fights, and gloriously! Is there any doubt that we shall help to feed her?

Finally, as to sugar also there is a serious situation to face. Before the war the Western Allies were consuming annually about three million tons and producing considerably less than half of it. France, Italy, and Belgium, indeed, each produced a little more than they consumed; but Britain, with an annual consumption of two million tons, produced no sugar at all. However, the large balance of production over consumption of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and the smaller balance of Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, sufficed to supply a large part — seventy per cent — of Britain's needs. She found the balance in Java, Mauritius, the West Indies (excluding Cuba) and South America, to the extent of 16.5 per cent; in Cuba and the United States, 8 per cent; and from other scattering sources 5.5 per cent.

As a result of the war the European production of sugar has been greatly lessened. The effect of this decrease and of the war situation generally is to cut off almost entirely Great Britain's supply from Europe; for the other Allies, France, Belgium, and Italy, from being a little more than self-supporting as to sugar, are reduced now to calling on the outside world for approximately

two thirds of their needs, so radically has their production been cut down.

So much for a swift examination of the actual situation of our Western European Allies. They need help, and need it badly, and it can come only from us. What then is our own situation? In what position are we to meet the need?

III

The United States is the greatest food-producing country in the world. We have a larger absolute acreage in crops than any other nation, except possibly China. This acreage (320,000,000 acres) is nearly equal to that of the peace-time acreage of all Europe, excluding Russia (354,150,000 acres). Our total pre-war annual production of cereals (bread- and feed-grains together) averaged 4,800,000,000 bushels (average of crop of 1911, 1912, and 1913), while the total peace-time average for all the European countries except Russia, is almost exactly the same.

Similarly, figures might be given to show our enormous production of meat and animal products: last year, for example, it was over 20,000,000,000 pounds. But there is no special significance in these comparisons beyond their indication of our interesting magnitude as a food-producing land.

What will be more to the point, and is really needed, is a comparison of our production with our consumption. However impressive the figures of our output, they do not so much interest the world outside, nor in particular do they carry any comfort to our Allies, if there is not indicated in them the fact that we produce more than we consume. We are a large nation, and a young, vigorous, and growing one. Is our appetite and our need of food so great that we eat all we raise? And if we do not, do we leave uneaten enough to make up that deficiency between

the imperative needs of our Allies and their production? In the precise answer to these questions we find our problem stated in exact terms. Hence we must again use a few figures.

Whatever our average annual production has been, the important thing at this moment is the production of 1917. Fortunately, the crops for this year are now so assured that figures can be given, with close accuracy, of the amount of each kind of cereal we may expect to harvest, or have already harvested, this year. The figures given are the government estimates of September. Our wheat crop will be about 668,000,000 bushels; our corn crop 3,248,000,000 bushels; our oats about 1,533,332,000; our barley 204,000,000, and our rye 56,000,000. Roughly, a total of five and a half billion bushels of bread- and feed-grains. To the great advantage of ourselves and our Allies, this is a crop, taken as a whole, materially larger than our annual average. The excess, however, is made up of feed-grains and not bread-grains. It is in particular our bumper crops of corn and oats this year that run up the total. Our wheat crop is, as a matter of fact, below the average, which is about 800,000,000 bushels.

Our average normal annual consumption of wheat has been 590,304,000 bushels; of corn, 2,653,698,000; of oats, 1,148,713,000; of barley 178,829,000; and of rye 35,866,000; a total of 4,607,410,000 bushels.

Thus, if we continue to consume our cereals as in pre-war time, we should have out of this year's crop a surplus of about 80,000,000 bushels of wheat and 1,000,000,000 bushels of the other cereals taken together.

If we compare now the actual figures (obtained from official sources, and as nearly accurate as may be had) of the probable cereal production of the Western Allies for the year, to-

gether with those of their normal consumption, with the figures just quoted, we shall see the situation clearly and exactly.

The production of the Allies this year is closely estimated as follows: wheat, 393,770,000 bushels; other cereals, 587,016,000 bushels. Their normal consumption is: wheat, 974,485,000; other cereals 1,239,791,000.

That they may have a normal consumption until the next harvest, therefore, they must import in the next twelve months a total of about 580,000,000 bushels of wheat and 673,000,000 bushels of other cereals. Of this they can probably obtain from Canada (on the basis of the Canadian crop estimates for this year, and the known Canadian normal consumption) about 120,000,000 bushels of wheat and 119,000,000 of other cereals. This leaves them to obtain from us, if possible, about 460,000,000 bushels of wheat and 554,000,000 of other cereals.

Comparing these figures of the Allied needs from us with the figures of our probable exportable surplus on the basis of normal consumption, we find ourselves face to face with an easy solution — so far as grain goes; grain ships are another matter — of the situation as regards the 'other cereals,' of which we have more than enough to meet the necessity; but with what, at first glance, seems an impossible situation as regards wheat — for which read *bread*, with all of its significance as the very fundamental, the indispensable, basis of the daily ration. How are we — and our Allies — to meet this 'impossible situation.'

But the trouble is not with wheat alone. We have already pointed out in general terms the serious situation of the Allies with regard to the other staples — meat, fats, dairy products, and sugar.

I do not want to burden this paper

with figures and hence shall attempt no such detailed analysis of the situation with regard to these staples as that just undertaken as to the cereals. But a few statements will lend some definiteness to the situation.

The cutting down of the meat production of the Allies, and the limitation as to import from other than American sources, is revealed by the enormous growth of American meat exports, most of which have gone to the Western Allies, since the beginning of the war. Our annual average for the three years just before the war was 493,848,000 pounds; for the year ending June 30, 1916, it was 1,339,193,000. These figures do not include pork products, the exports of which have gone up from a billion pounds a year before the war to a billion and a half pounds for the year ending June 30, 1916.

This demand for meat will not lessen as the war goes on; it will increase. And it will continue for some years after the war, because the reduction of the European herds cannot be made good in a day, or a year.

This growing scarcity of native animals and animal products among our Allies, and their dependence on us, are evidenced also by the export figures for dairy products. Our annual average export of butter for the three years before the war was four and a half million pounds, of cheese three and three fourths millions, and of condensed milk about eighteen millions. For the year ending June 30, 1917, it was: butter, nearly twenty-seven million pounds; condensed milk nearly two hundred and sixty millions; and cheese sixty-six millions.

Finally, another word as to sugar. We have seen that the war has greatly reduced the production of France, Italy, and Belgium (Britain, of course, produces none) and has forced all the Allies away from most of their usual

outside sources of supply and made them turn for help to the United States and to our own usual sources of import. For we have never produced in our own country and possessions (the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico) much more than half the amount consumed by us. We have relied on Cuba to make up our deficiency. Our annual consumption is about four million short tons, while the normal total production of the United States and its possessions, Cuba and the other West Indies, in pre-war times was about four and a half million tons. Fortunately there has been, since the beginning of the war, an increase in production in these countries, due to the spur of the increased European demand, of about a million tons. But from the present total the Allies need to draw at least a million and three fourths tons; perhaps two millions this year. In other words, we and the Allies need to draw about six million tons from sources producing about five and a half millions; a problem in arithmetic — and eating!

IV

We have outlined one phase, the international one, of the food-problem. But there is another. It is the national, or domestic one. This ties up closely, of course, with the wider aspect of the problem. Indeed, it is to a large extent immediately caused by the attempt at provisioning the Allies, in the uncontrolled manner in which the attempt has been made from the beginning of the war up to now. The more nearly the Allies — and the European neutrals, with their underground pipes into Germany — have come to being fed from America, in the unregulated way so far in vogue, the larger and more acute has grown the domestic problem. It reveals itself most readily, perhaps, by a simple inspection of home

prices for home products and a comparison of them as they stand to-day with the corresponding prices before the war.

Taking an average of the retail prices for the five years just before the war as a basis, the prices of various familiar foods on July 15, 1917, showed the following percentages of increase: corn meal 115; flour 110; potatoes 110; lard 81.5; bacon 70; pork chops 66; round steak 65.5; ham 64; sugar 53; sirloin steak 51; rib roast 47; poultry 41; milk 27.5; butter 26.5; eggs 24.33.

But the whole story is not told by such a simple comparison. The rate of increase has not been an even one. It has accelerated with time, for example: the price of wheat per bushel was \$1.071 on August 1, 1916, and on August 1, 1917, \$2.289; corn advanced from 79.4 cents to \$1.966; barley from 59.3 cents to \$1.145; rye from 83.4 cents to \$1.781; potatoes from 95.4 cents to \$1.708. That is, of each of these important commodities, with the single exception of white potatoes, the price has more than doubled within the last year. Where are they going? When are they going to stop?

These terrible present prices of all commodities weigh heavily upon consumers, especially on those who depend on a monthly salary or a day wage; and these constitute the greater proportion of the population. It is true that there have been advances in wages — in some cases, several successive advances. But these altogether seldom amount to more than twenty-five per cent, and therefore they are not at all in proportion to the increased cost of food-stuffs. These exaggerated prices have caused general alarm and a widespread belief that serious trouble is likely to confront us in the coming winter unless relief is arranged for.

There may be — undoubtedly are — several causes contributing to this

excessive price increase, but the fundamental cause is certainly the unregulated way in which the extraordinary demand from our Allies and the European neutrals for all essential commodities has been met. One of the contributing causes has been 'hoarding,' either by the householder buying an unusual amount ahead of his needs, or, and much more seriously, by the large purchases of speculators, and the holding of these purchases against the inevitable increase in price. These purchases and holdings themselves help to make the increase inevitable. There has been too, unquestionably, a certain amount of coöperation between men handling certain commodities, to the deliberate end of advancing prices and thus increasing profits.

One part of our domestic problem, then, is that of effecting by one means or another a decrease and stabilization of prices. This presupposes a corrective for 'profiteering,' generally. Another part, which is also a part of the international problem, is the organization of our food-production and use so as to create the surplus needed for supplying our Allies, and the regulation, in connection with the Allied governments, of the supplying of this surplus in such manner as not to force up our home prices too dangerously. Heretofore the Allies have made their purchases in our markets in competition both with each other and with the buyers for our own homes. And, finally, there is another part, also international rather than domestic in aspect, which is to create an effective check against an oversupply to neutrals—with their dubious connections. Our food-problem is thus, after all, just one big problem, domestic and international at once.

So far it has been all 'problem.' What of the solution?

The solution is food-conservation;

or, better, food-administration. For food-conservation, as a term, is sometimes used to denote only that part of the general organization, control, and economical use of food which is chiefly indicated by the last phrase; that is, the general technic and details of the economic use, preservation, substitution, and so forth, of food in the household, public eating-places, and retail shops. The situation involves, however, much more than this food-conservation, in the strict sense. It calls for food-conservation of the broadest sort, involving administrative, educational, coöperative, compulsory, and voluntary activities of wide diversity and application; in a word, it depends upon an intelligent, organized, vigorous Food-Administration.

For the people of this country have called for and organized food-control, just as the people of Italy, France, and Great Britain successively saw the necessity, called for such control, and were given it; and the people of Germany were given it without the calling. It is almost certain that none of these peoples could have maintained itself in the war without governmental food-control. And so our people have got, as a hoped-for solution of their problem, a United States Food-Administration. What is it? What *may* it do? What *can* it do? What is it doing?

On August 10 of this year, just four months after our entrance into the war, Congress passed, and the President immediately signed, the 'food-control bill,' introduced in the House on June 11. The delay in the passage of the bill was chiefly due to a reluctant Senate. On the day of its passage President Wilson appointed Herbert Hoover to be his representative as head of the Food-Administration, with the title of Food-Administrator. Great Britain's food-head, at present Lord Rhondda, is officially entitled Food-Controller;

France's administrator, M. Violette, is called *Ministre du Ravitaillement*.

On August 12 Mr. Hoover formally announced the policy and general plans of the Food-Administration. It should be interesting and profitable to present here a brief analytical summary of the act.

It authorizes a governmental control over the supply, distribution, and movement of all food, feeds, and fuels, and all machinery, implements and equipment required for their actual production. Any agency necessary to carry out this control may be created; any existing department or agency of the government may be used.

All destruction of food or fuel for the purpose of enhancing prices is prohibited; all willful waste, all hoarding, all monopolization, all discrimination and unfair practices, all unjust charges in handling and dealing in food and fuel, and all combining to restrict the production, supply, or distribution are made unlawful.

Manufacture, importation, storage, and distribution can be carried on only by license, when the President shall deem it essential to institute such licensing. Exception to the license requirements is made in favor of farmers, coöperative associations dealing with products produced by their members, and retail dealers whose business is less than \$100,000 a year.

Food, feeds, and fuel necessary for the army, navy, and public service may be requisitioned. Hoarded supplies may be seized, sold, and distributed. The government may purchase, store, and sell at reasonable prices, wheat, flour, meal, beans, and potatoes. Factories, packing-houses, pipelines, and fuel mines may be taken over and operated by the government for such time as is necessary to secure adequate supplies for the public service.

Regulations may be issued to pre-

vent speculation, manipulation, enhancement, depression, or fluctuation of prices, and to control the operation of exchanges, boards of trade, and similar organizations dealing in food, feeds and fuel.

For the purpose of stimulating production the government may guarantee for a period not longer than eighteen months a price which will insure the producer a reasonable profit. The minimum price of the 1918 crop of Number 1 Northern Spring wheat is fixed at two dollars per bushel at the principal interior markets. The import tariff on food, feeds, and fuel may be increased if such increase is considered necessary to prevent undue importation from other countries.

No foods or feeds shall be used for the production of distilled spirits for beverages. No distilled spirits may be imported. All distilled spirits in bond or stock are commandeered, and any of these stocks may be redistilled to meet the requirements of the government in the manufacture of munitions and military and hospital supplies.

Particular powers are given in regard to the production of and dealing in coal and coke. Prices may be fixed. If these prices are not conformed to, the mine or plant and business of the offending producer may be taken over. If deemed necessary, the producer of coal and coke may be required to sell solely to the government, and the government may act as the sole dealer in the resale of the supplies.

The government is authorized to purchase nitrate of soda to increase agricultural production in 1917 and 1918, and to sell this fertilizer for cash.

In all cases where a commodity or operating plant is requisitioned, just compensation is to be made.

Appropriations are made to carry on the business operations authorized in the act, and for the special purchase

of nitrate of soda, and for the general expenses of the Food-Administration.

The enumeration of the statutory powers of the Food-Administration answers the query, what *may* be done. What *can* be done is another matter. The Food-Administration may stimulate production; can it? It may prevent all hoarding, manipulation, and profiteering; again, can it? The answer does not depend on the Food-Administrator alone. It depends much more, indeed, on the people of the country. We are patriots enough to stand up with the right music, to float the flag, and to yell when the soldiers go by. We are even patriots enough to offer our lives to our country. Are we patriots enough to stand without flinching when our pockets and appetites are touched? We shall see.

V

The Food-Administration has made a vigorous beginning. The long, vexing, injurious delay in the passage of the bill was not all lost time. The Food-Administrator to be was preparing. He made the beginnings of his volunteer organization; he found temporary quarters, beginning with three rooms in a Washington hotel, and moving about with his growing staff as eviction followed eviction from other temporarily loaned resting-places. The day after the act was signed things began to happen officially; their beginnings had already been made unofficially.

As wheat — always thought of in terms of bread — was of first importance, so its consideration came first on the programme. At this writing, one month after the passage of the bill, a 'fair price' (\$2.20 a bushel) has been fixed for this year's crop. A great Food-Administration Grain Corporation and a coöperating Food-Administration Milling Division have been formed to

control its entire handling, purchase, sale, distribution, and export. A sugar-control is well under way; meat and fats are soon to be dealt with. Dealers in food commodities are being put on a basis of license; that is, are under some control. There are well-developed special divisions of the Food-Administration on meat and meat products, wholesale groceries, canned goods, sugar, potatoes, dairy products, fruits and vegetables, fish, and commercial bread and baking systems. There is a statistical division, a legal division, a state-organizations division connecting immediately with state food-administrators, representing the federal Food-Administration, a division of utilities and research in nutritive values and the like, a transportation division, one of labor, and one of imports, exports, and embargo, acting in close connection with the departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and State, with a firm grip already on the spiny problem of export to European neutrals, with its serious corollary of — let us put it bluntly — export to Germany.

Also, there are all the necessary special divisions for internal office-organization and administration. And, finally, there is a large, driving division of food-conservation, in the strict sense. This really demands a full paper by itself. It must, at least, have a separate paragraph or two in this paper.

It is this department that connects the Food-Administration immediately with all of the people. We are all consumers, and food-conservation, in its special sense, concerns itself primarily with food-consumption. The primary object of this special part of the food-conservation campaign is to bring about an intelligent rearrangement of the eating habits of our hundred million people so that the particular food-stuffs most needed by the Allies can be accumulated. This has to be done

in the face of a normal surplus—which has to be made larger—and by a people long accustomed to a use of food limited chiefly only by its cost.

To do this it is necessary first to convince our people that food is a decisive factor in the war, that the strength of our Allies can be maintained only by a food-supply meeting their minimum necessity, and that it is our duty and opportunity in this war to make sure of this food-supply. Food-conservation becomes then a patriotic service.

Next, it is necessary to point out how each household and public eating-place and each individual consumer can actually act so as to conserve food. The details and special efforts centre about three principal general propositions: elimination of waste; substitution of certain foods for others, as corn for wheat, poultry for beef, mutton, and pork, and so forth; and, an actual lessening of unnecessary consumption. To instruct and enlist the nation the already organized forces of the people are being brought into play. The special help of community centres and state organizations, of the public-school teachers, the churches, fraternal orders and patriotic societies, has been enlisted. Their representatives have come to Washington and are devotedly helping in the great campaign. Work in home economics is being directed by experts. Simple primers and textbooks and lecture-course syllabi for the public schools and colleges have been prepared and issued. Most important of all, perhaps, the energetic coöperation of the women of the country has been obtained. Cards specifying the particular measures most available and effective for food-saving and wise food-use in the homes and public eating-places are being sent broadcast, and pledges to observe these suggestions are being signed by millions of households, hotel, restaurant, dining-car, and club

managers, and individual consumers.

These pledge-signers are enrolled as members of the Food-Administration and receive cards of membership which they are asked to display in their windows, so as to announce their patriotic undertaking and thus serve as a good example to others.

The results of this great campaign are already obvious. An actual food-saving, a food-conservation, is being effected. This is shown concretely by interesting statistics recently collected from sixty cities which reveal a decrease in the garbage collections by about 12 per cent, as compared with those of last year. Quite as important, a psychological effect is being produced. Food-conservation is making the war real; it is inspiring patriotism. It offers the opportunity for universal service in a great national endeavor; and it is creating this service. Incidentally, it may mean much for the years after the war; we may get the food-saving habit—and the habit of patriotism.

Another phase of food-administration is that of the stimulation of production. Under the provisions of the so-called 'food-survey bill,' signed on August 10, the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to investigate in detail the actual food situation in the country and to employ a variety of special measures, such as the special furnishing of seed, demonstrations, and enlarged efforts at education for increasing the food-production. This work does not come under the immediate control of Mr. Hoover's organization, but it is a matter in which the Food-Administration is vitally interested, and in which it is taking every opportunity to assist and to coöperate with the Department of Agriculture. There has already been a notable response of the people to the call for increased production, evidenced by the two million or more new back-yard and

vacant-lot gardens planted this summer, and a plain promise of increased acreage for the 1918 crop of grain.

A pertinent question, the answer to which has been as yet no more than indicated in this paper, is that concerning food-conservation by the Allies. Americans who are asked to limit their consumption of bread, meat, and sugar for the sake of supplying our Allies with food will want to know what the Allies themselves are doing in the way of food-economy. That each of them has a governmental food-administration has already been said. On the heels of this it may be added at once that these administrations are vigorous ones, and their actions drastic. They undertake something that will not be undertaken here. They practically put the people of their countries on ration. They prescribe just how much, or rather how little, meat and bread and sugar may be served at any meal in a public eating-place. They proscribe cakes and sweets and other unnecessary luxuries that use up wheat and sugar and milk. They compel the making of war bread — that is to say, bread from wheat milled at 80 per cent in England, — meaning that 80 per cent of the whole kernel of the wheat goes into the flour, — 85 per cent in France, and 90 per cent in Italy, and mixed with from 20 to 50 per cent of flour made from other cereals (barley, rye, oats, and rice). They prohibit the use of meat on certain days.

Each of these countries rigidly controls the commercial agencies handling foods and has set up a governmental purveying of the important staples. Fixed prices are established for various kinds of food. Each country, most notably England, has conducted a vigorous nation-wide campaign for the voluntary coöperation of all its people in food-conservation. Every household in England which accepts

the government's call to save food, hangs in a window facing the street a poster declaring, —

IN HONOUR BOUND WE ADOPT
THE NATIONAL SCALE OF
VOLUNTARY RATIONS.

In the short street in London in which I lived this spring three out of four of the houses displayed this indication of their patriotism. In a certain village of two hundred and fifty houses all but twenty-five displayed the poster.

Great efforts have been made to stimulate production. Minimum prices for wheat have been guaranteed to the farmers for future crops. England's guaranty extends over six years.

And all this control and appeal have produced results. England's use of bread has been reduced twenty-five per cent, according to an August estimate of the Food Controller; in some cities, — York, for example, — it is greater. France has reduced (August) her use of meat seventeen per cent since March of this year. Marked additions to the acreage of grain and potatoes have been made. England estimates an addition of half a million acres of wheat and potatoes for this year. The increased acreage of garden and small cultivation is even more notable. Flower gardens have become vegetable gardens; waste places are blossoming like the rose — but with potato blossoms. Over one hundred thousand women are now in regular agricultural employment in localities where before the war no women at all were employed. The government has placed several thousand motor-tractors at the service of the farmers.

In a word, our Allies are not asking us for food without making the most strenuous efforts to help themselves. And all the time, they are fighting and making munitions, and doing all the

thousand urgent and serious things necessary for the efficiency of their millions of fighters in the field — and for their comfort when they come back to 'Blighty.'

VI

Patriotism and food! Winning a world-war by eating corn and chicken instead of wheat and beef! It will take much education to get this point of view. An army of food-savers does not appeal to the imagination at first consideration. But remember the large words of M. Bloch: 'That is the future of war — not fighting, but famine.'

I had some opportunity during the two years from May, 1915, to May, 1917, of seeing embattled Germany at close range. And I saw Germany fighting, not only with armies of men in field-gray, but with greater armies of un-uniformed men, women, and children — the civilian armies of workers and food-savers. Germany is fighting as a whole people, a whole nation mobilized. Germany is fighting to win a war that was to have been all conquest and glory, and is now all *Durchhalten*. In this fighting and *Durchhalten* Germany has lifted food to all the importance that M. Bloch prophesied for it. She is struggling to hold off famine from herself and to impose famine upon her enemies. Germany controls food, saves food, stretches food, as no nation has ever done before. That she has not already been beaten is due no less to her food-organization than to her fighting organization. She has put patriotism and food together. So must we.

It is a time of rare and glorious opportunity; a time in which prosaic business and industry may be lifted up to the high plane of national service. And it is being so conceived in many quarters. The editor of a millers' jour-

nal puts it well for his miller and baker readers when he says, 'He who grinds a barrel of flour or makes a loaf of bread to the glory and the good of the nation, forgetful of self, performs his duty in a spirit of devotion equal in its way to that of him who goes forth to actual battle.'

And just as business and industry can perform their national service by putting patriotism and food together, so can we who serve our households and public dining-rooms; and so also can we who eat — in a word, all of us. There is no magic way of making food win the war. It can be done in but one way, the way of voluntary and eager resolution and action of the whole people, each group and each person according to the measure of his opportunity and means; a matter of daily personal service on every farm, in all the places through which pass the great food masses, and, finally, in every little shop and every kitchen and at every table in the land.

It is not a sordid association, patriotism and food. It can be as fine as the spirit of democracy and as ennobling as the struggle for democracy. For in these days it is, in truth, an essential part of each. If we cannot organize our effort in this world-crisis by the individual initiative, spirit, and consent of the people, then democracy is a faith on which we cannot stand. For autocracy has shown that it can organize its effort; it does it by imposing organization by force from the top. We must do it from the bottom, and voluntarily. The administration of food is a test of what our form of government is worth. If success in it did no more than insure its immediate aim, — providing our Allies with food, — it would be wholly worth while. But it will do much more than that: it will prove our faith in ourselves.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF

AN ENFORCED EXPERIMENT IN LABOR

BY CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL

I

SOMETIME in the dark hours of an early morning in November, 1913, I awoke to the realization that I was on a train, without the least understanding as to where I was going, what I was there for, or who I was. A bewildered search in my pockets brought forth letters that told me my name and revealed further that I had been — and probably still was — an assistant professor in Teachers' College, Columbia University. A letter from Ohio State University seemed to indicate that I was favorably considering the offer of a chair in that institution, but whether I had accepted it I had no means of knowing. Another letter told me that I had been asked by a publisher to give an opinion as to the merits of a manuscript — a history textbook. But none of these availed to bring to my mind a single face, name, or incident that would give me a clue to work on.

Of those hours of dizzy effort and confusion I have little recollection. So far as I can remember now, my feelings were of bewilderment and exasperation rather than of acute distress. It was easy enough to find out that my train was bound for Detroit, and I spent some little time in trying to solve the problem why I should be going to Detroit. But the whole matter remained an absolute blank. I found that the effort to pierce the cloud was not only

fruitless, but irritating, like straining your eyes in black darkness to see something, or vainly trying to remember what you were doing Wednesday afternoon three weeks ago. So I made a conscious effort to dismiss the puzzle for the time being, and to look as squarely as I could at the immediate situation.

Before I reached Detroit I had come to a definite decision, aided by a few casual inquiries of a fellow passenger who had, of course, no suspicion of my dilemma. I would take the electric car to Toledo, provide myself there with a few necessities, and set out on foot, trusting to the open road to clear my mind, and putting aside meanwhile all thought as to either the past or the future. For I had a reasonably well-filled pocket book; how much money was in it I do not know now and may not have known then, but it was enough for any immediate needs.

That night I slept at a little hotel about nine miles out of Toledo. The walk had done me good, though the blank in my memory was as stubborn as ever. During the next ten days I tramped on — walking about twenty miles each day and sleeping at village hotels or farmhouses. One negative clue as to my past was soon evident. My ignorance as to farming was abysmal. Even hitching up a team seemed a performance as intricate as a problem in higher mathematics, and each time that I saw it done I had to stand

by and watch in helpless wonderment as buckles and straps were adjusted with a skill that fascinated me. To my regret I had to recognize that farming was to me an unprobed mystery, and had a humiliating feeling that I must have been a narrowly academic person whose knowledge was limited to books.

For the first day or two out of Toledo my mind would turn ever and anon to anxious groping. But this soon ceased, and I began to feel a sort of shrinking horror of the unknown world from which I seemed separated by an impenetrable wall. This is a matter on which I dislike to dwell, and yet it must be stated. Neither then nor later, though I knew both my name and my college, did I take any steps to communicate with my friends. The fact is that it did not at first occur to me, and that when the thought did come I dismissed it with a shudder. No one who has not experienced the like can realize how utterly non-existent my past life seemed in all its personal relationships; how, while my mind recognized that there had been a past, yet it seemed not really mine, insubstantial, dark, unreal, a past of which I knew less than of the life of Oliver Cromwell, and that solely by documentary evidence. Even later on, when I could survey the whole matter in a rational way, I still had the same shrinking from putting forth my own hand to part the curtain. In so far as I ever formulated it, my reason for inaction was a reluctance to leave behind the vivid, healthy life I was leading and return to a circle to which I should have to readjust myself, — a thing which seemed of dizzy complexity, full of embarrassment and even distress, — and in which I should be regarded as abnormal, a semi-invalid. But the strength of my feeling was not to be expressed by any such formulation, and I can only state it, without being able wholly to account for it.

The effort to ascertain the extent and limitations of my own powers was a different matter, rather interesting than otherwise, and even exciting. Things practical, mechanical, or commercial woke no response in my mind. But I found myself at home at once when I picked up a book, and I spent many an hour in testing my memory. I remember repeating the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* triumphantly from beginning to end, and planning a lecture on the French Revolution without finding myself at a loss for any essential name or date. I found too that I could recall clearly — to take specific cases — the general appearance of Columbia University, the view from Morningside Heights over Harlem, the Bay of Naples, the Piazza San Marco at Venice. Of the Acropolis of Athens I was not quite so sure. It seemed fairly vivid and I could place the buildings quite easily, but it did not seem so real to me as St. Mark's or Columbia. Since then I have found the reason for this: I had never been in Athens, and knew the Acropolis only from books, maps, and pictures. But all these places, while objectively clear, were without any personal relation to myself. I remembered them but I did not remember seeing them.

I was aware, of course, of what had happened. My knowledge of physiological psychology was of the slightest, but in general I knew what amnesia is, and realized that a minute cell or group of cells had suffered paralysis. But I became increasingly certain that the trouble was very definitely localized, and that my mind remained perfectly clear and sane. Just as one knows how to read without being able to recall one's first lessons, so I had the fruits of past years without being able to remember how I had acquired them. My relief at my growing consciousness of mental health was intense — so in-

tense that the problem with which I was faced, appalling as it would have seemed to my friends had they been aware of it, appeared a mere trifle.

So that tramp from Toledo to Danville was not entirely an unhappy one. I was troubled, of course, but the shock itself may have had some numbing effect, and in any case the very loss of my personal past meant that I had no emotion in regard to it. It was not like a conscious exile, when every memory, every association means acute pain. To me all that I was leaving behind was as if it had never been. I was conscious only of the present, of the sweetness of the tonic autumn air, the brown of the fields, the restful silence of the woods. And each noon as I sat by the roadside to eat my lunch and smoke my pipe, I found it possible to look at the world with a serene eye and sweep the devils of doubt and fear behind me.

It may be that I was carried through those first days by the same kind of nervous excitement and insensibility to anxiety and fear that carries a man through a fierce battle. And by the time that this had worn off, the days of silent, lonely tramping along the Ohio and Indiana roads had brought me many steps toward a working adjustment: for the very silence and loneliness had had a steady, sobering, soothing, and healing effect. What the future held for me I knew not at all, and yet the ignorance brought no real worry. When the rain and the muddy roads of Illinois drove me to take a train, and when I decided to go to Colorado, I was still without any definite plans. I felt only that I must go far from the scenes of my old unknown life, and somehow I yearned for the mountains.

II

It was mid-December when I reached Colorado Springs. The place looked

homelike, and the great line of snowy giants to the west seemed to have an inspiring and helpful message. I remember repeating to myself the first verse of the 121st Psalm, a verse that will always have a peculiar depth and meaning to me that it can have for few others. So I cast anchor, not knowing that I was to spend more than two years under the shadow of Pike's Peak. I knew that I should have to form some plan of action soon, for my funds were now perilously low. But for a little time I let even the immediate future take care of itself, and sought mental and physical tonic in long walks through the lovely mountain country. Cliffs and cañons, the mighty hills on one side and the prairie on the other, these were a solace and a strength beyond imagining. My companions were the magpies and long-crested Rocky Mountain jays. And I remember the thrill with which I saw my first eagle sail out from behind a great crag at the entrance to Cheyenne Cañon, sweep over me in a lordly circle, and disappear between two spires of granite. But, except for the wild things, I wanted solitude. I spent that Christmas, I remember, in the Garden of the Gods, and my Christmas dinner consisted of a sandwich and a banana.

The time came, however, when I had to face facts. Somehow or other I had to earn my living or go hungry. Query: how was I to go about it? One part of the answer was obvious at once. It was inevitable that if I were to persist in clinging to the vivid life that I knew and turning away from the dark life that was hidden, I must accept the consequences in their entirety. I could not be a teacher, for to be a teacher requires records and references of a kind that I was conspicuously without. In the face of this, since I was a man of one trade, the only thing left to me was unskilled labor. Even unskilled labor

looked formidable to me, for, in spite of the adjective, it does involve some degree of skill. As a matter of fact, the most ignorant Mexican in Colorado was better qualified then to earn his living than I. But I had muscles and a willing spirit, and I saw no reason for shrinking from the life of a laborer.

With this acceptance of the inevitable came the reflection that I could at least turn my evil state to some profit. I could face the situation, not with the discouragement and shrinking that benumbs and degrades, but with the determination to take it as an experience that would enable me to see life and its problems from a new angle. With the resolve came, not only courage, but the awakening of a definite intellectual interest. If I could take the whole matter as an adventure, as an experiment in labor and life, then, when my normal self should be restored, I could come back perhaps a little wiser than before. So, in some measure, might I wrest good from evil.

There remained the solving of the practical problem, the getting of a 'job.' Lamentable it may be, but true it certainly is, that a mere college professor—perhaps any college-bred and professional man—is likely to be the most helpless of mortals outside his own field. I may be a poor type: many, I know, would be less helpless than I; but still the general fact remains. Make a vow not to touch your own line of work for six months, limit your capital to a few dollars, put aside the magic of friendly influence and 'pull,' and see whether the world does not suddenly become a barren and pathless waste, or something very like it. An office-boy, a mechanic, a ranchman might solve the problem fairly easily. His daily work has been in its own way a many-sided practical education. But the training of a college man has taught him how to enjoy the 'intellec-

tual life,' how to think more or less clearly about many things, and how to *do* almost nothing. Even the informative side of his college course has had almost no direct relation to the conduct of life. Weak and futile as our educational system is at so many points, its most notable single defect is its failure to develop initiative or to train in many-sided action, and I was, I fear, a conspicuous example of American education at its worst.

Certainly I felt at a loss, and felt foolish in being at a loss. I found myself marveling at the surpassing wisdom of grocery clerks who had never heard of Descartes and who would have believed you if you had told them that logarithm was the 'high-brow' name for a June-bug, but who would weigh you out fifty things without making a mistake of a cent in the price of any of them. I watched scores of men at work in all the infinitely varied activities of the life of even a small city, watched their confident efficiency with growing wonder and respect, and stood in awe before my own appalling incapacity. At last, with humble mind and a vast sense of utter unimportance, I went to an employment office.

The words 'Employment Agency' I had doubtless often seen before. If so, the legend had been uninteresting, almost meaningless, having vague associations of a sordid and perhaps even repulsive kind. Far different was the case now. The words held golden possibilities of immunity from hunger. With a valiant assumption of boldness I entered an office. I saw two or three silent men in shabby working clothes, with seamed, brown faces, standing at the rail, and with an effort at nonchalance I turned to a prosperous-looking person in a swivel-chair and asked for a job. Weary, uninterested eyes were turned my way and a pipe was removed long enough to permit the agent

to say that there was nothing in sight at present. I backed out apologetically. This performance was repeated for several days. Then I began to wonder how the man in the swivel-chair could pay for his office and his pipe; but I found that the agency was free, maintained by the state, and that this was an off season. Perhaps, I reflected, an independent office might give better results, as its existence depended on its being of some use to the unemployed.

I tried one and stuck to it. The proprietor came to know me and would give me a cheerful smile when I entered with the usual inquiry. We even had pleasant conversations. But I generally found the genial manager reading placidly with his feet on the table, and our conferences invariably began with a regretful 'Nothing doing.'

Early in the proceedings I had been told that there was ice-work if I wanted it, at Lake George, up in the mountains forty miles away. But ice-work brought visions of pulling two-hundred and-fifty-pound cakes of ice out of the water, swinging them lightly on to a sled or a car, doing it again, and keeping on doing it all day. The thing was obviously out of the question.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to me and I called on the superintendent of the street-car company. I half expected to be thrown out, but though he was a man of few words, those words were kindly enough, and to my amazement he turned to his desk and wrote something on a slip of paper.

'I can give you work for two days, as it happens,' he said. 'Report at seven to-morrow morning and present this.'

He nodded a courteous dismissal and I left. The paper said that 'bearer' was to be put on the track gang, and 'bearer' quailed. But I needed the money: it was two dollars a day — a nine-hour day.

I duly reported on time and was told

to climb into the work-car. Inside sat and stood a group of men whom I eyed with timidity and respect. All around me were crowbars, picks, shovels, and curious appliances of mysterious purpose. In due season the car moved out of the barn, and a few blocks down the street six men — of whom I was one — were ordered out with picks and shovels. Our task seemed a simple one, to remove the ice and frozen mud from the rails of a switch. It had been soft the day before and would be again by noon, but in the mean time the night's frost had made the switch useless. In five minutes my back was breaking in two, but still the thing could be done, and I was able to get through without disgracing myself. Then we climbed into the car again and were taken down to a railroad station, and I had ten minutes' grace for the straightening of my broken back.

There was a car there loaded with ties. That car had to be unloaded. It had been through several snow-storms and the snow had thawed and frozen again, so that the ties were bound together in a solid mass. Still, we got the things out, toilsomely loosening them with the crowbar and throwing them well clear of the car. Then we had to pile them in neat stacks, shovel a car-load of sand, attend to some odds and ends, and go back to the inevitable ties to dip them in a vat of creosote. So it went on until five o'clock, and I wended my way stiffly to my room, proudly conscious that I had earned two dollars, a goodly balm for aching muscles. The next day we shoveled icy snow into a flat car, clearing a track out toward Cheyenne Cañon — shoveled and picked until I could hardly lift the heavy tools.

The labor was hard and much of it was not particularly interesting. But the men and their outlook on life interested me immensely. It was my first

contact with what is called unskilled labor. That the men's muscles seemed made of steel, their backs unbreakable, was to be expected. It was hard to believe that mine would become so, but still I knew that a week or a month would make any man, certainly any healthy man, into a good working machine. It was not their efficiency as workmen that interested me so much as their amazing good-nature, their unbroken cheerfulness. As an undoubted tenderfoot I had expected an impatient scorn of my clumsiness, a certain amount of rough ill-nature. What I received was the exact opposite. Even when I occasionally let a tie slip into the hot creosote and caused a splash that was not without danger to the eyes of my companions, they only showed me how to get a better grip on my pike, or assured me that such things might happen with any one of them. Their language to one another was rough, sometimes appalling to my unaccustomed ears; but this was only a way they had; it meant nothing; and if their conversation was profane and gross, it was never ill-natured, never mean, and rarely even bad in any real sense, as showing evil dispositions or habits. I found my estimate of my fellow laborers rising steadily every hour that I worked with them.

Those two days gave me my labor baptism. Never again would I be able to look upon a laborer as other than a man and a brother. The conventional 'class' superiority, the advantage given by education, sank quite into the background as I worked with these men and observed their unpretentious strength, efficiency, cheerful comradeship, and manliness. I was to work with many more of their kind, but I never saw occasion to alter the first impression of the American unskilled laborer that was given me by my companions of two days in the track gang

of the Colorado Springs Street Railway.

I have been asked since whether I did not feel strongly my 'intellectual superiority.' The answer is easy. I did not. Quite the contrary. It is true that, as I worked and used my eyes and ears, I could reflect on my experience, could ponder with a new interest Plato's conception of *andreia* and its place in his theory of education; but it was with no arrogant consciousness that I alone of the company knew anything about Plato or had ever heard of *andreia*. My thought was rather that these men and others like them were living what I had read about and thought of in my study; for I took no pride in my ever-growing conviction that I had never before done things with my hands or tried to solve a concrete practical problem.

I am quite aware that there is another side to the matter, that there are other and entirely pertinent comments to be made. But at the same time intellectual superciliousness becomes impossible when you actually don your overalls and pigskin gloves and work with laborers as one of them.

One of them, yes, but a raw apprentice I surely was, the greenest of freshmen in a new school—stiff and sore after two days' work, black and blue over each hip where I had supported my end of the heavy ties, and hardly able to roll out of bed the next morning. Yet on the whole I was far from disheartened. The first plunge had been distinctly invigorating, and Lake George now seemed worthy of some inquiry and consideration. It was apparently the only work available, and besides, my curiosity was awakened by the attitude of man after man who came into the employment office to seek work. Often when I was there a laborer would come in, receive the usual answer to his inquiry, 'Nothing doing except the ice-work at Lake

George,' shake his head disgustedly, and go out. Most of them were husky-looking men, and I could not see why they should turn down a job if they really wanted work. I asked one of them what the trouble was, and his answer was explicit, even if not wholly satisfactory.

'Aw, it's too cold up there, and they don't pay you nothing. Anyway I'm not going to sleep in no crummy bunk-house for nobody.'

True, it would be cold. The pay was \$1.75 for a ten-hour day, from which seventy-five cents (six bits, in the language of the country) would have to be deducted for meals. That would make it a dollar a day clear — not a princely income, but much better than nothing. The company would advance transportation and take it out of wages. And my friend the employment agent told me that, so far as he could learn, the work would not be as heavy as on the track gang. On the whole it seemed worth trying.

III

The track-work had been a preface. As I journeyed up the Ute Pass and over the Divide by the Colorado Midland, as I disembarked at a little mountain station in the midst of a wilderness of granite and snow; as the train roared off round a bend and disappeared in the great jaws of a cañon, I realized that a new chapter was beginning for me. The time of doubt, of waiting, and of wondering was over, and until new light came to guide me, I was to earn my living by the work of my hands. Yet in the glorious light and eager air of that clear winter day, it was impossible to believe that, because back and arms might be busy, the brain must needs rust in idleness. The Rockies and the day's work together might surely teach lessons not

to be scorned. And as I shouldered my pack and trudged off along the trail leading to the lake, I tried to leave behind me 'the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world,' and to draw from the friendly hills a message of hope.

Looking back now over the two years, that followed, crowded as they were with experiences that taught me much about the life of the laborers, there stand out vividly moments that threw flashes of light on my own past. For, eager as I was to learn from my fellow workers, I never forgot that I had still to find myself, and hardly a day passed that did not suggest or confirm some impression, round out or explain some desire or conviction. And some discoveries were peculiarly illuminating.

One of the inefaceable memories is of our bunk-house at Lake George. It was a long, flimsily built hut, furnished with a few chairs, a little table, a stove that we kept going with coal purloined from the engine-room, and bunks for ten men. We had two candles that we paid for ourselves, taking turns in the disbursement of the necessary nickel.

I well remember how it looked on my first evening, as I sat comfortably propped against my pack and considered my companions. Four of the boys were playing cards by candle-light, another was placidly reading a magazine in his bunk, two others farther away from the light were exchanging curious views about the boss and his Spiritualism (said boss being a fervid Spiritualist), and two were toasting their feet by the stove, which was red-hot with the fiercely burning lignite. It puzzled me to tell wherein they differed from a group of the more prosperous type except in their appearance. It may be that they were less intelligent and more ignorant, but I doubted it then and doubt it still. The faces lit by the

candle at the card-table were young and comely, the flicker of the tiny flame was reflected in eyes bright with the joy of living, animated, alert, anything but dull, brutal, or stupid. Irresponsible, no doubt, and lacking in the finer graces, but perhaps no more so than many men of more elegant veneering.

Certainly they were not without virtues, and I remember them gratefully. Here was I, a green tenderfoot, and by all the rules of the conventional story they ought to have walked all over me. But, like my associates of the track gang, they were without exception generous and good-natured: they willingly showed me the tricks of the work, helped me when I was faced with something that I could not quite handle, showed no impatience or snobbishness in their obvious superiority.

There was one particularly curious thing. The language they used with one another was amazingly lurid and unsavory. They hurled epithets and insults at one another — all in absolute good-nature — which seemed to stain the very soul of a listener. Yet because I did not do it, they sent nothing of that sort in my direction. It was a strange thing in its way and was most unexpected. It was evidently quite unconscious, and they did not treat me as an outsider in any other way. It was just a sign of innate decency.

But the very novelty of their language and of the things that interested them brought home to me the realization that mine must have been a quiet and 'protected' life, free alike from the evil stains of the work-a-day world and from its firm grip on reality. Their grossness seemed singularly unimportant beside their virility. I felt that I could never again be quite 'academic,' indifferent to the immense toil of the millions, and I had moments of scorn for the man I might have been a year

before. Perhaps I did my old self an injustice; but little as I admired the irresponsibility or the 'vulgarity' of my mates at Lake George, the light they threw by contrast on my own past gave me a sense of shame rather than of superiority.

My next job was that of man-of-all-work in a Sisters of Mercy sanatorium in Manitou, and it too gave me its contribution to my knowledge of myself — this time a pleasant one. One of my daily tasks took me into a building that was not used for patients in the winter, and I found there a piano. Straightway came a joyous realization, and thereafter — with the amused consent of the Sisters — I lightened the labors of each day by a half-hour of music. I was far from being a skilled musician, but college songs, hymns, bits of opera, and odds and ends of all kinds came to my mind without any difficulty and without any apparent limit, and again and again the notes that rang through that cold, half-lit corridor seemed on the verge of unlocking the closed door in my brain. The verge was never passed, but my pleasant memories of Sister Clare, Sister Celestine, and Sister Elizabeth are joined, not so much with the recollection of the fires I had to light in the frozen hours before dawn, as with the goodly harmonies that I summoned from that dusty old piano.

The early summer found me in a little cabin, living as simple a life as ever Thoreau did by Walden pond, earning enough for my few needs by spading gardens, cutting grass, and doing odd jobs of any kind that came along. Anon would come stormy days, when outdoor work was impossible, and then I could read to my heart's content. For the kindly lady who owned my little abode, and to whom I paid rent in terms of lawn-mowing and gardening, told me of the conditions on

which I could use the Colorado Springs Library. It was only a few miles distant, an easy walk, and I could bring home all the books I could carry. For the library authorities fortunately had a theory that the books were there for use; and apart from restrictions as to fiction, they allowed one to take practically an unlimited number of books. So I would browse luxuriously among the stacks, select about five of varied content, and bear them triumphantly to my little home by Cheyenne Creek.

It did not take long to pick up all the main threads of my intellectual life. At first, no doubt, the shock of having a person in flannel shirt and toil-worn clothes select volumes of Maeterlinck, Plato, and the Cambridge Modern History may have puzzled the library assistants. But they grew used to my tastes and became my good friends. The library was an excellent one, well equipped in precisely the things that I most needed, and it is one of the golden memories of my time in Colorado.

So in due time I found myself. Not in one sense, indeed. My memory was not restored. But I had picked up all the threads of life that were not purely personal, and had adjusted myself to the main facts of the situation. I quite believed that my life as a laborer was only temporary, that sooner or later the dormant brain-cells would awake. Once, as I passed the reference shelves, I opened *Who's Who* in an impulse of curiosity, and read with mingled feelings the essential facts of my biography. To see my real name and record — brought up to 1910, no further — made my heart beat with disturbing violence, and I was a little dizzy as I replaced the book. But it affected not at all my resolution not to disclose my identity until I felt that the cure was at least well begun.

By March, 1916, more than two years since the blow had fallen, I had

been receiving clerk and dish-washer, gardener and dining-room man, utility man in a moving-picture company, and night clerk in a hotel. I had worked in various ways on three ranches and — in the service of Romaine Fielding, the 'movie' star — in that wonderful corner of the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie. Naturally, too, I had made many friends, notably a little Russian Jew tailor, — known to his friends as 'Jake,' — with an inimitable power of narrative, a fresh, illuminating attitude toward life as he saw it, and a heart of gold; another Russian Jew — a prosperous merchant whose fight for life in a strange country had left him still a dreamer, a seeker for light, and whose direct, powerful mind made my hours with him stimulating beyond estimate, so wisely could he interpret experiences utterly unlike anything I knew; and a Michigan man, once a medical student at Ann Arbor, who became my chum. He was an exile of fate, a victim of tuberculosis, and like so many others, he was neither an invalid nor a sound man. A common interest in chess had first brought us together, and we drifted into intimacy. He and his wife became as brother and sister to me, and in between my jobs I made their little cottage my home, splitting the expenses and sharing the work.

To him I told my secret. And one day, as we were doing some house-cleaning, there came the first clear rift in the clouds. Shortly before, I had brought home from the library Professor E. L. Thorndike's *Educational Psychology*. My friend had noticed the name on the title-page and had commented on the fact that Professor Thorndike, being on the faculty of Teachers' College, had possibly been a friend of mine. I had assented without giving any particular thought to the matter. But on the day in question I

happened to be on my knees in the kitchen, manfully scrubbing the floor while he followed me up with the mop. As I unbent my back to gaze with pride on my handiwork, he remarked with a sudden laugh that it would be funny if my friend Thorndike — in his imagination a severe, academic, fastidious person, no doubt — could see me at that moment. It was a purely accidental remark, but as if he had turned on an electric switch, the personality of Thorndike flashed into my mind — his face, his form, his speech and manner, all as I had known him in the lecture-room or in the Faculty Club back at Teachers' College.

I sat up amazed and told my friend what had happened. Scrubbing-brush and mop in hand, we discussed the matter excitedly, both agreeing that this was the beginning of recovery.

Only a week later a friend of mine on the police force of Colorado Springs came across a portrait of me that had been published at the time of my disappearance. Identification followed, and with it my return to the east and the rapid and complete restoration of mental health. So at the end I was able to look back on two lives, one the quiet, normal, uneventful life of a student and one the life of a laborer, an exile cast adrift in a strange world to sink or swim, and withal to learn new and undreamed-of lessons in a graduate school of sociology unendowed by any millionaire, controlled by no faculty, but ruled by iron requirements and grim penalties. They were lessons paid for by others at a bitter price. Yet something was learned, and the wisdom may remain when the bitterness has passed away.

MR. FANNET AND THE AFTERGLOW

BY MARGARET LYNN

I

MR. FANNET, like nearly all the other retired gentlemen of Washburn, sat on his front porch enjoying the late afternoon. A little while before that, he had enjoyed the early afternoon, and a little before that, he had enjoyed the morning. So pleasant was the life of the retired in Washburn. Mrs. Fannet sat near him, busy sewing; for in Washburn only death or invalidism brought retirement to women. So, while her husband rocked and let his mind loiter, she urged her needle rapidly.

Mrs. Cora Jessup sat on the porch-railing, with her back to the street. There was a porch-chair empty, but she said she always did like to sit on a railing if it was not too high. She braced herself with a hand on each side, tilting forward a little and straightening her shoulders with a pretty youthful curving of her back, which she enjoyed. She crossed her knees and swung her foot in its buckled pump, and seemed ready for something pleasant and amusing to happen. Her dress combined freshness and limpness with a high degree of thinness. One could

always tell by a mere glance at Mrs. Jessup that she had every intention of looking nice. She had been heard to say solemnly, 'I mourn my husband by wearing the kind of clothes he liked to see me in.' And no doubt she did. She was now looking at Mr. Fannet, since no younger man was about, with a gaze which invited him to make himself pleasing — nay more, which seemed to hold faith in his ability to be pleasing.

Mr. Fannet drew a labored breath as he stirred himself in his chair. 'The grip settled in my back this year,' he explained as he let himself cautiously sink again into an easy position, 'and it looks as if it would hang on all summer. It'll be carrying me off one of these days,' he added rather cheerfully.

'Nonsense,' said Cora Jessup gayly, 'you know I'm looking forward to the time when you'll be needing a second wife.'

She glanced at Mrs. Fannet, but she was carefully mitering a corner of her trimming and did not look up.

'Well,' said old Mr. Fannet, 'that'll be something to live for. I'll try to stave off grip a while longer if there's a chance like that around.'

Mrs. Fannet did look up here, not in disapproval but in mild interest in her husband's unaccustomed vivacity. Then she smiled genially at Mrs. Jessup, a smile of common feminine understanding, and returned her attention to her sewing.

Mrs. Jessup acknowledged her notice with 'But you need n't think I'd take as good care of you as Mrs. Fannet does. You'd have to get over your lame back — so as to be able to pick up my handkerchief for me,' she added, as she jauntily stooped to recover it herself. 'That's what I need a man for chiefly,' she explained laughingly to Mrs. Fannet. 'I'm always dropping things. My fingers are *all* butter.'

'Which of the Allison girls is that?'

asked Mrs. Fannet, glancing through the vines as she lifted her pleasant gaze. She was not trying to change the subject. She really wished to identify the young lady, and Mrs. Jessup knew the personnel of the town thoroughly.

'That's Hope,' she said, glancing over her shoulder; and went on to explain the Allison girls and their works.

'I used to know a girl named Hope,' said Mr. Fannet, knocking again at the door of the conversation.

'A-ha!' cried Mrs. Jessup archly.

Mr. Fannet donned a reminiscent smile. 'She was a pretty girl,' he said. 'Did she hope?'

'Well —' Mr. Fannet halted for something appropriate and creditable. He put on as demure a look as his candid features would compass, but was obliged to end lamely with 'That was before I began to notice mother.'

'Was that Hope Masters?' asked Mrs. Fannet in a matter-of-fact way.

She did not remind him how remote his relation to that young lady had been.

'I'll venture you broke your full share of hearts, Mr. Fannet, hopes and fears and all,' said Mrs. Jessup invitingly.

But while Mr. Fannet began to prepare a roguish look, her flitting glances caught Mr. John Saunders approaching the corner with solid step, on his way home to supper.

'Oh, there's Mr. Saunders,' she exclaimed, hastily leaving her perch. 'I've been wanting to ask him something for ever so long. Good-bye. You must tell me some more of your love-affairs some time, Mr. Fannet.' She fluttered her skirts buoyantly across the lawn, crying, 'O Mr. Saunders!' and was gone.

Mr. Fannet turned a cautious eye upon his wife, but she was calmly gathering up her sewing things and putting them together with a business-like hand.

'If Cora Jessup had n't gone off so suddenly I'd have had her stay to supper,' she said. 'I always hate to see people go off to eat alone like that.'

But she went away to 'see to supper' and left her husband sitting on the porch. The recent sprightly dialogue had left a pleasant residuum in his mind, and he exchanged cheerful greetings with passers-by or even waved a jaunty hand at acquaintances taking the other side of the street.

'That's the kind of old age I'd like to look forward to,' said Howard Sly to his wife as they passed. 'All his work done, his mind made up on all subjects, children grown up and behaving themselves, interest coming in semi-annually — nothing to worry about but the tariff question.'

'He certainly is a nice old man,' answered Mrs. Sly.

'Yes, the tariff question alone never ruined any one's disposition,' said her husband.

When presently Mrs. Fannet called her husband to the table, he entered with a sort of lilt in his step and a compliment ready for her wares. So pleasant was his mood evidently that Mrs. Fannet thought it a good moment to allow a topic on which she was cautiously taking his mind to rise to the surface. When he said, 'Where's David?' noting the absence of that young man, the last child under the family roof, she answered directly, 'He had to drive over to Spencer this afternoon, so he took Wilma Henderson along, and they'll take supper over there.'

'Humph!' said Mr. Fannet, geniality fading a little in his manner.

'Yes,' said his wife serenely, 'it'll be a nice evening. They'll enjoy it.'

'Humph!' said her husband again, with even less cordiality.

And she knew that her experiment had indicated that she might as well drop it for the moment. Arguing with

Mr. Fannet had never proved very profitable. So good a manager had Mrs. Fannet been, however, that his notions had rarely interfered with family economics or relations. Many times had she smiled acquiescence in his side of an argument when she was indifferent to the whole matter. And many other times had she quietly committed the household on a practical point before she allowed it to come into the open at all.

If she had foreseen that any difficulty could arise in relation to David's love-affair, she would have tried to forestall it. But she did not dream that James could find objection to any one so entirely attractive and desirable as Wilma Henderson. Yet somehow, somewhere, he had begun to question his complete approval of her, and his wife was moving carefully in the fear of turning his doubt into stubborn prejudice. Mr. Fannet set his opinions to rise much as she did her bread. But while her bread always rose, his opinions, if carefully neglected, sometimes came to naught and faded out. She was hoping still that his opposition to Wilma might wither and die if it did not get too much and too respectful attention. So now, like an experienced wife, she went on as if David's loves were a trifling thing and he might have a new one to-morrow, and led conversation into pleasant by-paths of ordinary affairs.

Mr. Fannet's silvered mood returned to him later in the evening, however, and he sat on the porch again and watched the insects form a nebulous mist about the arc-light on the corner.

'It's a fine night,' he said.

'Fine,' said Mrs. Fannet.

'David'll be having a nice time coming home,' he surmised enviously.

'I expect he'll go around by Warner's ridge. That's the nicest road.'

'Yes, and not too short. Well, I used to take the longest road myself,'

he added with a pleasant sigh. He could hardly be aware that every old gentleman since roads began had made the same remark. After a moment he went on, 'I can't remember that we had many rides, Emmeline.'

'Not by ourselves. We used to go on hay rides and bob-sled rides.'

'That would n't be the same,' said Mr. Fannet, with a shade of discontent.

His wife smiled and said, 'We made it do very well.'

'Yes; oh, yes,' answered Mr. Fannet grudgingly.

II

Mrs. Jessup stopped at the porch again the next day, to give Mrs. Fannet some neighborhood news, Mrs. Fannet having a good wholesome interest in her neighbors' reaction to life. Mr. Fannet distinctly brightened up at her entrance and took a tentative position on the outskirts of the talk as if waiting for notice. Mrs. Jessup seemed to be more interested in her gossip and Mrs. Fannet's opinion of it than in anything else at the moment, but before she left she was able to give Mr. Fannet her full attention.

'I've often wondered about your name, Mr. Fannet,' she said. Mrs. Jessup could always discover quickly, and pick up lightly, a personal thread of conversation. 'It's so unusual; where does it come from?'

'It's French,' answered Mr. Fannet promptly.

Mrs. Fannet looked surprised. The family history was not known further back than the Fannet grandfather, who had lived in eastern Pennsylvania.

'Oh — so *that's* where you get it,' returned Mrs. Jessup with arch suggestiveness. 'I've heard about Frenchmen!'

Mr. Fannet drew on his resources to meet the demands of the moment.

'They're not so bad as they're painted,' he said, hopefully inviting every one to believe the worst.

'Oh, they're pretty dangerous. It's a good thing you found Mrs. Fannet early. What if you'd been left at large all these years!'

Mr. Fannet bridled and looked responsive. The facile widow had offered food like this to so many men in her day that the phrases ran lightly off her tongue. To be fair, if Mr. Fannet had been a younger man and if his wife had not been present, her methods would have been more modest, perhaps also more subtle. She went on the belief that no man was ever too old or too much married to need a little mild philandering. Certainly conversation always became a little livelier wherever her path led, and many a man went home more agreeable because so pleased with his showing in her hands.

The only trouble was that a man sometimes issued from her treatment with an appetite for its continuance, even when the circumstances of his life did not furnish means for that. Mrs. Fannet began to notice, after her husband had had two or three more dialogues with Mrs. Jessup, that he wished to carry over the tone of these sprightly conversations into other intercourse. She herself had laid aside coquetry many years ago, and she merely smiled pleasantly at his compliments and jocularities and did nothing to stimulate them.

Something was coming to life in Mr. Fannet. He seemed to be taking a survey of his years and saying to himself that a thing had been omitted which should still be supplied if possible. If gallantry and a responding admiration from ladies were still to be achieved, the effort was worth while. So Mrs. Fannet found a new element entering the calm neighborliness with which her husband had enveloped the women of

their acquaintance. He became very active when callers dropped in, in the matter of chairs and fans and ice-water or lemonade, and his attentions were offered with a jauntiness and provocativeness which even his earlier manner had not known.

However, this new behavior of his was quite harmless, and his wife turned an undisturbed though amused eye upon it. Many people, she reasoned, some time late in life discover an omission which they now long to supply. As days went on, however, other manifestations of his romantic mood became more annoying. One was his increasing grudge at David's love-affair. Wilma was no less pretty and well-behaved and high-spirited than ever, but the once plastic material of Mr. Fannet's opinion of her was hardening into a stiff prejudice. Merely keeping the subject out of sight was useless. He made grudging surmises as to David's whereabouts and actions. He even displayed his feeling to David once or twice, and it took all Mrs. Fannet's resources of restraining glances and interceptory remarks to keep the situation from becoming definitely unpleasant.

As time progressed Mr. Fannet reached another stage of his new development. Mrs. Fannet came into the sitting-room one day to hear her sixteen-year-old, ultra-romantic granddaughter asking with great interest, 'And why did n't you marry her, grandpa, a nice girl like that?'

'Oh,' said Mr. Fannet darkly, after a pause, 'she was a Roman Catholic. It would n't do.'

Celia's expression said that to her mind that was an inconsequent and certainly inappropriate barrier to romance. But at her grandmother's entrance the subject dropped. Mrs. Fannet wondered seriously who the rejected maiden was, and finally recalled

one who might fit the part, though she could not remember that James had ever had close relations with her.

That same evening, when she told some incident introducing the name of an early friend of her own, Mr. Fannet picked up the name and dwelt on it a little, regretfully. 'She was a fine girl,' he concluded, with a little sigh, as if she had deserved from fate more than he had been able to give her.

And Mrs. Fannet, knowing that Mary Mason had been in love with Fergus Henson from her high-school days on, was rather irritated for her.

She presently noticed that his sentimental reminiscences were most frequent and spirited when he had been taking observations of David. Sitting on the porch they would see David pass with Wilma in the car; or David, freshly dressed, would dash down the stairs and out across the porch, rushing to an appointment; or David would be heard at the telephone, urging an engagement on Wilma, with mingled persiflage and entreaty. And presently Mr. Fannet would show signs that his mind was reconstructing, not to say constructing, corresponding scenes of his youth. The next best thing to gamboling is the recollection of past gamboling. He withdrew envious eyes from David and mentioned earlier years. His wife frequently heard fragments and endings of conversations which indicated that some one was receiving interpretations of other days. He undoubtedly thought that he was telling the truth, — at least James had always been most truthful, — but her memory did not corroborate his statements or hints.

Celia, however, needed no evidence to stimulate her credulity, and her grandmother found her more than once encouraging her grandfather's recital with her vigorous responsiveness.

'And were n't you sorry when she

went away?' Mrs. Fannet from the dining-room heard her saying one morning. 'That was awfully exciting. How old was she?' Celia seemed to be measuring her own possibilities.

'Oh — about eighteen.'

'Did you know grandma then?'

'Not very well. I just knew her.'

'Oh,' Celia's voice fell. She was evidently beginning to regard her grandmother as a barrier to romance. 'And did n't you ever see Amy again?'

'Yes, a long while afterward, after I was married.'

'Was she married?' Celia's tone held hope of a life-long grief.

Mr. Fannet considered. 'Yes, just before that.'

'Oh,' said Celia again, divided as to possibilities.

'Celia,' called her grandmother, 'will you run over to Mrs. Brown's on a little errand for me?'

The conversation broken, she meditated on Amy. There was an Amy — Amy what was it? She visited at the Mellens one summer and John Mellen took her around all the time. James could not have had much to do with her. Mrs. Fannet pursed her lips a little, thoughtfully.

It was only a day or two after that that she heard Mrs. Jessup on the porch with James. She herself, inside the window, was busy 'cutting off' an intricate pattern from an old appliqué quilt which Celia's mother, in the new zeal for quilt-making, had fancied, and went on to finish her task.

'But you're not old, Mr. Fannet,' Cora Jessup was protesting gayly.

'I'm getting along,' Mr. Fannet insisted. 'We all have to. But I've had my day,' he added complacently.

'I'll venture you did, a gay day. Don't you have any regrets now for all those headaches you broke — now that you have reformed?'

Mr. Fannet ran his hand over the

bald top of his head and smoothed down his short gray beard and implied that he was still incorrigible.

'Which was the nicest of them — besides Mrs. Fannet?'

'That would be telling. I used to see lots of pretty girls in the days before mother got me.'

Got me! Mrs. Fannet, though no feminist, snipped her scissors staccato-wise.

'And she was pretty lucky too.'

The retort to that was obvious, but Mr. Fannet chose the converse. 'Women have to take what they can get, of course,' he said modestly.

'Yes, of course,' said the widow, regretfully. 'Don't you think women should have a right to propose as well as men?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Mr. Fannet. 'Men would n't like to be proposed to all the time.'

Even Mrs. Jessup had to laugh. 'Oh, not all the time, of course. They could have office-hours, perhaps, or King's-excused. But honestly,' she returned to the attack, 'have n't you known sometimes when a girl just wanted to propose the worst way?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Mr. Fannet modestly. 'There was one girl —' He paused thoughtfully.

'Ah, I thought so!' cried Mrs. Jessup triumphantly. 'A man like you!'

Mrs. Fannet dropped her scissors — flung them a little, to be accurate — and moved to the doorway.

'Oh, how do you do?' said Mrs. Jessup, quite without embarrassment. 'Mr. Fannet and I have been having a grand time. He was just going to tell me a romance. I don't suppose he wants you to hear it.'

'Those things stopped after mother got hold of me,' said Mr. Fannet, smug but also unembarrassed.

'Do you want to see an old quilt I've got out?' said Mrs. Fannet, 'It belonged to my grandmother.'

'Oh, yes,' cried Mrs. Jessup, following her into the house and leaving the dissatisfied Mr. Fannet with his tale on his hands. 'I just love old quilts. If I did n't hate to sit still so, I'd be making me one. Oh, is n't that the loveliest old thing?' Vivacity sprang eternal in Mrs. Jessup.

Mrs. Fannet felt no irritation at Mrs. Jessup, — everybody knew Cora Jessup, — but she was annoyed at James. She almost thought that she ought to do something about this. When, in the evening, he flung out some sharp remarks about David and Wilma, who had just strolled by in the moonlight while he sat still on the porch, she was so provoked that she said nothing at all. But she thought upon James and this late blooming.

III

The next day something very pleasant happened, to break into her perplexity. Callie Blakeley came to spend the day. Callie Blakeley was Mrs. Richard Blakeley, once Callie or Clara Thornburn, who came in from the West every year or two to visit contemporaries, and, as one said, to laugh in every house in Washburn. She and Mrs. Fannet had been seat-mates in school and had remained friends. Their visits were conducted with a deal of sprightly reminiscence, that found new stones to turn over at each recurring session, while Mrs. Blakeley's deep laugh accompanied each turning.

This proved to be an especially rich sitting, since the interval of separation had been unusually long; but in the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Blakeley was still in full gale. Celia had come over and was perched open-eared about the conversation, finding it even fuller of suggestion than her grandfather's pleasing tales.

'And is he living yet?' Mrs. Blake-

ley would say. 'Mercy Ann! Well, he always was hard to stop. Do you remember —' something on which Celia hung absorbed.

Finally she reached matters even more pleasing. 'Do you keep track of all your old beaux, Emmeline?' she asked. 'Some of them must live around here.'

'That would n't be hard to do,' said Mrs. Fannet easily.

'Don't you believe her, my dear,' said Mrs. Blakeley to Celia.

'Did grandma have beaux — besides grandpa?'

'Did she? — she did. She just took grandpa to get rid of the rest of them. Would you like to hear about them, my dear?'

She cocked one eye at Mr. Fannet over Celia's head, but found no response in him.

'Oh, yes!' cried Celia, all agog; 'I've heard about grandpa's, but grandma never tells anything.'

'Your grandpa did n't have any, child. He spent all his time waiting around for your grandma to get ready to notice him. She's a close-mouthed thing, my dear. It always was hard to get anything out of her. I don't know about them all myself but I'll tell you what I can.'

'Callie Thornburn!' Mrs. Fannet interrupted; 'don't talk such nonsense to the child.'

'Pooh! How old are you, Celia?'

'Sixteen.'

'A girl of sixteen is quite old enough to know all about her grandmother if her grandmother has behaved herself. Why, when she was sixteen — Emmy, where's your joy-box?'

'What's a joy-box?' asked Celia.

'Oh, you snip a little piece off each of your joys and put it in; only you quit when you get married — the last thing you put in is a piece of your wedding-dress and one of your roses.'

'Oh, yes—like, a memory-book. We girls all have them.'

'Well, keep them until you're grandmothers and you'll get more fun out of them than you do now. Where is yours, Emmy?'

'Oh, the children got all the souvenirs and keepsakes and things out to play with, long ago. There's nothing now but some old pictures and such things. It's in the attic.'

'Celia, run up and find it, honey. I'm crazy to see those old things.'

Mrs. Fannet laughed protestingly, then suddenly acquiesced, as she took in her husband's aspect with a side-glance, and told Celia just where to find it. Celia came back promptly with the storied box, which Mrs. Blakeley fell on with a sort of joyful crow.

'It's the same old box,' she cried, viewing its marbled sides with delight. 'We went down to Judson's store and got them to give them to us just alike. Mine's a good deal battered than yours, though. It's been looked into oftener. Let's have an eye on the remains.'

She opened the box and Mrs. Fannet and Celia drew nearer, Celia leaning eagerly over her knee. Mr. Fannet dwelt apart.

'Oh, who's that?' cried Celia, as a faded old picture came to view. 'Is n't he funny-looking!' she added in disappointment, looking at the long hair and the flowing coat. Celia's taste in youths was up to date.

'Funny-looking! That's all you youngsters know. He was my own cousin and the handsomest fellow anywhere around, and he lived in your grandmother's lap for about a year.'

'In her lap!'

'At her feet or her apronstrings or anyway you like, then. He was there.'

'And what became of him?'

'Oh, he went into the discard,' said his elderly cousin flippantly. She had

found the language of her own grandchildren not inexpressive.

Celia raised awed eyes to her grandmother, who had refused a man. She herself hoped some day to accept a man, but how much greater to refuse one!

Mrs. Blakeley kept on turning over the pictures, with brisk remarks upon them, while she and Mrs. Fannet laughingly supplemented each other's recollections. Celia unearthed from the bottom of the box a cabinet photograph of a most debonair youth, gloves and cane in one hand.

'Oh, there's Howard Means!' cried Mrs. Blakeley. 'Was n't he a dandy? Emmy, you were engaged to him!'

'Just one day,' said Mrs. Fannet, tilting her head back to see the picture through the lower part of her glasses.

'O grandma!' cried Celia, interest compelling her, 'did he — kiss you?'

Mrs. Blakeley laughed until the box shook far down on her precipitous lap. Mrs. Fannet laughed too, but turned rosy red under her gray hair. Mr. Fannet hooked his thumbs into his armholes and looked off into the treetops. Celia's question went unanswered.

'Here's Beth Lindsay,' said Mrs. Blakeley, picking up the next picture. 'Was n't she a pretty girl? And Anne Johnston — I saw her last year. She lives in Cleveland and has a big family. And here's —'

She stopped on the name and eyed the picture seriously. Mrs. Fannet looked at it also without speaking.

Celia looked from one pair of glasses to the other.

'Was grandma engaged to this one, too?' she asked at a venture.

'No, dear,' said her grandmother gently.

'It's surprising what good horse-sense you had, Emmy,' said Mrs. Blakeley. 'Everybody thought you were utterly foolish then, but you knew

more than any of them. It was too bad.'

She took another look at the picture before she laid it down. But they explained nothing to Celia. Mr. Fannet hitched in his chair and cast an inquiring side-glance at them.

Mrs. Jessup came springily along the sidewalk, under a rosy parasol. Mr. Fannet brightened at sight of her and lifted a hopeful hand, and she came across the grass to join them.

'There's always a bunch of ladies where Mr. Fannet is,' she said gayly. But she immediately moved along the veranda to where the centre of interest seemed to lie. 'What cunning old pictures!' she said. 'Are n't they perfectly quaint? I just love these old things. Isn't that a good-looking man? Was he an old admirer of yours, Mrs. Fannet?'

'They all were,' said Celia reverently. 'She refused ever so many of them.'

Mrs. Fannet laughed almost as hard as Mrs. Blakeley and made a trifling denial.

'I never heard of such a flirtatious family,' cried Mrs. Jessup with great pleasure. 'Here's Mr. Fannet, who was an awful flirt, perfectly outrageous! And now Mrs. Fannet!'

Mrs. Fannet serenely gathered up the pictures without saying anything.

But Mrs. Blakeley said, 'Pooh — James? He never had a case in his life except Emmeline. He fell in love with her when she was sixteen —'

'Sixteen,' breathed Celia.

— 'and just kept it up until she had time to notice him. That was the way he did it.'

'I think those long early devotions are lovely things,' said Mrs. Jessup.

But they did n't look at Mr. Fannet.

'Did n't you, grandpa?' cried Celia, on the brink of great disappointment.

But at that moment Mrs. Blakeley's nephew-in-law from Spencer came tooting up dustily to take her on to the next stage of her visiting, and with much talk and movement everybody, even to Celia, was all at once gone. No one answered Celia.

Mr. Fannet mused a space when they were all away, and then set busily about watering the grass on the shady side of the lawn, until he was called to supper. He was very reserved all through the meal and talked little.

Filled with natural feminine compunction, since she was not in the least at fault, Mrs. Fannet set herself to make his evening as cheerful as possible. Not entirely fathoming his mood, she ventured at last, cautiously, upon another experiment.

'I wonder where David is to-night,' she began.

'Off somewhere with Wilma, I suppose,' said Mr. Fannet resignedly, with no perceptible acidity.

'Oh, yes. I saw them pass. Wilma was looking so pretty.'

'Yes, she's a pretty girl,' Mr. Fannet conceded. Then he added with a little petulance, 'David might as well marry her and quit.'

'It will be more like beginning,' said Mrs. Fannet smiling. Then she went on softly, 'They're having the best time they've ever had yet, James, — are n't they?'

'We ought to know,' said James more happily, a little reestablished.

Some time later in the evening he came out of a period of silent meditation to say, 'One thing I like about Wilma is, she's so modest. I hate to see women too forward, especially with the men.'

THE ST. GAUDENS MONUMENT AT ROCK CREEK CEMETERY

BY CECIL SPRING RICE

[It is told of the founder of one of the Sufi sects in Western Asia that, hearing of the great beauty of a certain lady, he sought her in marriage and promised her parents to build a beautiful house for her. The request was granted and the house built. The bride was brought into it veiled, according to custom. When the veil was removed, the bridegroom saw before him, not the bride, but the angel Azrael. He fell at the angel's feet, crying, 'Have mercy!' And the angel answered, 'I am Mercy.']

'Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke — yet shalt thou neither mourn nor weep — neither shall thy tears run down.' So spake I unto the people in the morning: and in the evening my wife died. — EZEKIEL, 24, 16.

I built my love a temple and a shrine,
And every stone of it, a loving thought:
And far and wide, and high and low I sought
For sweetest fancies on the walls to twine
And deeds of gold and words that purest shine
And strength of marble faithfulness enwrought
With love's enchantments. — Lady, dearly bought
Nor lightly fashioned was that house of thine.
Who came to dwell within it? Not the face
I dreamed of — not the dear familiar eyes,
The kind, the soft, the intimately sweet.
Dread presence — great and merciful and wise —
All humbly I draw near thy dwelling place
And lay the vacant crown before thy feet.

O steadfast, deep, inexorable eyes,
Set look inscrutable, nor smile nor frown —
O tranquil eyes that look so calmly down
Upon a world of passion and of lies!

THE ST. GAUDENS MONUMENT

For not with our poor wisdom are you wise,
 Nor are you moved with passion such as ours,
 Who, face to face, with those immortal powers
 That move and reign above the stainless skies,
 As friend with friend, have held communion —
 Yet have you known the stress of human years,
 O calm, unchanging eyes, and once have shone
 With these our fitful fires, that burn and cease —
 With light of human passion, human tears; —
 And know that, after all, the end is peace.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. III

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE¹

I

Now, as Latimer stood at the guide-post and pondered whether he should hold to the highway or follow the dirt road which ran off at right angles, to lose itself immediately around the edge of a pine grove, there came from that quarter a sharp cry of pain in a woman's tones, and the rasp of grinding metal like a brake suddenly released. The clatter of machinery and the outcry could mean only one thing.

Latimer ran forward. It was as he supposed. A young woman was leaning, white-faced, against the hood of a disreputable automobile, clasping her right wrist to press back the pain with which her face was twitching.

'Are you badly hurt?' cried Latimer.

His first impulse was to drop fifty years from his shoulders and to kick

out savagely at the crank-handle which had done the mischief, and now, in utter lack of conscience, hung there with the most innocent face in the world. Latimer almost expected it to begin wagging pleasantly, like the tail of a dog who has tumbled you into the gutter with the very best intentions.

As it happened, Latimer's commonplace inquiry was the very best procedure he could have adopted. The white face quivered; there was a gush of tears and a violent outbreak of sobbing. It was exactly like a child who manages to hold a rein on his sorrow until a word of sympathy opens the flood-gates. She was not much more than a child, and the pain seemed to depart as quickly as it had come, under the ministration of tears. She let her right arm hang limp and with the other hand dried her eyes. Having done so, she stood upright and unashamed and smiled at Latimer.

¹ A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column.

'I am much better, thank you,' she said. 'I could be home in a few minutes if only I can get the old thing going.'

'Let me try,' said Latimer.

'Take care. It's vicious,' she replied.

'Father has been wanting to destroy it, and he will this time if he finds out. But we can't afford it.'

In the interest of public morals that automobile should have been suppressed.

There are two kinds of ignoble old age. One is decrepit, leery, tottering to the grave. It is the kind which moralists can use as a warning and a text. The other is the infinitely more dangerous kind. It reveals a sound constitution beneath the rags and defilement. It cannot be used as a text, for it works the other way. It seems to show that a man may drink, loaf, and otherwise transgress, and yet keep going physically. That is the kind of old age which comes to Ford machines converted to industrial uses in the country.

The car Latimer was now trying to crank up was streaked with red rust and thick with mud. Wherever there was iron-work to bend it was bent, twisted, wrinkled. Where there was wood-work to chip and flake, it had done so. True, a wagon-body, affixed to the chassis, supplied an element of respectability, but it could not overcome the impression of the dissolute forward part of the car. It was like a staid citizen tooling along arm-in-arm with the village drunkard.

Nevertheless the condition of the machine carried no imputation on the character of its owners. It is simply an unwritten law of nature that a passenger Ford turned to business uses should look like a hoodlum.

Twice Latimer leaped back to escape injury from the crank-handle. His right arm was a torture, but he would have perished sooner than acknow-

ledge defeat at the hands of that obscene vehicle. The girl would have made him desist but for her father's threat. Nevertheless, after ten minutes of ineffectual effort she was about to say that it was enough, when the spark caught and the ancient reprobate started into life.

'You cannot drive with your injured hand,' said Latimer, 'and though my experience is limited, it may suffice.'

He helped her into the car, rearranged the market-baskets in the wagon behind, and set off at a conservative six miles an hour. The girl sat silent while he steered with a degree of caution which at once revealed his amateur standing. He passed a hay-wagon going in the same direction, with an anxious blast on the horn which evoked derision from the driver. He gave the signal again before taking an extremely shallow curve in the road, and rounded the promontory like a transatlantic liner making dock.

'My manner at the wheel is not impressive, but it is sound,' he observed.

She laughed aloud, then blushed, begged his pardon mutely, and took refuge in conversation.

'You are not staying up at the big house?' she asked.

'What big house?'

'Only a little way down the main road; the Grimsbys'; ever so many people are always visiting there.'

'What kind of people?'

'Queer people,' she replied.

'Then I must look them up,' he said; but she missed his mild satire.

'We are from New York,' she said.

'We've been here three years. I love it now. Father says the same, but I think it's harder for him. It was such a change after all the years of night work.'

Night work, thought Latimer. Was this a patrolman's daughter?

'Father was a newspaper man,' — and there was a lift of pride in her chin and eyes. 'Perhaps you've heard of him — Manning, of the *Star*. He will be glad to know you. You'll stay for supper, won't you?'

'Assuredly I will,' he said. 'Are you making a success of farming?'

'We've done pretty well, considering it's only our third summer.'

'I should say that was doing well. If you make money on a farm before half a dozen years —'

'Well, not making money,' she said. 'But we come out even, with what father does for the magazines.'

II

Suddenly Latimer said, —

'I hope I am not impertinent, but why should a man of your years give up a fascinating profession to come out to this?'

Manning looked up quickly, turned away, and puffed steadily at his pipe. He was hesitating between a straightforward answer and frivolity.

'It's the regular thing, Dr. Latimer. When a good reporter dies, he goes in either for poultry or fruit.'

'But when does a good reporter die, as you call it?'

Supper had been brought in from the kitchen by Margaret, and laid, rural fashion, in its entirety, before they sat down. Of the three, Latimer ate the most heartily, and Manning the least. To him the presence of a visitor from the clangorous world he had left behind was a summons to half-suppressed aches and desires.

'The good reporter dies when his soul is born,' said Manning gravely. 'Sooner or later it comes to most of us — the longing to stop writing things up and to begin to understand them. Sometimes it comes all at once. Hits you between the eyes.'

'But who should understand life so well as you men whose business it is to follow it up day by day?' queried Latimer.

'That's just it,' laughed Manning. 'Day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute. When I worked on a morning paper I was a fiend on life from the Bull-Dog edition to the 4 A.M. Metropolitan. And when I was with the afternoon papers there was n't very much in life that got away from me between 8 A.M. and 4.15 P.M. I saw so much of life that, before I had rushed one piece of it up the copy-tube, another chunk would be pawing at my elbow.'

'Exactly,' said Latimer; 'a wealth of experience that no other profession can even suggest.'

But Manning was not listening. His pipe hung cold in his hand and his gaze traveled beyond his auditors into the years of his pilgrimage.

'I've been through the mill,' he said. 'Police court, police headquarters, magistrate's court, city hall, copy desk, rewrite, city desk, legislature, dramatic, sport, legislature again, Washington, managing editor, and sometimes 'Fashions and Hints for the Home.' I've hobnobbed with gangsters and shirt-waist strikers and cabinet officers in rapid succession. The owner of the paper on which I grew up was death on stagnation. He was always punching us up by shuffling us about, and one week I would be rewriting press agent's dope and the next I would be flashing special correspondence from the capital.'

'And to every swift stimulus an immediate reaction, which is life,' said Latimer. 'Else how could you do your work?'

'By not reacting at all,' Manning replied. 'By turning yourself into a con-founded *tabula rasa*, all smeared over with tenement-house fires and cold-storage eggs and the Japanese peril.'

Just a machine grinding out the machine-made stuff that clutters the news sheets. After a while you sicken for a breath of reality.'

Latimer waved him aside.

'You are suffering from the professional fallacy, the conviction held by every doctor, lawyer, preacher, and stockbroker — that his is the one unkind fate.'

'It's not so bad the first two years,' said Manning, 'until you have graduated from police and the criminal courts. There, I admit, you touch on what is called life, though touch it is about all you can do. The only sincere stuff in the business is crimes and accidents. A man does n't usually shoot his wife for publication, or fall under a motor-truck with his photograph ready for 64-screen reproduction. Everything beyond that is just formula and make-believe, acting and speaking for publication — politicians this way, and strike-leaders that way, and woman suffragists their own way. We are the family photographers of the world, and people come to us in their Sunday clothes. If they did n't, we'd retouch them anyhow; make them, every one, — gangsters, society leaders, shop-girls, secretaries of state, — say what we want them to say; which is what they want us to make them say. How many stories have you read of the Yale-Harvard football game?'

'Ever so many; and excellent bits of writing they usually are.'

'Rubber-stamp,' said Manning. 'The newspaper profession is just one big Harvard-Yale story, the most interesting parts of which, except as to who won the game, are written several hours before the game. In all Yale-Harvard games, you will recall, the railroad terminals in New York are jammed with pretty girls in furs and crimson or blue; the roads to New Haven swarm with high-priced automobiles; the ticket-

speculators offer tickets at twenty-five dollars a pair; the Yale Bowl is one mass of color; the rival stands challenge each other in song; there is a nip in the air which is just right for football; the hotels in New York are crowded with jubilant bettors after the game; the beaten team goes home greatly cast down — all this happens in the newspaper offices twenty-four hours before the referee's whistle. It may all turn out to be true; it probably will be true; football games have always been like that in the papers. A police parade always elicits cheers for the fine body of men that goes swinging up Fifth Avenue. A fire always 'mushrooms.' When a national convention starts to cheer, the reporters pull out their watches — and the shouters know that they are being timed and act accordingly.'

'That is a serious charge to bring against your own trade — it is falsification,' said Latimer.

'Not at all,' said Manning. 'Just a time-saving device without which the business could n't go on. Suppose you were managing editor, and the biggest story you can think of broke upon you —' He stopped and searched. 'What is the biggest piece of news you can imagine, Dr. Latimer?'

The other man examined the ceiling.

'Well, say an authenticated case of the persistence of life after death,' he ventured.

'Bully!' cried Manning. His eyes sparkled, the color mounted to his forehead and his fingers twitched — was it for the missing pencil and copy-paper? Then he found himself. 'Suppose you were in charge and that flash came over from the Associated Press. What would you do?'

'I should probably develop a violent headache,' said Latimer.

'Here's what you'd do, Dr. Latimer. You'd yell up the tube to the make-up man to tear open the first page for

a seven-column double-ribbon head. You'd then get the telegraph editor to write that head: "Life Holds Beyond Grave Says French Savant." You'd then turn loose several men on the Encyclopædia Britannica looking up opinions on immortality by Plato, Solomon, Lucretius, Thomas à Kempis, Mme. Blavatsky, and Huxley. You'd have the city room get all the local clergymen on the wire. You'd telegraph to President Wilson, Billy Sunday, President Eliot, Anna Howard Shaw, Henry Ford, Mary Pickford, the Pope, the Sultan, and the Chief Rabbi of Petrograd. You'd have your Wall Street men interview Mr. Morgan as to the probable effect of immortality on the Stock Exchange. You'd ask the presidents of the insurance companies how immortality would affect their special business. Next day there would be follow-up stories, with reproductions of the most famous paintings of the Resurrection. By the end of the week your hair would be slightly grayer, and if anybody mentioned immortality to you, you'd bite him. Next week something would break loose in Mexico.'

'Let it come, who cares?' cried Latimer bringing his fist down on the table. In his mind he was tearing open front pages and writing ribbon heads.

Manning laughed. 'Take the ten years I held down the managing editor's desk on the *Star*,' he said. 'From 1904 to 1914. For sheer dramatic interest there have been no other ten years to approach them.'

'1789 to 1799?' mused Latimer. 'Austerlitz to Waterloo? Well, perhaps not.'

'I said dramatic, not significant,' declared Manning. 'From the standpoint of news-value there has been nothing like these ten years. Things that happen once in a hundred years, in five hundred years, in five thousand

years, things that can happen only once and never again — they all happened in that marvelous decade. It's been seven-column heads week after week almost. In a hundred and twenty-five years no President of the United States has been elected without the vote of the East. Woodrow Wilson turns the trick — though that was two years after I quit. For five thousand years China has been asleep. She wakes up in 1913, climbs out of bed, and sets up a republic. The mastery of the air can be achieved only once; the Wright brothers do it. The North Pole can be discovered only once; Peary nails it, and in connection therewith the biggest hoax in history — Cook; and for good measure Amundsen throws in the South Pole. The biggest earthquake in history: Messina. The biggest marine disaster: Titanic. And that's omitting second-class matter like a Turkish revolution, or a parliament for Russia, or England muzzling the House of Lords, or Carnegie giving away half a billion dollars. It's history gone crazy — that's what it was those ten years.'

'Manning,' said Latimer all at once, 'did you ever study for the ministry?'

Manning looked at him open-mouthed.

'How did you know?'

'A mere conjecture'; and Latimer smiled. 'I was really going to say that you are to be congratulated on having played the historian to a remarkable epoch.'

'Historian nothing!' shouted Manning. 'A blanked old dictograph — that's what I was.' He calmed down. 'Professionally I had a perfectly gorgeous time. There was n't a wad of display type in the shop I did n't have a chance to shove into the paper every other week. But the individual, — Manning, — what of him? His soul was starved for the lack of a little leisure to interpret the significance of his

own headlines. A bloated megaphone through whom the march of evolution kept shouting the most astounding news to "Constant Reader." For you, Dr. Latimer, the loss of the Titanic never brought up the problem of what to do with the dry goods ad on the third page.'

'Such problems are a stimulus in themselves,' said Latimer.

'Stimulus is right. Ten years steady diet of caviar and red-hot curry, until your palate goes dead, the gastric juices dry up, and you open your mouth like a frog under the electric needle. Asia meets Europe in battle, and cleans up: "Japs Smash Russ Line." The dawn of liberty breaks in Russia: "Duma Flays Czar's Pact." The Islamic world breaks open with a loud report: "Abdul Flees Golden Horn." I say it in all reverence, Dr. Latimer, but if I had been running a paper at the time of the Crucifixion — you know how I would have written its history, as you call it.'

'My dear fellow, you are altogether too hard on yourself,' said Latimer. 'How many of us who are not in the newspaper business, and who have lived through these ten wonderful years, have really responded to them? You know those young fools who write for the radical magazines. They are always clamoring for the great Art that only life in its intense moments can produce. But what have our poets, painters, and musicians produced during these feverish ten years? So far as I can see, centuries have died since 1905 and the history of coming centuries has been born, and about all we can show for it is the extraordinary development of the moving-picture theatre. Be fair to yourself.'

Manning shook his head.

'It was n't a question of reasoning things out. The thing simply grew unbearable. And then came the war.'

'To be sure!' cried Latimer, leaning forward across the table. 'Yes?'

'I quit,' said Manning.

'But that's incredible. The biggest story of your career, as you would call it. Quit?'

Manning stared out into the dark wistfully.

'I did n't put in much sleep during that first night of the war. I planned my campaign. Special correspondents, photographers, contracts for the London *Times* dispatches, the *Matin* service, the *Novoye Vremya*, Washington; reorganizing the staff; half the fellows in the city room would have to be fired — it would be nothing but war news — and the price of white paper! — You have said it, Dr. Latimer. It was the biggest job I had ever faced, the biggest newspaper opportunity since newspapers were invented. What copy, my God, what copy! what headlines! A thousand years thrown into the stereotyper's cauldron and coming out fat, new metal — "Russ Army Enters Constantinople"; "French Crush Teuton Host"; "Kaiser Holds India," — that's what was ahead of me.

'And then all at once things turned sour in my mouth. My soul, I said to myself — what will happen to the soul of John B. Manning? Was it to go through the same dizzy dance through this biggest thing ever? And I knew that, if I held out another day, the game would get me and there would never be another chance to stand aside, to try to understand. So I rang up the old man and resigned. In just a fortnight Margaret and I were down here. Thus you find me: "Noted Scribe Tends Chicks."'

He laughed, but it was not a success. Margaret rose, walked to her father, and put her arms around him.

Latimer's eyes smiled at them, but his thoughts were not on the immediate scene. Manning's last words came

to him dimly; but there was no need for climax, exordium, or 'Finis' to the man's story. Latimer knew him for a fellow rebel and pilgrim; rebel against the doctrine and rule of formula, and pilgrim in search of the answer. Had he found it? No, to judge from Manning's self-directed irony, and from the longings which reëchoed through his story for the din and whirl and grime of the newspaper office. Well, then, was there any likelihood of his, Latimer's, faring any better? The accumulating peace of his first day out of doors fell from him. He was once more adrift. 'Brother,' he addressed Manning silently, 'you and I are in a parlous state.'

Immediately came the rebound. No! Was it not a splendid thing, rather, that Manning's soul should have found him out at his desk, over the make-up table, in the midst of his headlines and formulæ? Was not the answer implicit in the question, the goal in the search? A subtle, ironic, pitying God had pretended to formulate a curse in Eden, and had concealed a blessing. Labor and Discontent; Labor to feed the body and Discontent to keep the soul alive. When Manning was throwing off his Extra-Special editions, he did well; and when he kicked out against it all, it was well; and now that he was searching, it was well.

'And you are happy?' Latimer heard himself saying.

Manning was playing with Margaret's hand on his shoulder.

'Yes.'

'Restless sometimes?'

'Um—'

Margaret cautioned Latimer from behind her father's chair.

'And all the time you want for thinking?' said Latimer cheerily.

'Too much. More than is fair to this little girl. She does the heavy work while I consult my soul.'

'You know it is n't so, father.'

'No? Well, perhaps I earn my keep. It was rather hard work at first, after twelve years on a morning paper, adapting yourself to the poultry routine. The hours were so different.'

'The dishes,' cried Margaret. 'Oh, my hot water!' And she bolted into the kitchen.

Manning got to his feet.

'That is a task I share in; if you will excuse me, Dr. Latimer.'

'But you must let me pay for my supper by helping out.'

'There is no need.'

'I insist.'

'Selah,' said Manning. 'The kitchen is nine by eight, but by careful juxtaposition we ought not to be too much in each other's way.'

Latimer followed him out into the kitchen.

'Dr. Latimer,' said Manning, as he put a fresh towel to a wet plate, 'how do you think God is coming out of this war?'

But at that moment a refined hurricane swept through the dining-room in the shape of a lady in white crêpe, who swung a green parasol cane-fashion, though it was well past sunset. And out of the heart of the storm came a voice, high-pitched, insolently negligent of final consonants, and to Latimer suddenly pungent of uptown New York, calling, 'Margaret, O Margaret, where are you, dear? I have such good news.'

'Mrs. Jamieson,' said Margaret quietly, and smiled as she went to greet her visitor.

They met on the threshold. Framed in the kitchen doorway, Mrs. Jamieson lived up accurately to the promise of her voice. Externally, at least, she was of her class, thought Latimer. That is to say, being a woman of nearly forty, she dressed like a girl of twenty-two,

without going to the vulgar excess of dressing like a girl of eighteen. The same touch of successful daring showed in the skillful details of facial make-up. Latimer saw the youthful play of a pair of intelligent gray eyes under sufficiently penciled brows, an elaborate coiffure, an alert, slender figure. Smart, thought Latimer with approval, and clever.

'Oh, I did n't know,' said Mrs. Jamieson.

'We have with us to-night Dr. Latimer,' Manning announced. 'His services in the kitchen are only temporary. Mrs. Jamieson, a member of the fairly idle rich.'

'How d' ye do?' said Mrs. Jamieson. She acknowledged Latimer's bow with fashionable curtness, and sat daintily on a chair that Margaret placed for her just on the other side of the doorsill; but not until she had kissed the girl. 'My dear, it is almost too good to be true, but I really think I have got rid of it.'

'Not the Auditorium?' said Margaret.

'Just that,' replied the visitor exultantly.

Let us sum up Mrs. Jamieson in a few words. If she was, by birth and marriage, committed to great wealth, she had done something to escape her fate. It is unfortunate that a woman of society cannot try to make herself useful without eliciting the cheap satirist's sneer about fashionable charity. It is a pity that she cannot sincerely feel the beat of modern life without incurring the suspicion of being just in the swim. Mrs. Jamieson had her box at the opera, but her preferences were for the noisy young impressionists. In literature she liked the younger Russians, and if she failed to recognize that Artzibasheff was only a caricature of the earlier giants, more pretentious critics than Mrs. Jamieson have sinned in the same manner. She mothered a young Irish poet, peddled his manu-

scripts among the publishers, and was suspected of paying out of her pocket for his first volume. She had energy and a good heart. She had made a bid for economic independence by establishing successively, but not successfully, a cigarette factory, a shop for the manufacture of grotesque sculptures for writing-table decoration, and a modern laundry.

She found her true sphere in war-relief work. She raised extraordinary sums of money for the Belgians and the Serbs, by working herself very hard, blackmailing her friends, and reducing all the young women of her acquaintance to a state of involuntary servitude as flower girls, programme girls, and booth pirates at her bazaars. But she also had her own views as to the issues of the war. Before we entered the conflict, she was bitter at Mr. Wilson's lukewarm support of the Allies. To whip up sentiment she planned a great public demonstration and to that end she hired the Auditorium with her own pin-money.

'Dr. Latimer, do you know any one who could use a hall?' said Manning. 'Thirty-five hundred seats, free lights, usher service, printed tickets, everything.'

'If you don't mind, it's all settled,' shrilled Mrs. Jamieson pointing a triumphant green parasol at Manning. 'It was this way, Dr. Latimer. I counted upon a lot of speakers for my meeting. Well, at bottom all men are cowards. Several of them refused to participate in any attempt to put pressure on the government in favor of the Allies. And the rest said they would n't lift a finger to help Germany. It was too disgusting. Then the newspapers got hold of it and all my vice-presidents resigned. Next, my girls said they had n't recovered from my last bazaar. I spent two weeks on the telephone trying to save that meeting, until Harmon —'

'Mr. Jamieson?' said Latimer.

'Exactly. Harmon insisted that I call it off and go away for a long rest. So here I am.'

'I am exceedingly sorry,' said Latimer.

'But I did n't give in,' said the audacious lady. 'Of course, I would n't dream of asking the Auditorium people to give me back my money, but they gave me two postponements. I spent two weeks, before I left town, trying to give the hall away; it was hopeless.'

'In a city like New York, where the public is always being rallied and appealed to, it is very strange,' said Latimer.

'The trouble is, it's such a *big* hall. Once I nearly got rid of it to the Community Folk-Dance Association. They kept it a week and found they had disposed of only two hundred and thirty-five tickets. So they threw it back on me. They said it was too far uptown for a Community audience.'

'One might advertise,' said Latimer.

'And make a show of myself? No. I was just having tea with Lucille Snedeker when the Community people wrote returning the hall. I don't know what made me tell her. Lucille had an inspiration. She said she had a young Armenian dancer who was a genius and only needed an introduction to the American public. I should have known better. Lucille is a fool. She is always picking up young geniuses in the queerest eating-places you can imagine. Lucille said the Armenian would need an orchestra and I agreed to pay for it. In two days it was all over. The Armenian took one look at the place and said she would never consent to make her *début* in such a barn. It would be a crime against her art.'

'And yet,' said Latimer, 'the theatre of Dionysus at Athens was a sizable place.'

'Things looked desperate,' said Mrs.

Jamieson. 'For weeks after I came down here I wrote to every body I could think of. I offered the hall to the Juvenile Delinquency Society, but they had other plans. I suggested to the Fire Department that they might use it for an exhibition drill, and they said that something in the City charter prohibited their accepting gratuities from a private person. And, Dr. Latimer, it's ridiculous the way people have gone crazy about the war. The Society for the Extension of Port Terminal Facilities wrote, thanking me for the offer, but regretting their inability to accept a favor from a person of such well-known pro-Ally sympathies. It was too disgusting. And then all at once, Margaret, I thought of something.'

'Yes, dear,' said the girl from her pile of wet plates.

'There is a big strike in one of Mr. Jamieson's factories. I read about it in the papers. I wrote to the union leaders offering them the hall.'

'And your husband does n't mind?' said Latimer.

'Harmon mind? He is the most generous soul alive, and he has been so worried about me. Well, those strike people are willing to take the hall, but they insist that I pay for the newspaper advertising and the posters. They sent me a specimen notice which they expect to print. Their description of Harmon is positively shameful. But I think I'll let them have it. If this keeps up another week I shall break down.'

She rose impetuously.

'I shall be horribly late for dinner. Good-bye, dearest.' She kissed the girl, nodded to the men, and floated out.

III

Latimer was thinking, inconsequentially, of Mrs. Jamieson and the sick woman at Westville, when Manning's voice came to him as from afar.

'I had put a question to you when we were interrupted, Dr. Latimer. How is the war to end for God?'

'Is that what your mind has been on in the intervals of the poultry business?' asked Latimer.

'Before that,' said Manning. 'Of recent years He has been with me pretty constantly, and at the most inopportune times. Between editions sometimes; or when I have hung over the make-up table, trying to beat the clock. Like a draught of chill air it would come — a hollow, bitter doubt. You ask yourself suddenly how does this Final Extra Wall Street Complete relate itself to the make-up of the universe and its Maker-Up.'

'You have your own answer, of course.'

'The obvious one,' said Manning. 'The war has been a disaster for Him.'

'Father,' said Margaret, 'do you call this drying a teacup? Take another towel and do it over.'

'Yes, my dear,' said Manning humbly; but it was some time before he bestirred himself in search of a fresh towel.

'Ten million dead is a bitter thing to contemplate,' said Latimer. 'But after all there was the Black Death six hundred years ago, when one third of Europe perished. Yet God survived.'

'I am afraid you don't get me,' said Manning. 'Of course He survived, just as He will probably survive this war; through force of habit, through the clutch of superstition, through the law of illogic which rules the common life. But the question is, ought He to survive? How does He come out of this war when tested by the standards of reason with which He is supposed to have endowed us? I have no doubt that after the Black Plague there were men who asked the same question. Where is the answer? If ten million dead, if the agony of half the world —

Oh, well, I could repeat what's been said from the beginning of things. For three years evil has had it all its own way. How shall we believe in anything else?—Where is that towel you were speaking of, Margaret? Counsel for plaintiff rests his case.'

Latimer's eyes were upon Margaret. If to him, Latimer, his host's way with a great topic was somewhat free and easy, how about this young girl? But Margaret was smiling over the hot water and soap. Plainly she was hardened to Manning's vigorous methods in search of his soul.

'You've given me a difficult case to defend,' said Latimer. 'Under the circumstances I must follow the precedent of all good lawyers when cornered. I begin by questioning the validity of the indictment. I demand a poll of the grand jury. Are you unanimous?'

'Speaking for myself, I am not,' said Manning. 'That's the tragedy of it; even when we accuse Him, we do it with half a mind. But that is because of the prestige of the defendant. It is like a jury of plumbers and shoe-clerks indicting the head of the Railroad Trust.'

'Precisely,' said Latimer. 'We are too ready to take it for granted that all men to-day are weighed down by the horror of war. As a matter of fact, there is no such unanimity. We have no means of knowing how many of the plain people like war. There must be a great many; those who enjoy the adventure, the release from the monotony of daily duties, and even, I am sorry to say, those who have not outlived the primitive taste for killing.'

'These are the inarticulate folk. There are the others, who like war and can give a reason: the people who think that war is necessary for righteousness; or as a tonic against degeneration, — national or racial, — which is another

form of the argument for war as a factor in natural selection. Not to mention the professionals — the army and navy officers, who may not like war but who certainly do not condemn it. It is true that, if you made a poll of newspaper editors, you might find a great many who think that war is evil. But if you were to take a census among pastors of fashionable metropolitan churches —

'Well, then. As long as you are not unanimous in your indictment against God it is obvious that your charge lacks validity. Until you can get Russians and Germans and Frenchmen, ministers and aviators and Socialists, mothers and emperors and newspaper editors and clergymen, to agree that war is an unmitigated curse, your case falls to the ground.'

'Unmitigated!' cried Manning. 'That's just it. You will find very few men who will tell you that war is an unmitigated evil. Of course there are compensations. But what sort of Wisdom and Power is it that can get results only through blood and tears? In all reverence I ask whether it is n't a Chinese way of ruling a world, to be burning it down every little while for the sake of a little roast pork. Given an unlimited expense account, with no questions asked, any one could rule this universe. Give me permission to cut up a hospital full of people, and there is n't any doubt but that I can pull off a successful operation for appendicitis now and then — with a kitchen knife. But you would hardly call me a great surgeon. Unmitigated! Of course not. It is undeniable that a millionaire paranoiac cannot squander a fortune in the Tenderloin without giving employment to a certain number of honest cooks, carpenters, and street-cleaners.'

'Is n't it a question of what you choose to fix your mind on?' said Margaret.

'A very happy thought,' Latimer beamed at her. 'Such as is likely to come in the restful occupation of dish-washing. Do you know, Manning, considering how many women for how many years have ruminated over the dish-basin, it is a wonder that they have made such small contribution to philosophy.'

'So there is no answer?' said Manning.

'Not if you demand proof of a perfect God,' said Latimer. 'But if it be a question of a God moving toward perfection I can speak with more confidence. And when you ask me how will He come out of this horror in Europe, I can say that He will come out fairly well. Better, by comparison, than men will come out. This much I am convinced of, that God is improving more rapidly than man.'

'That is something,' said Manning.

The two had given up all pretence of making themselves useful to the girl. Manning leaned against the edge of the kitchen table and bit his finger-nails, his eyes fixed on Latimer. The latter, with an unfailing instinct for making himself comfortable, had ensconced himself in the chair vacated by Mrs. Jamieson, his attention divided between Manning, Margaret, and the mass of lilac that hung down over the windows.

'Take,' said he, 'the heathen and his gods, and compare them with yourself and your own Master of the Universe. Then ask yourself which marks the greater advance — the distance between you and the tribesman of the Congo, or the distance between that black man's fetish and your own Creator. It is a matter only of five or ten thousand years in the history of evolution; yet certain results present themselves.

'Now as between the Congo native and yourself,' he continued, 'the meas-

ure of progress is on the whole inconsiderable. That is, so far as human essentials are concerned. The Bantu tribesman, for instance, is as good a father as you are. In fact, I have read that among many savage races the children are much more fondly treated than, let us say, a boy in an upper-class English family. As a husband the African Negro may be a bit more overbearing, and a harder taskmaster; although here too it is probable that there is less wife-beating in the Congo than there is in Whitechapel. As a member of the social organism he is much more loyal to his king than even the German peasant, much more ready to sacrifice his personal inclinations to the common good. The sense of pity is perhaps not so highly developed in primitive man; this is, to be sure, a reflex of his greater insensibility to pain; but admit that on the whole he is more cruel than you are. Admit cannibalism for instance; though cannibalism is bound up with his religion rather than with his humanity. And there you are. By these values, then, which we use to appraise a man to-day,—not by his accomplishments but by his primal qualities as husband, father, citizen, comrade, warrior, athlete and all-round good fellow,—the Congo aborigine is not very far removed from you. It is with reluctance that I quote Mr. Kipling on anything concerned with real human values, but after all, "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

'Conceded,' said Manning.

'But take now the God of the Congolese, of the Bushman, the Huron, the Blackfellow of Australia. He is a God of cruelty, lust, and deceit. He rules entirely by fear. He makes life for his votaries an unceasing round of panic and placatory sacrifice. He demands the roasted flesh of enemies, the sacrifice of children, the immolation of virgins, the mutilation of one's own body.

He is not even fashioned by man after his own image; for whereas the Negro is on the whole a well-built, upstanding, clean-skinned biped, his god is a monstrosity, with no head or three heads, no feet or ten feet, a nightmare, an abortion.

'Well, then, man for man and god for god, as between you and the native of the Congo, who has made the greater progress in the course of ten thousand years, man or God?'

'Cleverly put,' said Manning.

'Soundly put!' shouted Latimer. 'My dear fellow,—' here he got up from his chair and seized the other by the lapel of his shabby jacket,—'my dear Manning, the further back you carry the investigation, the stronger is the showing for a God moving on to higher things. When you spoke of inefficient management in the universe you were thinking of evolution, weren't you? Jacques Loeb speaks of one of those obscure deep-sea creatures with which I will not pretend to have even a bowing acquaintance. Well, of a potential 100,000,000 offspring of, let us call it, *Medusa hypothetica*, Loeb estimates that 10,000 survive, one one-hundredth of one per cent. That is what you were thinking, 99 99/100 per cent of waste. You were thinking of war, cancer, tuberculosis, plague, and starvation wages. You were thinking that the God who lets the spawn of the deep seas go down to destruction lets the spawn of human kind go down into senseless destruction.'

'I was,' said Manning.

'But have you marked the improvement? Of ten thousand eggs of *Medusa Hypothetica*, one survives. Of ten thousand children born, even in unsanitary and underfed India, probably seven thousand survive. An improvement of 700,000 per cent in the evolution from fish to man. It is something.'

'Something, yes,' Manning agreed.

'It is much,' said Latimer. 'And it gives you your answer. How will God come out of this war? Judging by precedent, He will emerge with fair credit. Certainly in much better shape than the German General Staff. If the war shall mark a step forward in evolution, then it is probable that God has moved further forward than man. If the war is a step backward, He has probably fallen back far less than man. The proportion is always in his favor. He is the van and the rear-guard.'

'We can go back to the dining-room,' said Margaret.

IV

'Go to, now,' the indignant reader will have been saying to himself this many a page; 'what sort of romance of the open road is this which has been wandering up and down the countryside for two days and has not encountered a philosophic tinker — with or without a female companion — eating fried bacon from the point of a clasp-knife?'

Let the outspoken reader be patient only a few minutes longer, and the fault shall be more than remedied.

(To be continued)

THE MEANING OF MR. WELLS'S NEW RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THREE men — an attorney, a sculptor, and a priest — sat together in a Chicago club. They had each recently read Mr. H. G. Wells's latest book, *God the Invisible King*. They had each ordered it eagerly, sharing the desire to hear further of the spiritual experience which had made memorable *Mr. Britling*. All of them were admittedly disappointed.

'I suppose,' said the lawyer, 'that we all forget that no theology can be as interesting as the spiritual experiences back of it. It was a glimpse at reality which thrilled us in *Mr. Britling*. This book is a skeleton, and it grins like one.'

'However that may be,' rejoined the artist, 'the book makes me do anything but grin. The Wells of to-day is

really pathetic. For years he has been a prophet, a seer, a voice in the wilderness. A prophet is a noble figure as long as he is rejected by his hearers. Look at Cassandra, John the Baptist, Jeremiah. But woe betide the prophet who finds the world coming his way! Ten years ago Wells was alone, or nearly so — a socialist voice in an individualistic world. Now every one is tumbling over every other one into collectivism. Poor Wells is bewildered. He is rushing, ever faster, to keep ahead of the world — and dashing off two or three books a year, each repudiating an old position, much as Siberian travelers cast off their weaker companions to the wolves. Demos is rushing him, but he must keep ahead. Down the whirling road of time he dashes,

eyes bulging, hair — if he has any — on end, coat-tails flying, quite unaware that he is, that he can be, no longer the prophet; unwilling that the voice further down the road should in his stead be crying, "Here lies truth"; oblivious of his real function, which is now just to be one of the mob as that mob advances out of individualism and materialism into collectivism and religion.'

'I still maintain,' insisted the lawyer, 'that the book is humorous. Is it not amusing to see his naïve delight at having discovered the personality of God? For one knows not how many millennia, people have known that personality very well. The few who have disallowed it, Pagan or Christian, have been admittedly eccentrics who denied the validity of common religious experience.'

'You would think that a man who had discovered that the minority was wrong and that he with it had been mistaken would be humble. But listen to this, on page 55: "God is a Person. Upon this point those who are beginning to profess modern religion are very insistent." Of course this means that Mr. Wells is insistent upon it. Is that not delicious? "I insist that the world for æons has been right, absolutely right. I *insist* on it." A humorist like that will be shouting soon that matrimony is respectable.'

Here the sculptor turned to the priest.

'I suppose,' he said, 'that the book shocks you, dominie?'

'No, it does not do that,' he responded, 'nor does it amuse me. Neither does it appear to me pathetic. Some of it is rather amusing — for example, in that passage about the personality of God, the author's assumption that Catholic theology teaches that God, to be a Person, or Persons, must have a physical body, or bodies. Some of it

shocks me, too. I am a bit ruffled, for example, that Mr. Wells should give a history of Nicene times, done in the style of an ill-tempered atheistic penny pamphlet; and, more than that, that he should so have misread history as not to have perceived that, in the controversies of the fourth century, the emperors and the privileged classes were almost invariably Arian partisans and enemies of the orthodox, and that the Nicene creed emerged despite imperial opposition, not with imperial approbation. And, I must confess, that it is to me more than a little pathetic to find one who normally is as big a man as Mr. Wells inveighing against Nicene theology because of the lugaboo tales about God which emanated from a nursemaid who, in all probability, had been nurtured in a middle-class Calvinism of the Milton-Bunyan style.

However, I for one can see neither fun nor profit in tilting against this book. It was meant as an honest expression of religion. It has made me do some serious thinking — not, as Mr. Wells doubtless intended it should, in an endeavor to justify the Catholic faith, but in an attempt to understand Mr. Wells. Now that I have talked with you, gentlemen, I intend to write out those thoughts of mine for my own satisfaction.'

Thereupon, he retired to the library of the club and there he devoted the next two hours to writing what here follows: —

There are three different concepts of God held by human beings: not two only, as Mr. Wells would have us believe. The first of the three he presents clearly enough under the name of the Veiled Being, or the Creator. He is the Maker and Governor of all creation, a God of Law, a Deity of inflexible justice, to be feared and adored if

he is to be worshiped at all.¹ The second and third concepts Mr. Wells confuses. The former of these is that of God as the Leader of Battles. Mr. Wells has beautifully uttered this concept in a number of places, and especially in these words: 'He is our king, to whom we must be loyal; He is our captain, and to know Him is to have direction in our lives.' To Him is to be given that tremendous affection which the *poilu* feels for *Papa Joffre*, which the small boy feels intensely for the 'leader of the gang.' The third concept, confused in Mr. Wells's mind with this second one, is that of God as the sustaining, comforting, enveloping Strength.

Each of these concepts has been proved valid by innumerable spiritual experiences throughout the ages. The early Christian Church, during a long process of careful thinking, dominated — as Mr. Wells truly says — by those trained in the Alexandrian school, who were — as Mr. Wells does not say — the most careful and accurate philosophers that this world has ever known, a process which culminated in the publication and oecumenical acceptance of the Nicene-Constantinopolitan creed came to the conclusion that all three were true concepts. Each expressed a deep spiritual reality. Although contradictions did seem to exist between them, man must nevertheless accept them, contradictions and all — in pragmatic fashion believing each because each satisfies some of the human hun-

¹ When he calls the Creator 'God-as-Nature,' he is probably wrong. The identification of Nature and God is a very modern and unnatural one. Even the animistic worshiper thinks of God as a being greater than nature or anything in it, and only limited within nature to meet his devotees. It is wrong to say that primitive peoples worshiped trees, stars, rocks, and the like. They worshiped spiritual beings who for the sake of their devotees limited themselves within these material envelopes, but who were by no means imprisoned in or identical with those envelopes. — THE AUTHOR.

ger for spiritual reality, and leaving reconciliation of the three to a state of intelligence greater than mortal man has yet been privileged to possess. The Nicene creed is therefore a statement of three truths and one unsolvable problem.

Central of the three was the concept of God as the Leader, the Christ, the Anointed One. That Jesus of Galilee was the Christ; that the Invisible King had become visible in the Nazarene Peasant; that the kingdom was a realm where He ruled and led and where such as He alone could be perfectly citizens; that it was a kingdom not of the world, although in it; and that its central law was 'salvation through self-abnegation' — these made up in Nicene times, and still make up, the central core of Christianity.

But Jesus had taught his disciples that He was one with another Person, whom He called his Father and bade them regard as their Father, the Great Unseen, the Almighty One. So, then, the Creator about whom men had ever speculated and would ever speculate, whom men had ever feared, was really in essence kind and loving. 'Whoso hath seen Me hath seen the Father,' Jesus had told Philip. This meant two things to the early Church — two very practical things. First, Jesus was no futile, struggling, errant Leader. His battles were blest of the Eternal. His armies might rejoice in certain victory, even as they fought heartrending battles and endured untold persecution. Second, the Creator was removed from the realm of the unknown and, since he was like the Beloved Carpenter, was to be loved as well as adored.

Jesus had also said that He would send to them another Strengthener or Comforter. This Person was also to be their Guide into truth. That fitted perfectly with the *mystical* concept of God, according to which He is thought

of as immanent within each soul. Mr. Wells voices the ancient belief in this concept when he says, 'If you but lift up your head for a moment, out of the stormy chaos of madness, and cry to Him, God is there, God will not fail you.'

These three concepts Nicene theology includes under the Persons of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Father is the source of all things, material and immaterial. At his fiat created things emerged. From Him flows the Christ. The nearest figure applicable to the relationship of the two seemed that of filiation. And from Him too, through the Christ, comes the great, sustaining, enveloping, peace-giving Holy Spirit to comfort, strengthen, and teach those who serve the Son and thus obey the Father. The nearest human figure for this eternal process seemed that of spiration.

During the long centuries when Christendom was a unit and Nicene theology was everywhere accepted, these three concepts, held in balance, complemented one another. When the Church's authority was undermined and the Church's body riven, and men in individualistic pride imagined that each person was religiously a guide sufficient unto himself, unneedful of the correcting influence of the rest of the human family, living or dead, these concepts began to be held out of balance. From that moment Christianity began to lose its hold on man; for unbalanced religion is like the image seen in the crooked mirrors at county-fair side-shows: it is both repulsive and amusing.

The first mistake was an over-emphasis of God the Father. The stern, law-making aspect of Deity was so stressed as to hide those aspects which balance his sternness. The tribal regulations promulgated by Jehovah to the Jews were given cosmic force. As the

old Jews understood Jehovah, he was not nearly so terrible as he was in the Calvinistic theology. Mr. Wells seems to think that this old Jewish god is somehow the germ from which developed directly the Christian doctrine of God the Father. It would be much more true to say that from the Mosaic theology developed our doctrine of God the Son. The old Jewish god was not cosmological at all, as we who have a knowledge of Old Testament criticism know very well.

Calvin's god was not the God of Moses. He was, rather, a combination of the cosmological Deity brought by the later Jews from Babylon with the fierce tribal partisan who lived on Sinai. Those of Babylon would have failed to understand his nomadic barbarities. Those of Moses, who seem to have been interested as little as Mr. Wells himself in life after death, would have stood aghast at their tribal king from the mountains, transformed into an eternal lord of heaven and hell. Calvin's god, in short, was the sort of god one gets by reading our present composite Old Testament apart from Catholic theology. It was monstrous, horrible, the most warped caricature of God known to man. God the Son was degraded to the position of a mere victim of unnatural spiritual wrath. God the Holy Spirit was wellnigh forgotten.

Against this sort of religion, the kind that was unfortunately immortalized by John Milton, the kind that is still preached by tent evangelists, the kind used by his nursemaid to scare him with in infancy, Mr. Wells reacts violently in this book. It is good that he should, but unnecessary. The monstrous figure persists to-day only as a part of the folk-religion of the ignorant. The leaders of every communion of Christians, even Scotch Presbyterians, not merely have ceased to teach it, but actively combat it. Occasionally in his

book Mr. Wells shows that he knows better than to lay this dour warping of religion to the charge of Catholic dogma. Nevertheless, he seems to be under the impression most of the time that in beating this theological monstrosity to a pulp he is somehow attacking Nicene theology.

As we have said, the Christian world has ceased long ere this to admire Calvinism. The Catholic world, tied to its Nicene balance, recovered from its slight trend in this direction, exhibited in the fifteenth century, without much difficulty. The non-Catholic world, having made one mistake with disastrous result, now made another equally grievous one. As the eighteenth century saw the triumph and decay of Calvinism, so the nineteenth century saw the triumph, and the twentieth century has seen much of the decay, of what for a better name we may call neo-Protestantism or Liberalism.

The name covers a number of differing religious opinions, all of them alike in an over-emphasis on God the Holy Spirit. First the Friends, then the Unitarians, — who ascribed to God the Father nearly all the orthodox attributes of God the Holy Spirit and deprived Him of most of his ancient characteristics, — the American Transcendentalists, and finally, those who embraced the religion of Mary Baker Eddy, have been its most out-and-out manifestations. What little theology is now taught in the formerly Calvinistic Protestant churches is also mostly of this sort. God is thought of as good, patient, present, an enveloping aura, a protection and strength, semi-personal or impersonal, a sufficient guide unto truth and for salvation to each individual soul, and therefore as well to all souls in the aggregate. 'God's in His Heaven. All's right with the world.' This is all a part of Catholic theology, to be sure; only there the comforting,

resting strength of the Holy Spirit is reserved for those who obey the Son and thereby show devotion to the Father. In Liberalism it is thought to be universally available. The Father's fatherhood and the Son's leadership are in the mean time milk-and-watered out of all resemblance to their original appearance.

All this is quite as lopsided as was ever the theology of Calvin and Knox. As the latter made God a brute of steel, so the former makes God a feather-bed. As the Calvinist was apt to be lean and dreadfully morose, so the devotee of this modern theology is inclined to become fat and abominably cheerful. As of old, thinking men said, 'I reject your God: He is too horrid,' so now they begin to say, 'I reject your God: He is too good-natured.' As Calvin's Deity seemed not to allow for life's amenities, so this new God fails to fit in with life's severities.

Between the two these respective warpings have well-nigh ruined popular respect for Christianity, especially in Protestant countries. The revolt has been a quiet one. Multitudes have simply stopped being religious and have sought inspiration in materialism. The scientific achievements of the last century have been intensely romantic. Until the war came, testing us, the pursuit of material knowledge was far more attractive to the young than the worship of what was really a caricature of God. Dashing along happily in the scientific company went many of us, Mr. Wells included. The Calvinism of his youth had disgusted him. The platitudes and complacencies of neo-Protestantism left him cold. In materialism he found the easiest and greatest stimulation for his soul.

Then the war came. Materialism as a philosophy failed. Mr. Wells 'saw it through,' like his own Mr. Britling, and lighted, in a 'mystical moment,'

on a concept of God different from either of the two he had previously known. He thought his concept was new. It was not. It is not. Mr. Wells has simply found the long-neglected 'Son' of Nicene theology. In other words, he has gone back to found his spiritual life on that same basic concept of God as Leader and King around which the fathers of old built up, for its protection and safeguarding, the orthodox faith.

What is to be the goal of Mr. Wells and his developing religion, no one can say. He has rejected Calvinism. He has refused to heed the call of Liberalism. Will he be willing, as he further thinks out his religion, to accept the truth contained in those concepts which he has rejected when they were unduly stressed?

Will he recognize that spiritual power and comfort come from the Deity only to those who obey the King? He seems already to have glimpsed it. 'The true God goes through the world like fifes and drums and flags, calling for recruits along the street. We must go out to Him. We must accept his discipline and fight his battle. The peace of God comes not by thinking about it but by forgetting one's self in Him.'

Will he eventually see that the King and the Veiled Being are at unity and

that the former reveals the latter, else forever unknowable, to man? Will he find the joy that comes from knowing that he who fights in the King's army, battles not against the Great Unknown, but with Him and his hosts of angels?

Or, fanatically grasping the Christ concept as his fathers grasped the Spirit concept and his grandfathers the Creator concept, will he dash on to the formation of a neo-Mahometanism? No one of course can possibly venture a prediction.

One thing, at all events, may be said in conclusion. At least for the present it is probably true that, despite a certain natural indignation at Mr. Wells's misunderstanding of the power of the crucifix and the Crucified, his superficial impatience with that sacramental idea which all religions have found fitted to human needs, his vitriolic hatred of priesthood and his soap-box-like denunciation of the Nicene fathers, Mr. Wells will probably find that those who say the Nicene creed with heart and mind and soul really understand him better and appreciate him more than the other folks who read his book. They, too, have a theology, a liturgy, and a spiritual life built upon that which is so dear to him, the concept of God the Invisible King as the central truth of true religion.

EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

SEVERAL years ago a young man came to my study with a manuscript which he wished me to criticize.

'It is only a little bit of my work,' he said modestly, 'and it will not take you long to look it over. In fact it is only the first chapter, in which I explain the Universe.'

I suppose that we have all had moments of sudden illumination when it occurred to us that we had explained the Universe, and it was so easy for us that we wondered why we had not done it before. Some thought drifted into our mind and filled us with vague forebodings of omniscience. It was not an ordinary thought, that explained only a fragment of existence. It explained everything. It proved one thing and it proved the opposite just as well. It explained why things are as they are, and if it should turn out that they are not that way at all, it would prove that fact also. In the light of our great thought chaos seemed rational.

Such thoughts usually occur about four o'clock in the morning. Having explained the Universe, we relapse into satisfied slumber. When, a few hours later, we rise, we wonder what the explanation was.

Now and then, however, one of these highly explanatory ideas remains to comfort us in our waking hours. Such a thought is that which I here throw out, and which has doubtless at some

early hour occurred to most of my readers. It is that every man has a natural desire to be somebody else.

This does not explain the Universe, but it explains that perplexing part of it which we call Human Nature. It explains why so many intelligent people, who deal skillfully with matters of fact, make such a mess of it when they deal with their fellow creatures. It explains why we get on as well as we do with strangers, and why we do not get on better with our friends. It explains why people are so often offended when we say nice things about them, and why it is that, when we say harsh things about them, they take it as a compliment. It explains why people marry their opposites and why they live happily ever afterwards. It also explains why some people don't. It explains the meaning of tact and its opposite.

The tactless person treats a person according to a scientific method as if he were a thing. Now, in dealing with a thing, you must first find out what it is, and then act accordingly. But with a person, you must first find out what he is and then carefully conceal from him the fact that you have made the discovery.

The tactless person can never be made to understand this. He prides himself on taking people as they are without being aware that that is not the way they want to be taken.

He has a keen eye for the obvious,

and calls attention to it. Age, sex, color, nationality, previous condition of servitude, and all the facts that are interesting to the census-taker, are apparent to him and are made the basis of his conversation. When he meets one who is older than he, he is conscious of the fact, and emphasizes by every polite attention the disparity in years. He has an idea that at a certain period in life the highest tribute of respect is to be urged to rise out of one chair and take another that is presumably more comfortable. It does not occur to him that there may remain any tastes that are not sedentary. On the other hand, he sees a callow youth and addresses himself to the obvious callowness, and thereby makes himself thoroughly disliked. For, strange to say, the youth prefers to be addressed as a person of precocious maturity.

The literalist, observing that most people talk shop, takes it for granted that they like to talk shop. This is a mistake. They do it because it is the easiest thing to do, but they resent having attention called to their limitations. A man's profession does not necessarily coincide with his natural aptitude or with his predominant desire. When you meet a member of the Supreme Court you may assume that he is gifted with a judicial mind. But it does not follow that that is the only quality of mind he has; nor that when, out of court, he gives you a piece of his mind, it will be a piece of his judicial mind that he gives.

My acquaintance with royalty is limited to photographs of royal groups, which exhibit a high degree of domesticity. It would seem that the business of royalty when pursued as a steady job becomes tiresome, and that when they have their pictures taken they endeavor to look as much like ordinary folks as possible—and they usually succeed.

The member of one profession is always flattered by being taken for a skilled practitioner of another. Try it on your minister. Instead of saying, 'That was an excellent sermon of yours this morning,' say, 'As I listened to your cogent argument, I thought what a successful lawyer you would have made.' Then he will say, 'I did think of taking to the law.'

If you had belonged to the court of Frederick the Great you would have proved a poor courtier indeed if you had praised His Majesty's campaigns. Frederick knew that he was a Prussian general, but he wanted to be a French literary man. If you wished to gain his favor you should have told him that in your opinion he excelled Voltaire.

We do not like to have too much attention drawn to our present circumstances. They may be well enough in their way, but we can think of something which would be more fitting for us. We have either seen better days or we expect them.

Suppose you had visited Napoleon in Elba and had sought to ingratiate yourself with him.

'Sire,' you would have said, 'this is a beautiful little empire of yours, so snug and cosy and quiet. It is just such a domain as is suited to a man in your condition. The climate is excellent. Everything is peaceful. It must be delightful to rule where everything is arranged for you and the details are taken care of by others. As I came to your dominion I saw a line of British frigates guarding your shores. The evidences of such thoughtfulness are everywhere.'

Your praise of his present condition would not have endeared you to Napoleon. You were addressing him as the Emperor of Elba. In his own eyes he was Emperor, though in Elba.

It is such a misapprehension which irritates any mature human being when

his environment is taken as the measure of his personality.

The man with a literal mind moves in a perpetual comedy of errors. It is not a question of two Dromios. There are half a dozen Dromios under one hat.

How casually introductions are made, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to make two human beings acquainted! Your friend says, 'I want you to know Mr. Stifflekin,' and you say that you are happy to know him. But does either of you know the enigma that goes under the name of Stifflekin? You may know what he looks like and where he resides and what he does for a living. But that is all in the present tense. To really know him you must not only know what he is but what he used to be; what he used to think he was; what he used to think he ought to be and might be if he worked hard enough. You must know what he might have been if certain things had happened otherwise, and you must know what might have happened otherwise if he had been otherwise. All these complexities are a part of his own dim apprehension of himself. They are what make him so much more interesting to himself than he is to any one else.

It is this consciousness of the inadequacy of our knowledge which makes us so embarrassed when we offer any service to another. Will he take it in the spirit in which it is given?

That was an awkward moment when Stanley, after all his hardships in his search for Dr. Livingstone, at last found the Doctor by a lake in Central Africa. Stanley held out his hand and said stiffly, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' Stanley had heroically plunged through the equatorial forests to find Livingstone and to bring him back to civilization. But Livingstone was not particularly anxious to be found,

and had a decided objection to being brought back to civilization. What he wanted was a new adventure. Stanley did not find the real Livingstone till he discovered that the old man was as young at heart as himself. The two men became acquainted only when they began to plan a new expedition to find the source of the Nile.

II

The natural desire of every man to be somebody else explains many of the minor irritations of life. It prevents that perfect organization of society in which every one should know his place and keep it. The desire to be somebody else leads us to practice on work that does not strictly belong to us. We all have aptitudes and talents that overflow the narrow bounds of our trade or profession. Every man feels that he is bigger than his job, and he is all the time doing what theologians called 'works of supererogation.'

The serious-minded housemaid is not content to do what she is told to do. She has an unexpended balance of energy. She wants to be a general household reformer. So she goes to the desk of the titular master of the house and gives it a thorough reformation. She arranges the papers according to her idea of neatness. When the poor gentleman returns and finds his familiar chaos transformed into a hateful order, he becomes a reactionary.

The serious manager of a street railway company is not content with the simple duty of transporting passengers cheaply and comfortably. He wants to exercise the functions of a lecturer in an ethical culture society. While the transported victim is swaying precariously from the end of a strap he reads a notice urging him to practice Christian courtesy and not to push. While the poor wretch pores over this counsel of

perfection, he feels like answering as did Junius to the Duke of Grafton, 'My Lord, injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation.'

A man enters a barber shop with the simple desire of being shaved. But he meets with the more ambitious desires of the barber. The serious barber is not content with any slight contribution to human welfare. He insists that his client shall be shampooed, manicured, massaged, steamed beneath boiling towels, cooled off by electric fans, and, while all this is going on, that he shall have his boots blacked.

Have you never marveled at the patience of people in having so many things done to them that they don't want, just to avoid hurting the feelings of professional people who want to do more than is expected of them? You watch the stoical countenance of the passenger in a Pullman car as he stands up to be brushed. The chances are that he does n't want to be brushed. He would prefer to leave the dust on his coat rather than to be compelled to swallow it. But he knows what is expected of him. It is a part of the solemn ritual of traveling. It precedes the offering.

The fact that every man desires to be somebody else explains many of the aberrations of artists and literary men. The painters, dramatists, musicians, poets, and novelists are just as human as housemaids and railway managers and porters. They want to do 'all the good they can to all the people they can in all the ways they can.' They get tired of the ways they are used to and like to try new combinations. So they are continually mixing things. The practitioner of one art tries to produce effects that are proper to another art.

A musician wants to be a painter and use his violin as if it were a brush. He would have us see the sunset glories

that he is painting for us. A painter wants to be a musician and paint symphonies, and he is grieved because the uninstructed cannot hear his pictures, although the colors do swear at each other. Another painter wants to be an architect and build up his picture as if it were made of cubes of brick. It looks like brick-work, but to the natural eye it does n't look like a picture. A prose-writer gets tired of writing prose, and wants to be a poet. So he begins every line with a capital letter, and keeps on writing prose.

You go to the theatre with the simple-minded Shakespearean idea that the play's the thing. But the playwright wants to be a pathologist. So you discover that you have dropped into a grewsome clinic. You sought innocent relaxation, but you are one of the non-elect and have gone to the place prepared for you. You must see the thing through. The fact that you have troubles of your own is not a sufficient claim for exemption.

Or you take up a novel expecting it to be a work of fiction. But the novelist has other views. He wants to be your spiritual adviser. He must do something to your mind, he must rearrange your fundamental ideas, he must massage your soul, and generally brush you off. All this in spite of the fact that you don't want to be brushed off and set to rights. You don't want him to do anything to your mind. It's the only mind you have and you need it in your own business.

III

But if the desire of every man to be somebody else accounts for many whimsicalities of human conduct and for many aberrations in the arts, it cannot be lightly dismissed as belonging only to the realm of comedy. It has its origin in the nature of things. The reason

why every man wants to be somebody else is that he can remember the time when he was somebody else. What we call personal identity is a very changeable thing, as all of us realize when we look over old photographs and read old letters.

The oldest man now living is but a few years removed from the undifferentiated germ-plasm, which might have developed into almost anything. In the beginning he was a bundle of possibilities. Every actuality that is developed means a decrease in the rich variety of possibilities. In becoming one thing it becomes impossible to be something else.

The delight in being a boy lies in the fact that the possibilities are still manifold. The boy feels that he can be anything that he desires. He is conscious that he has capacities that would make him a successful banker. On the other hand, there are attractions in a life of adventure in the South Seas. It would be pleasant to lie under a bread-fruit tree and let the fruit drop into his mouth, to the admiration of the gentle savages who would gather about him. Or he might be a saint — not a commonplace modern saint who does chores and attends tiresome committee meetings, but a saint such as one reads about, who gives away his rich robes and his purse of gold to the first beggar he meets, and then goes on his care-free way through the forest to convert interesting robbers. He feels that he might practice that kind of unscientific charity, if his father would furnish him with the money to give away.

But by and by he learns that making a success in the banking business is not consistent with excursions to the South Seas or with the more picturesque and unusual forms of saintliness. If he is to be in a bank he must do as the bankers do.

Parents and teachers conspire to-

gether to make a man of him, which means making a particular kind of man of him. All mental processes which are not useful must be suppressed. The sum of their admonitions is that he must pay attention. That is precisely what he is doing. He is paying attention to a variety of things that escape the adult mind. As he wriggles on the bench in the school-room, he pays attention to all that is going on. He attends to what is going on out-of-doors; he sees the weak points of his fellow pupils, against whom he is planning punitive expeditions; and he is delightfully conscious of the idiosyncrasies of the teacher. Moreover, he is a youthful artist and his sketches from life give acute joy to his contemporaries when they are furtively passed around.

But the schoolmaster says sternly, 'My boy, you must learn to pay attention; that is to say, you must not pay attention to so many things, but you must pay attention to one thing, namely the second declension.'

Now the second declension is the least interesting thing in the room, but unless he confines his attention to it he will never learn it. Education demands narrowing of attention in the interest of efficiency.

A man may, by dint of application to a particular subject, become a successful merchant or real-estate man or chemist or overseer of the poor. But he cannot be all these things at the same time. He must make his choice. Having in the presence of witnesses taken himself for better for worse, he must, forsaking all others, cleave to that alone. The consequence is that, by the time he is forty, he has become one kind of a man, and is able to do one kind of work. He has acquired a stock of ideas true enough for his purposes, but not so transcendently true as to interfere with his business. His neighbors know where to find him, and they

do not need to take a spiritual elevator. He does business on the ground floor. He has gained in practicality, but has lost in the quality of interestingness.

The old prophet declared that the young men dream dreams and the old men see visions, but he did not say anything about the middle-aged men. *They* have to look after the business end.

But has the man whose working hours are so full of responsibilities changed so much as he seems to have done? When he is talking shop is he 'all there'? I think not. There are elusive personalities that are in hiding. As the rambling mansions of the old Catholic families had secret panels opening into the 'priest's hole,' to which the family resorted for spiritual comfort, so in the mind of the most successful man there are secret chambers where are hidden his unsuccessful ventures, his romantic ambitions, his unfulfilled promises. All that he dreamed of as possible is somewhere concealed in the man's heart. He would not for the world have the public know how much he cares for the selves that have not had a fair chance to come into the light of day. You do not know a man until you know his lost Atlantis, and his Utopia for which he still hopes to set sail.

When Dogberry asserted that he was 'as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina' and 'one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him,' he was pointing out what he deemed to be quite obvious. It was in a more intimate tone that he boasted, 'and a fellow that hath had losses.'

When Julius Cæsar rode through the streets of Rome in his chariot, his laurel crown seemed to the populace a symbol of his present greatness. But gossip has it that Cæsar at that time desired to be younger than he was, and that before appearing in public he carefully arranged his laurel wreath so as to

conceal the fact that he had had losses.

Much that passes for pride in the behavior of the great comes from the fear of the betrayal of emotions that belong to a simpler manner of life. When the sons of Jacob saw the great Egyptian officer to whom they appealed turn away from them, they little knew what was going on. 'And Joseph made haste, for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself.' Joseph did n't want to be a great man. He wanted to be human. It was hard to refrain himself.

IV

What of the lost arts of childhood, the lost audacities and ambitions and romantic admirations of adolescence? What becomes of the sympathies which make us feel our kinship to all sorts of people? What becomes of the early curiosity in regard to things which were none of our business? We ask as Saint Paul asked of the Galatians, 'Ye began well; who did hinder you?'

The answer is not wholly to our discredit. We do not develop all parts of our nature because we are not allowed to do so. Walt Whitman might exult over the Spontaneous Me. But nobody is paid for being spontaneous. A spontaneous switchman on the railway would be a menace to the traveling public. We prefer some one less temperamental.

As civilization advances and work becomes more specialized, it becomes impossible for any one to find free and full development for all his natural powers in any recognized occupation. What then becomes of the other selves? The answer must be that playgrounds must be provided for them outside the confines of daily business. As work

becomes more engrossing and narrowing, the need is more urgent for recognized and carefully guarded periods of leisure.

The old Hebrew sage declared, 'Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure.' It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?

The old-time minister, after he had exhorted the believers at considerable length, used to turn to a personage who for homiletical purposes was known as the Objector. To him he addressed his most labored arguments. At this point I am conscious of the presence of the Objector.

'All you say,' he remarks, 'in praise of your favorite platitude is true to a fault. But what has all this to do with the War? There is only one thing in these days worth thinking about — at

least, it is the only thing we *can* think about.'

'I agree with you, courteous Objector. No matter where we start, we all come back to this point: Who was to blame for the War, and how is it coming out? Our explanatory idea has a direct bearing on the question before us. The Prussian militarists had a painstaking knowledge of facts, but they had a contempt for human nature. Their tactlessness was almost beyond belief. They treated persons as if they were things. They treated facts with deadly seriousness, but had no regard for feelings. They had spies all over the world to report all that could be seen, but they took no account of what could not be seen. So, while they were dealing scientifically with the obvious facts and forces, all the hidden powers of the human soul were being turned against them. Prussianism insists on highly specialized men who have no sympathies to interfere with their efficiency. Having adopted a standard, all variation must be suppressed. It is against this effort to suppress the human variations that we are fighting. We don't want all men to be reduced to one pattern.'

'But what about the Kaiser? Does your formula explain him? Does he want to be somebody else?'

'I confess, dear Objector, that it is probably a new idea to him; but he may come to it.'

MR. SMILEY

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

IN every small town there is one business man who wears a silk hat. He is born to it; it is part of the Great Order, and nobody jeers. Mr. Hunter was that man in Parkerton.

He happened one night into Smiley's drug-store, and while the proprietor was putting up his prescription companionably made talk.

'Potatoes are still going up,' he observed. 'How people are going to get on, I don't see. Did you hear about that fire up near Harrisburg — farmer's barn with eight hundred bushels of potatoes, I think it was? He was holding them for a higher price — even when they were out of sight. I think the Lord had a hand in that fire.'

'You could hardly say that, could you?' inquired a gentleman sitting by the stove.

'Why not, Mr. Bradley? He can do what He wants, can't He? And if sparrows don't fall without his noticing, I guess this kind of piggishness gets his attention.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Bradley, 'but you don't think God set that barn on fire, do you?'

'He permitted it to burn,' answered Mr. Hunter, burnishing his hat; 'He permitted it to burn.'

'Yes, and might have permitted it if the farmer had been selling the potatoes at one fourth the market, or planning to give them to the Children's Home.'

'But it was n't that way,' said Mr. Hunter.

Mr. Smiley, having wrapped the

prescription with much deftness and rung fifty cents on his cash-register, entered the conversation.

'I saw a picture the other day,' he said, 'of two Testaments which had saved soldiers' lives in the trenches. A bullet was sticking half-way through one of them, and the other one was pretty nearly torn to flinders. What do you think of that?'

'That they happened to be in the way,' said Mr. Bradley. 'One of those "Ford Jokes" books or an almanac would have done the same thing.'

'Well, do you think God has anything to do with anything?' inquired Mr. Hunter testily. 'I'm glad of the chance to ask you, for I know you never go to church, and I saw a book you had ordered down at Brown's yesterday, — *Creative Evolution*, by Bergman or something like that, — and I heard you criticized the President for appointing a day of prayer for peace. Do you think God has anything to do with anything?'

'I think,' said Mr. Bradley, 'that God has everything to do with everything, and I think that God is much too big for such little mites as we to talk about or think about.'

Mr. Smiley's drug-store had been the scene of many an argument and discussion, — controllingly political. Frequently had the very substantial blunders of the President been pointed out by sundry gentlemen, and his signal sagacities by others, the interested proprietor listening or participating, the while he took care of trade or con-

structed Smiley's Infallible Troches. Debate was at times punctuated by small talk, for the disputants had a genuine interest in their kind, particularly such of it as dwelt in the neighborhood, and the assemblage had once been described as 'the sewing circle,' by a female person who lived opposite. From which it may be inferred that Smiley's was quite a human sort of place. It had not gone in much for the gods, however.

'You see,' went on Mr. Bradley, 'you people who seem most interested in God, — not that you really are, — you "herded and branded" religious people, as somebody calls you, have God mixed up with such little things, and you keep Him pottering with such little things, — and that just kills God for the rest of us.'

Mr. Hunter was acutely conscious of two facts — that of being under fire and that of his eldership in the Presbyterian Church.

'Having the understanding darkened,' he began solemnly, — and his hat seemed like a mitre, — 'having the understanding darkened,' —

'Not on your life!' interrupted Mr. Bradley with emphasis. 'It's exactly the other thing. It's having the understanding broadened and enlightened that makes just about seventy-five of every hundred men in the average American town let you religious people go your own way. It's your not having *enough* God for them to believe in, that's the trouble. It's that you *will* keep God fussing with little things.'

Mr. Smiley got a tube of dentifrice for a customer with ill-dissembled haste. He did not wish to lose a word. Just as Mr. Hunter was about to reply, there was a fumbling at the door, which finally opened, and admitted the local dipsomaniac, Mr. Rook Bevan, picturesque drunk. Dilapidated, unsteady, yet urbane, he made a sweeping bow.

'Doc,' he said, 'I am a ree-novated man, — all ree-novated up, — and as a ree-novated man I come in here to get you to go along to Elder Squiggs's tent and get ree-novated like I done last night. The Elder says for me to do this and get you saved — ree-novated, understand — like me.'

'Now, if you can resist that, Smiley!' put in Mr. Bradley.

The wandering eye of Mr. Bevan rested on the lawyer.

'Ree-novated,' he murmured, 'that's it. We want everybody ree-novated; every damn — I mean every single — man in town ree-novated. Only,' — a maudlin pathos stole into his tone, — 'everybody can't *git* ree-novated. You can't,' — here a finger shot out at Mr. Bradley, — 'for you ain't got any more religion than one of them bull-fightin' cuspidors. You *can*,' — the finger veered to Mr. Hunter, — 'for no man can wear that plug hat and not be called.'

He made his way uncertainly to the show-case behind which Mr. Smiley was standing.

'I want alcohol,' he said, with something of a child's pleading in his voice; 'please, doc, I want alcohol.'

The show-case was a low, all-glass affair, with sundry shelves, also of glass, and laden with numerous small articles, suspended within. When Mr. Rook Bevan tripped and fell on and into this case, the ensuing crash was brilliant. Two thirds of his body was down among pomades, shattered vials, and tooth-brushes, while his legs gesticulated wildly above. The effect was striking and brief. He was dragged forth almost instantly, and Mr. Smiley, wiping 'Maiden Blush' and other cosmetics from the luckless features, affixed court-plaster to certain ugly cuts.

'Shall I telephone for the marshal?' asked Mr. Hunter.

'Oh, no,' said Mr. Smiley; 'poor

devil, he sort of looks to me to jolly him along and see to him — and it sort of seems up to me to do it. Wait a jiff till I give him something quieting and get him to bed. He's got a cubby in the building next door.'

Mr. Bevan, with his countenance pleasantly diversified by the bits of court-plaster and supported by the arm of Mr. Smiley, beamed amiably as he withdrew.

'Of course,' he said, 'everybody can't git ree-novated.'

Mr. Smiley, returning ten minutes later, surveyed the ruin which had been a show-case a bit ruefully.

'It'll set me a plumb hundred,' he said, 'and I do need the hundred. Well, I'll put it down with the twenty-five I dug up to get him the Keeley. If I need, gee, how he needs! — Let's get our minds off of this. When Rook broke in, you was saying something about God's fussing with little things, Mr. Bradley, and I think Mr. Hunter was getting ready to come back.'

Mr. Hunter had been getting ready, and had utilized certain moments of Mr. Bevan's stay in the process. He had not been for years teacher of a men's Bible class for nothing, and now, with his batteries well placed, he proceeded to a conventional and very well executed declaration of the whole counsel of God, as deduced and held by religionists of his kind. It began with the Garden of Eden, abounded in covenants and decrees, and was everywhere stiffened with texts — a miraculous number of them, it seemed to Mr. Smiley, who was much impressed. Mr. Hunter fancied comfortably that the scale had been big enough.

'The whole human race,' he said, 'figures in this mighty drama — the whole human race!'

'Oh, dear, oh, dear!' said Mr. Bradley; 'what's the use? Don't you see

that you make God ridiculously small when you keep Him eternally nosing round among such small fry as the human race? Don't you see that that's the trouble? People nowadays don't believe that God does anything of that kind. "The Lord Talketh Familiarly with Moses" — that's a chapter-head in the Bible. I don't believe He did. Neither do folks in general. They feel just as Carlyle did when he said that it was as sure as shooting that such things never happened. They feel as a late English prime minister did when he said that such conceptions stifled him. It's all like painting God with whiskers, as the Old Masters used to do.'

A small boy of four in an Oliver Twist suit came into the store and demanded a stick of licorice, which Mr. Smiley provided, with the adjuration, 'Skip.'

The conversation was not resumed. Mr. Hunter seemed stalled and Mr. Bradley hopeless. Then said Mr. Smiley, —

'Now you know I'm just an ordinary man. You, Mr. Bradley, are a lawyer, and you read a lot of books, too, everybody says. A man told me the other day he'd bet you've read a thousand books. And you, Mr. Hunter, are a great Bible scholar, if you *are* in the dry-goods line — and you've been to the Holy Land. I'm not in the same class with either of you. You know that weepy-lookin' dog of Alick McCue's? Some one asked Alick what breed he was, and Alick says, "Oh, no particular breed, — just dog." That's me. But just as a plain proposition and as it hits a plain man in the drug business, Mr. Bradley's God seems to be too busy with everything to attend to any particular thing, and Mr. Hunter's God too busy with particular things to attend to everything. Honest, that's about the way it seems to me.'

There was an interlude while a soda-water patron was served. Then Mr. Smiley continued, —

'About God, you know, I get my idea from Samuel.'

'Ah, the prophet?' asked Mr. Hunter with the pleased expression of one expecting reinforcement.

'Goodness, no,' said Mr. Smiley. 'The rat who was here for licorice — *my* Samuel. You see, he plays a lot with his choo-choos and things about the house, all alone. Sometimes a half day'll go without his seeing his mother — she'll be at work in the kitchen or somewhere, and he in another part of the house. Does n't seem to miss her. Does n't seem to know he *has* a mother. But don't you make any mistake. He can forget her only because he knows she's there. He can get all wrapped up in his choo-choos and things, only because he's got a sure feel of her being there. If it once came to him that she *was* n't there, — well, I would n't like to have it happen, for he'd cry his heart out. He pretty nearly did it once, too, when he wanted something of her and she'd slipped out for five minutes.

'Well, I says to myself, noticing this about Samuel, is n't it a good deal the same about people and God? They forget Him, but they know He's there; and they could n't wrap themselves all up in their jobs and things, and go on having a fairly good time, if they did n't know — or feel — that He *was* there. Of course, they don't know what He's doing, — Samuel could never guess what his mother was doing in the kitchen, — and if they did, they could n't understand it, any more than Samuel understands a lot his mother does. They just know — or feel — that He's in the house. Just in the house. That's the way it is with me,

and a lot of other plain men like me, I do believe.'

A month after this conversation at Smiley's the country went to war. There was enlisting and recruiting, and three self-forgetting men — the three who had met at the drug-store — put themselves at the Nation's service, and were accepted and ordered with their company to a mobilization camp. They might, so rumor said, be sent to France to fight in the trenches, and with this possibility before them they said good-bye to their friends, amid the waving of flags and blaring of bands, at the train.

'Good-bye,' said Mr. Hunter to the young men of his Bible Class who had escorted him to the station. 'Remember me when you pray. I don't mean, ask God to do particular things for me, for God has everything to do with everything, and this that we're going in for may reach beyond humanity and beyond this planet. Only think of me when you think of God — remember me when you pray.'

'Good-bye,' said Mr. Bradley, grasping the hand of his law-partner and closest friend. 'It has been a tug to do this, but I have orders — *orders*, Frank! Do you know' — he was clearly agitated — 'I have almost the sense of a hand on my shoulder — almost the sense of a voice talking familiarly in my ear?'

'Good-bye,' said Mr. Smiley to the small Samuel. 'I don't know how I'm going to stand for it, old chum, I sure don't. I just could n't go if it was n't for one thing: we're going to make 'em stop taking their daddies away from little tads like you.'

And the collar of the Oliver Twist suit was moist, as he pressed its wearer close to his heart.

PRESERVING THE PAST

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

THE past is not inviolable. We have a casual way of assuming that it is, and that events and relationships of by-gone years can never be taken away from us. We consider the record as closed; whatever the future may reveal, at least we may hold secure the pleasant memories of days gone by. Then suddenly we find ourselves betrayed. For there is one tragedy that lays violent hands upon the past.

That tragedy is not Death. Death may sadden our memories, but it cannot ruin their grace. A certain great man dies. His past is as safe now with us as so perishable a treasure well can be. Conversations with him are rich within our thought. The humor of his stories is unspoiled. We like to remember him as we saw him one evening, holding his smallest grandchild on his knee while the one tiny candle on her first birthday cake was being lighted; the hale old man and the dark-eyed little baby leaning forward together to watch the taper burn. A death like his only directs our affection with a gesture, as it were, to the past.

Not even unnatural death can really spoil old times. One of our young men is lost in airplane battle somewhere in the sky. At once our lightest memories of him are poignant with distress. The happier and more boyish the incidents we recall, the more painful they seem in the face of this. Glancing at one of his childhood pictures, for instance, we remember in a flash how he used to protest when his mother brushed his hair, and how desperately he

urged his persecutor at least not to 'make a hen on it.' A 'hen' was his technical term for that jaunty but emasculate style of hairdressing that strokes up the hair too jauntily about the brow. A close-shaved head, airy and unpretentious, was always his longed-for ideal. Well, at least he attained to that! We put away the picture. We cannot bear to spoil that merry past with irony. Later we shall take out the wholesome thoughts again and put them to rights in our lives. A death of this kind gives to the young past an abnormal and grave significance; it touches it with strange shadows and incongruous pain. But it does not rob us of our right to love our memories.

Death never deals in treachery; and treachery alone despoils the past. After the final crash between lovers, when dishonor is revealed and injury recognized at full, gifts and letters may be returned; but what shall we do with our memories? The finest moments of that ruined friendship are all spoiled. The tragedy of our present is like some dark poisonous substance that persistently flows back along the entire fabric of our relationship, defiling every thread. We feel vaguely the pity of this; surely we might remember nobly the hours of perfect understanding and eager companionship when both of us were ourselves. But over that notion too falls the shadow; perhaps even then we were deceived, and treachery lay hidden amid the beauty of what we loved.

My love was Germany. What shall I do with my past?

This problem of mine concerns itself with nothing material. I have no German blood, no German relationships or companions, unless one counts my old-time music-master and my 'cello. Yet I am asking a question with a real need to prompt it: the German policy has made it comparatively simple to decide what we must do about her, but meanwhile what shall we think about her? Have I a right to what I always considered a swift and delightful response to the essential spirit of that land, as I found it in the language, the people, the music? I liked the way the people built their roofs, and brought up their children, and wrote their books. I felt secure with Germany. Now, was this a sentimental and defrauded whim of mine, and was treachery always latent in the spirit that I ignorantly loved?

Of all the curious phrases of the war, there is one that arrests my attention. 'Nicht ärgern; nur wundern' (Rage not; only wonder). That legend, they say, the retreating Germans, methodically destroying villages and population, left as a message in the midst of young orchards of felled trees. I suppose that the message originally contained no especially subtle thought. Probably the faithful translation of that use of *wundern* is simply 'be amazed'; 'stand transfixed with astonishment'; a sort of 'Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!' Probably it is only another example of the exaggerated bombast and heavy solemnity with which the German appeared to regard his ponderous vandalisms. And yet, I wonder. My wonder is translated into an uncertain attempt at analysis; a persistent and perplexing query. Was I always wholly deceived about my great-hearted, honor-loving Germany? Oh, grand old rumbling 'Deutsche Treue,' — where is it now?

Of course there is an easy loophole for me if I want it. I can assume that all frightfulness and scorn of covenant is Prussian. It is significant to watch us all as we fall back upon Prussianism, and the war-party, the Uhlan, the Junker, the Kaiser — anything to protect us from believing ill of the essential German people. How thoughtfully our President excepts them from his indictments against their government! Yet at the very moment when we are warmly applauding that wise insight, we are informed that the people of Germany resented that exception; that they, with only the 'Hymn of Hate' for music now, are at one with their mad rulers.

Well, perhaps they are. It is one of the miracles of the time that we have never believed it. In spite of wrack and ruin, crude duplicity and cunning cruelty, we are still to be convinced that the plain people whom we used to find in Heidelberg and Leipzig and on the long pathways of the Rhine country are faithful at heart.

In any case, this question is beside the point for me. I have no way of assorting Prussian and German, plotter and tool, fiend-like 'officer' and helpless recruit. We all know a thousand stories to illustrate the hollow mockery of German breeding in general; we know a series of others where systematic obedience to military orders is held responsible for every sort of outrage. I have no idea how much or how little can be laid to the Kaiser, or to that unusual portent, his peculiar son. I must leave that tangle to those who know. My one question concerns the essence of those German spiritual forces which I myself have deeply felt, and about which I therefore know. Must I let Germany's strange obsessions and heavy-lidded hate destroy for me her beauty?

The simplest of German songs goes

drifting through my mind, — the little poem that haunts the pages of Theodor Storm's *Immensee*.

Heute, nur heute,
Bin ich so schön:
Morgen, ach morgen
Muss alles vergeh'n!
Nur diese Stunde
Bist du noch mein;
Sterben, ach sterben
Soll ich allein!

For only a day, so beautiful; to-morrow, all that gone by, dying alone. Not Germany? The real Germany which was so beautiful surely cannot be dead, cannot hate us all; and we shall find her again. Sturdily our common sense reiterates it; stubbornly, in spite of all blighting evidence which points to degeneracy of soul. We are slow to doubt the past.

I glance over at the corner beyond my desk where I see my 'cello standing, the lamplight reflected in little gleams upon his great brown pegs. A thorough German, that 'cello; maybe from the Black Forest; rich with shadowy depth of color, the dark shell vibrant in its day to how many a forgotten chord! I can never dissociate the character of the 'cello from the memory of my first music-master, he, too, a thoroughbred. I can see him playing opposite me — head bent, with now and then a kindly gleam through shaggy eyebrows when a passage was going well, and with an interlude of torrential explanations when I failed to negotiate my bow in proper fashion across the strings.

'Not as if with an umbrella!' he would implore. 'Ach! But you must station your soul upon your wrist!'

A little while ago I heard him play again. He had grown very old. Pro-German? How can he say? What are you 'pro' when your heart is broken? He *is* German.

At one of the latest Symphony concerts of last spring there was a pro-

gramme of more than ordinary interest — compositions by Debussy at his most erratic, followed by Schubert in his prime. America had recently declared war against the Imperial German Government. A glance through the names of the members of the orchestra as they appeared on the programme was certainly like reading the roll-call of the European belligerents. But these were not belligerents. They were the exquisite human medium for that most peculiar and non-materialistic art of music. They represented in perfection a most elaborate and visionary expression of highly developed human imagination.

As the programme went on, it became more and more interesting to watch the conductor's scholarly handling of Debussy's whimsical passages. A ripple of responsive amusement stirred the audience now and then, when the composer's daring experiments with harmony produced a more than ordinary surprise. It was enjoyable, but the elaborate trifling with the combinations of tone did not quite content the mind. The composition seemed somewhat futile and unworthy in the shadow of world-war. After all, what kind of occupation for grown men was all this playing with frail toys when the skies were falling?

But, just then, the orchestra swung grandly into the final number — Schubert and the homeland of the soul. The noble harmony dwarfed all forms of hopelessness and strife. One could rest upon the assurance of those great chords. If men can fall, yet surely they can also rise. That marvel of tone and dream and lofty progression of cadences shamed me for thinking meanly of any human spirit. The most enchanted words of Germany came one by one into my mind: *Heimweh* — *Abendlied* — *Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh!*

At exactly this point in my thought, I can persuade myself very reasonably that all German beauty is for me changeless. Intellectually, I have a right to that intrinsic charm. I have experienced, I have loved, I have a right to honor the 'typical German' of five years ago.

The typical German. But we have seen him goose-stepping.

If we could only forget that picture! A simple-hearted and serious character cannot afford to be ludicrous; cannot afford to be ferocious. His nimbler-spirited neighbors can never blot out from their minds that shocking spectacle. Suppose a great-hearted gentleman of sturdy virtue and mighty genius turns pompously against the world, takes himself with awe-struck seriousness, announces gorgeous and implacable hatred, and then does the goose-step solemnly, and pours preserved fruit into grand pianos! If he would only deal blank death and slaughter and go cleanly off; but he has left us our scorn.

And for this we shall for some time be in trouble; not with the deeply cut issues of national warfare and adjustment, but with the subtler problem of racial thought. We read Mr. Britling and Rupert Brooke, and understand exactly how they felt about Herr Heinrich and little Streckmann, the pianist. What are we to think of them? We do not hate them. The idea! We knew them!

It all comes down to this conclusion for me: logically I can argue myself into a state of mind where I can still accept Germany's good qualities at their face-value. But in startling fashion, just when I am reminding myself of those old days of confidence, some

German outrage shoots up like a periscope on the surface of my thought, and all my careful logic is capsized. Sardonic laughter haunts the air whenever we think about our old ideal of that noble Fatherland we thought we knew.

There is a wistful refrain in one of their old melodies: '*Ich kann es nicht verstehen!*' The hesitating music of the song runs in my head. 'I cannot understand.' In spite of everything, we long to preserve our past with Germany — those memories that she herself has ravaged. We cannot understand it, but we are slow to be finally convinced of enduring racial depravity anywhere. With the mal-instructed hordes of German common people, then, we have not been fully angry, though we certainly have wondered. Germany has forced her lovers toward one of two opinions: she has made it appear that the rank and file of her people are either grandiose border-vandals, or dupes. And we who know her detest the necessity of accepting either horn of that dilemma. We cannot endure the thought of leaving that steadfast people in the rôle of outlaw nation, even in our thought.

Every once in a while we used to hear somebody talking about going back to the 'status quo ante bellum.' As if we could, spiritually! Only in dreams, dear Germany. That is all. Germany with ruthless hand has shelled the careful structure of her past. Other peoples' cities she has destroyed, but her own traditions. Surely she will build them again, but such ruins are slow rebuilding. The cathedral of her honor; the lighted dwelling-places of her quiet charm! *Auf Wiedersehn*, great German soul astray, *Auf Wiedersehn!*

THE GERMAN STATE OF MIND

[The Atlantic has in several articles attempted to depict public opinion in the neutral countries of Europe. We are glad to print the following paper, written by a Dutchman of distinction, who has preferred to cast his opinions in the entertaining form of a letter from Frau Olga B. von R., temporarily in Middleburg, to Herr Fr. B., in Frankfurt an der Oder. — THE EDITORS.]

MIDDLEBURG, April 30, 1917.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND, —

Since my last letter to you, my physical condition has greatly improved. Fortunately the food agrees with me better and I am gaining in weight. In this respect therefore everything is as fine as I could desire. Your Dutch relatives are pleasant and kind as always. Notwithstanding the occasional wrangle with Henk (and I have to confess that I am always the one who starts), I appreciate his fine qualities and his good intentions. Of course he is a little cool and matter-of-fact, but then, he is a Dutchman, like your good father. Anna is very thoughtful; one could wish for nothing better. And the children are generally very obedient, even though from time to time they are more boisterous than suits me.

And yet — I had better come right out with it — every day I long more and more to get back to Frankfurt: on your account in the first place, of course; but also on account of the friendships, and on account of the whole atmosphere. Do not think that I have any reason to complain. Every one is politeness and kindness itself. No one ever forgets that I am a German and that I am their guest. But sometimes I get the feeling that they try so very hard not to hold it against me that I belong to Germany, heart and soul. And that hurts. And the spirit all around me causes me to feel grieved; the spirit which is evident everywhere, in the children as well as

in the adults, in the newspapers, in the magazines, in the caricatures, in everything.

I must repeat that I have no reasons for complaining of any one. Every one is as good as he can be. And when occasionally one of the children comes home with an exciting bit of news and begins to tell the story in terms which are not strictly neutral, a single look from the mother or father suffices to remind him of my presence.

The description which you had given me of your Dutch relatives was quite accurate. You told me not to be afraid that Henk and Anna would be pro-English. And they are not pro-English. They have a good many grievances against the English. You also said that they would appreciate many good things in the Germans. And indeed they do.

And yet — if I could have suspected how far removed my point of view is from that of your cousins, I should never have consented to have you appeal to their hospitality on my account. How can I make this clear to you?

You see, I had hoped so fervently (and I really felt that it was so) that everybody in the whole world who was not blinded by rage would be compelled to admire us for all that we have done in these years of trial: courageously to have accepted a war which we know was forced upon us; to have sacrificed wealth and health and everything else, everything. It is true, they concede that much without argument

here in Holland, but also without the least bit of enthusiasm. They deny that the war was forced upon us. I have had a good deal of discussion on this point with Henk—in a calm and friendly way, at least externally, but terribly painful to me. We could not agree. Do you know what I have discovered? They do not trust the Germans. Whenever I fall back upon an utterance of a cabinet minister, of the Chancellor, or even of H.M. the Emperor himself, I am answered by an ironical look, by a shrug of the shoulders, or by an indifferent 'after all.' I really believe that the British slander that we Germans look upon treaties as scraps of paper has done a lot of harm. And our issue with Belgium they completely fail to understand.

Another element enters in, however: the submarine war, which makes it inevitable that Dutch vessels should get into trouble occasionally. That, they cannot realize at all; and when an accident occurs they take it much more seriously than we do.

I was thinking about these things all last night, and I asked myself whether perhaps we take them too lightly. Probably you will think that this is a foolish question: but let me tell you how it happened to come into my head. When Adalbert was with us last February he was justly proud of the fact, that he, a young submarine commander, had already sent fourteen ships to the bottom. If I am not mistaken, they were an English armed trawler, some unarmed British and French fishing-smacks, and—I believe—eight neutral ships. That evening you were at a meeting in the town-hall, and when Otto von H. came in, there was of course a lively discussion of the submarine war. On his last trip, Adalbert had sunk four ships. It had been a hard job to catch them, he said; but before his departure he had faithfully

promised Erna that it would be four at least, and of course he had to have them.

'But how can you make such a promise?' Otto asked. 'The sea is immense—and you might have had bad weather or some other bad luck.'

'I'll take care not to come home with an empty bag,' Adalbert replied. 'Rather than do that I would go into forbidden territory.'

'I suppose you can always find something there.'

'Oh, yes, even though they be only Norwegians or Dutchmen.'

The boys laughed; I shook my head, for it seemed not altogether right.

'May that not get you into trouble, Adalbert?' I asked.

But he set me at rest.

'Of course not, auntie. If the neutral vessel should be a little too near to the edge of the free zone for our purpose, we make our calculations in such a way as to bring him a mile or two outside. But even if he should be right in the zone, it would then be an easy matter to conceive the idea that he is making suspicious movements or that he is carrying a hidden gun, if once I have made up my mind to catch him.'

'But is that allowed?' I asked hesitatingly.

They laughed at me—both. What in heaven did it matter if a neutral did get hit once in a while? The neutrals were getting fat on the war. And besides, every ship sent to the sharks meant so much less tonnage at the disposal of the English. This I had to concede.

'Do they ever investigate such an affair?' Otto asked.

'Of course; diplomatic red tape, you understand. But the admiralty is firm as a rock whenever they have the declaration and the word of a German officer to fall back upon.'

I kept silent, and really did not know

whether he was speaking the truth or whether he was boasting.

That conversation came back to me last night after a discussion with Henk and his wife concerning one of these miserable submarine affairs. A Dutch trawler had just been torpedoed. Or rather, it had been torpedoed a few days before, but the skipper, who had landed after a terrible period in his rowboat, had told the newspaper men a long story of his innocence and his hardships.

I said, 'This matter will of course be investigated, and it will become clear whether the guilt was with the German captain or with the skipper.'

Henk looked angry; but he kept still.

Anna said, 'Investigated? Will that do any good? The submarine commander took the skipper's papers; who knows what has become of them?'

'They will of course demand a report.'

'Very well: but suppose that this report should disagree with the declarations of the skipper. In that case the skipper will not be believed.'

'And that is fair, it seems to me. The officer's word should be credited.'

'Yes, at least,' Anna conceded hesitatingly.

Then Henk broke into the conversation. 'Wait a moment,' he said; 'I must fetch something.'

He went to his room and soon returned with a newspaper. 'Look here,' he said, 'make this clear to me. The word of a German officer can be trusted, can it not?'

'Without any doubt.'

'Very well. Here is the report of a number of cases of interned German officers, some of them named in full, who had given their word of honor to return at the expiration of the leave which had been granted them, and who broke their pledge. How is that?'

'It must be a false report.'

'I do not think so. It has been published in a number of newspapers. Had it been libelous, the German ambassador would unquestionably have protested.'

'Possibly. But even if it should be true, what does it prove? Suppose there were ten who broke their pledge. The German army has perhaps half a million officers. These ten form the exception which proves the rule.'

'If you are satisfied with such an explanation, I have nothing to add,' he said.

But I lost my temper and I burst out, 'No, of course, I am not satisfied. But do you know what the trouble is? You cool-blooded Dutchmen cannot understand what is going on in the heart of an interned German officer. He knows that Germany needs every head and every hand; that she cannot spare a single one, not a single one. And for years we have all been accustomed to sacrifice everything for our fatherland. With us Germany comes before everything else. If need be, *even before our personal honor.*'

I really expected an angry reply. But he looked at me with kindness and said, 'I can understand this position, at least partly. But I fear that Germans who feel that way and who act accordingly are making a great mistake, which will cost them dearly later on. You are thinking of this accursed war only. But some day the war will be over; perhaps soon. And if in the mean time the whole world outside Germany has become convinced that the word of a German cannot be relied upon, it will take Germany far more time and trouble to reënter the community of nations upon a basis of equality than if she had suffered a defeat much more serious than — she may suffer now.'

I could not sleep last night and these words continued to come back to me.

While in Frankfurt I imagined that everything would be glorious if once peace were restored. The old enemies would be stiff and unyielding at first, but that would soon wear off. And I thought that the neutrals would be the bridge which would lead us back to the countries, and eventually to the hearts, of the Russians, and the French, and the Italians, and all the other enemies. Have I been mistaken?

The feeling that even the neutrals do not trust us and that they believe they have cause for not trusting us, that feeling frightens me. It is unbearable and makes me miserable.

Your loving wife
OLGA.

P.S. If Adalbert should come again, do not forget to read to him what I have written about the submarine war.

THE IRISH CONVENTION — AND AFTER

BY MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN

THE most important fact in our history for one hundred and fifty years is the meeting of an Irish Convention to draw up a plan for the government of the country. During that time the rulers of Ireland have maintained a strong policy of repression, alternating in the last fifty years with concessions to meet emergencies of material distress. Now for the first time there is the recognition of a spiritual necessity. 'They loved Ireland insanely; they loved the very name'; so a girl proudly said of the 'rebels' shot in 1916. Henceforth an honorable way must be opened to this devotion which for eight hundred years has been poured out for a country without a flag. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so far is this new hope higher than all the material doles which have till now been given as a substitute for, or as a means of extinguishing, the spiritual need of Ireland. The country has at last been set on the right road. However imperfect the Convention admit-

tedly is as a representative body; whatever difficulties or failure may lie before it, there can be no going back from the great principle now accepted by both countries, that the destiny of Ireland must be determined on Irish soil by Irish people.

We must avoid deceptive terms. For us in Ireland there is no 'Irish question.' It is the 'English question' that rises before us. Here we are confronted with a problem which is in effect unique in history. There is no real parallel to it. A great Frenchman one hundred and fifty years ago wondered that the world had not forever condemned the most evil of all forms of government — the rule of a nation by a nation. Such a rule is of all others the most tyrannous and the most intolerable, and leaves the people under it more helpless for resistance and more emptied of hope than any other system.

Government by a nation is, so to speak, eternal in its monotony. Em-

peror or king may die, and his authority pass to a successor of other views; a nation never dies, or departs from its fundamental character. There can be no change of outlook on its special interests, which have been created by its situation; and from age to age its preoccupations remain the same, only increasing in intensity. A single ruler and his personal advisers may hear an appeal to reason; it is another matter to convince a nation made up of millions of private wills and of thousands of jealous interests, not to speak of ignorance and prejudices. The passions of the crowd rise in floods to a torrent uncontrollable and irresistible. Even tyrant kings are compelled for their own safety to follow and yield to public opinion in reasonable time. There is no such necessity for a nation, which in its long collective life can afford to turn away from appeals of a subject race — in prosperity with indifference and disdain, in adversity with pain. It can neglect the verdict of mankind; for the greater its representation the less it cares to court the good opinion of the external world. In the rule of one nation by another all natural safeguards for the governed are in effect swept away.

After the English invasion of Ireland English rule was carried on for four hundred and fifty years by King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament. The decisive change came with Cromwell, when dominion passed to the people of England as represented in their Parliament, which now took control of the Irish houses of Lords and Commons. Its authority increased under the foreign kings, William of Orange and the Hanoverian house, who, having seen one king beheaded, and another deposed, were gradually subdued to the new constitutional system. The Irish Parliament was cast into abject submission. Its revolt and brief revival

were crushed out by the Union, and from this time the rule of the English nation became absolute. Of its three estates the Crown and the entire House of Lords were frankly determined on Irish subjection; in the Commons the Irish, with one hundred votes against five hundred and fifty, — a position of permanent inferiority, — were for the most part held by the dominant partner as a negligible quantity.

The island was tossed like a football from one English party to another in the game of politics. English interests were inevitably the supreme concern at Westminster. No one doubted that Ireland must take a second place and subserve the welfare of the ruling nation. 'How will it affect England?' was the invariable question of the English people, of their House of Commons, their ministers, and the rulers they sent to Dublin Castle. These officials, with their eyes fixed on the London Parliament and the shifting balance of votes there, could give little attention to the realities of Irish life. As the power of the British Parliament advanced and that of the king decayed, so much the heavier fell the weight of its authority on Ireland. When the colonies with one accord refused to submit to the unnatural control of one nation by another, Ireland was left alone as a monument to the evils of such a form of government.

The experiment was given a long and complete trial. The result was inevitable. Where there was no appeal to reason, and no hope of change in the governing mind, violence proved the only means of obtaining reforms essential to the very existence of the Irish people. No demand for remedy was even listened to till it was enforced by leagues of desperate men driven to extremity, by outbreaks of popular fury, threats of revolution, risings in arms. Every advance had to be won by

prison and the scaffold — even to this latest reform of an Irish Convention. It was a dreary and gloomy road, but there was no other.

We can all remember the hurricane of indignation that swept over Great Britain a little over a dozen years ago at the saying of an Irish under-secretary that Ireland ought to be governed by Irish ideas. When Major Redmond died with such gallantry a while ago, the English parties at Westminster vied with one another in his praise. No one whispered that each party in its turn had flung him into prison. The tragic tale of disturbance in Ireland is not a revelation of Irish crime and madness. It is the final judgment on a system of government which is against reason and is doomed to bring disaster and failure.

The Irish Convention has been charged to find a remedy for the discontents of the present rule. Under the Defence of the Realm Act it is impossible to discuss the assembly and its procedure, while in any case it is too early to measure its character and prophesy its success or failure. A very large proportion of the members are 'moderate,' usually synonymous with conservative. The fervors of youth are forbidden by the weighty average of age. It might be thought desirable that young men who have to live out their life under a new government should have their share in shaping it, rather than those whose traditions are of the past, and who have gathered in the harvest of their activities; but the two members under thirty-five who found admission are confronted by a vast solemnity of years.

It is not claimed that the assembly is in the usual sense representative. The Covenanters of Belfast and north-east Ulster are represented far beyond their numbers, in a proportion calculated on the extent of their alleged per-

ils, their fears, their much-praised virtues, and, above all, their influence in Great Britain. It is the same with the whole body of Protestant Unionists, who by long tradition have been regarded as the safeguards of British order in this country. The right wing of the avowed Constitutional reformers, of all religions, is represented by the Nationalist members, and by a group of chairmen and members of county councils and other public bodies, elected many years ago to their offices. The rest of the nation does not appear at all.

The left wing of reformers, the Sinn Feiners, refused to enter an assembly which had been constituted and in part nominated by a government they profoundly distrusted — chiefly because they held it to be already, even before its creation, nullified by a pledge which was required by a minority, the Northern Covenanters, and given to them in the British Parliament by Mr. Bonar Law, that they should have the final word in its decisions. The Sinn Feiners made open protest against such a degradation of the freedom and the dignity of a convention as was involved in this privileged position of the Orange group, and against the surrender of government to anti-representative and anti-national claims. It must be observed, however, that the refusal to join a convention distrusted because of its origin and limited freedom does not bind the external reformers to refuse any liberal and satisfactory settlement which it might propose to the Irish people.

What such an assembly will accomplish no one can foretell. The Catholic Home Ruler, A. M. Sullivan, used to say some forty years ago that to escape from the British Parliament he would accept any body of rulers whatever so long as they were of Irish birth and established in Ireland — 'the Protestant

Synod would do.' A convention in Ireland is bound to feel the impact of Irish feeling around it. Already the very summoning of such a body has brought an extraordinary development of political thought. Once the old moorings are cut, a universal tide has carried men far. Unionists who by an evil tradition had been alienated from their fellow citizens, and as supposed guardians of British interests had suffered the vacancy of having no country, begin to look forward to a new allegiance, when they may have an active and honored share in the fortunes of their own land, which in fact they love. Others who fought a battle almost of despair in England find spiritual revival on their native soil and among their own people. There is a general shaking off of the idea that English control is necessary for security, and of a sudden the words 'Dominion government,' are on every tongue. By a sort of miracle the 'impossible' of a few months ago has become the commonplace of today. It is strange to see how freely and how far, when shackles have been hacked away, liberated men will walk.

If this growing good-will is to produce any permanent settlement, the moderates as well as the Covenanters must needs get clear of the mists and illusions which hidden powers, like the gods of old, have thrown among the combatants to protect their friends and defeat their enemies. A cloud of abuse has covered the Sinn Feiners. There has been no real effort to understand and interpret their purpose and aims. The whole mass of them have been pictured as one body of evil by Unionists of the Northeast in order to destroy Home Rule; by party politicians in the strife for power; by police trained in a traditional service; by certain groups sensitive to panic and on the watch for 'protection'; by the English Press, partly under the influence of dense pre-

judice, partly under the excitement of a formidable war.

In spite of all this, however, the Sinn Feiners have fast advanced in the sympathy and respect of Irishmen. Drawn from all classes, races, and religions, they constitute in fact the left wing of constitutional reformers. They urge, not a party programme, but the National idea. The young Ireland which they represent believes in education, recognizing the present system as the scandal of the British Empire. They uphold temperance, and in the last East Clare election they maintained their principle with astonishing determination. Under great provocation they kept order and refused to be driven into violence. With the Irish Volunteers arose a habit of self-respect and discipline. Among the Gaelic Leaguers there developed a sense of national dignity and desire for a civilization and culture worthy of their historic tradition.

In the last years the Sinn Feiners have learned many political lessons, notably the value of a real as opposed to a sham self-government, and the necessity for a definite settlement which shall not be torn up in the agitations of revision every few years. A sharp experience has taught them some economic truths, and that the care of their material well-being must be taken entirely into their own hands. They understand that friendship with Britain will be possible only when the theory of a governing and an inferior race has been swept aside, and when the two islands stand on equal terms of dignity and self-reliance.

It may be that, as the Convention gets to fundamental facts, it will find that the Sinn Feiners have but cried aloud, in however confused or blunt a manner, thoughts that were passing through the whole community. They, like the rest of the country, aim at constitutional reform. The Republican

group is strong in the high character and enthusiasm of its members. Their position must be understood and met. With Irishmen the question is not an abstract matter of the relative values of two forms of government: the whole problem in their minds is how to secure a government at home which shall be clearly free of English interference. Their attitude is based on a just perception of the character of English rule as it is now constituted.

In the history of the Irish people the monarchy has never stood as their protector. It is not only the British legislature, but the British sovereigns, who through the centuries have looked on them with indifference, if not with hostility. The desperate effort of O'Connell to overcome a chilling disapproval by lavish faith and loyalty to the sovereign as ruler of Ireland is remembered by the Irish for its utter failure.

But there is a deeper trouble. The independence of the British king is so circumscribed by actual practice, that for the king one must in effect substitute the prime minister. Loyalty to the king passes into loyalty to the dictates of successive British premiers. It is not surprising that, given the British relations of king and ministers, along with the habit of political interference in Ireland, there should be men who cannot see a ready way either of enlisting a royal sympathy with Irish interests for the first time in eight hundred years, or of safeguarding the king's relations to Ireland so as to avert the Cabinet control of Irish affairs which wrecked Grattan's Parliament. If the Convention desires a permanent peace between Great Britain and Ireland it must meet this trouble of the Sinn Feiners, not by mere abuse of Republicans, but by securing to Ireland the exercise of a genuine self-government, and a new relation of the Crown and the people.

The success, in fact, of the Convention will depend upon its sensitiveness to the real character of the public emotion which is transforming the country. Outside its walls is an Ireland passionate with excitement as it has not been for generations. Some late events have awakened in the people a vivid consciousness of their history and their present state. A few illustrations will serve to explain.

The shooting and hanging of 'rebels' in 1916 had an effect which the British imagination did not foresee. The dark remembrance of the cruelties which caused and followed the rebellion of 1798 had in long lapse of time begun to die down; there was a general assuaging of bitterness, as the years marked their slow reconciliation. But now, at the call of the dead, a century was blotted out, and old memories rose from their graves bearing passion and terror and unquenched affections. The press was silent, and there was stillness in the streets, but the churches were filled with solemn crowds in tense emotion. A new situation had been created, the power of which was enduring.

Already excitement had been stirring among the people. The lessons of Sir Edward Carson's campaign during the last half-dozen years had sunk into their minds: the intrigues with British Conservatives; the mutiny at the Curragh; the appeal to force followed by the surrender of the administration and the government, and the final distribution of the spoils of state to Sir Edward and his agents. They heard his words to the Covenanters, that he and they cared nothing for what was done in a little place called Westminster. But we must note that the revival of Protestant bigotry fell on a new Ireland, which no longer looked on this as the main issue. The dominant question for the Irish was now political freedom, and it called out a new an-

swer, not of hostility to the Northern Covenanters, but in the shape of an outburst of personal vigor, self-reliance, and independence.

A third and most powerful impulse to the demand for Irish control of their own affairs has been given by the political record of the governing ministries and the official bureaucracies. Great Britain in the mass of her prosperity can survive many mistakes of her rulers with little apparent injury. Ireland in her depressed and critical situation suffers from errors incomparably greater evils. It is natural that her observation of wrong should be more acute and her indignation more genuine. Her suspicion has been acutely alert in watching the tortuous policy of British ministers and officials in the conduct of the Home Rule Act, and in the levy of Irish troops for the war. Ireland knew, long years before Mr. Asquith made public announcement of it, how completely 'the machinery of Irish government has broken down.' The age-long distrust of English officials gathered a force never before known. No doubt cases of deliberate wrong, of political craft, and of honest effort betrayed by an evil system of rule, became rightly or wrongly confounded in men's minds. But in any attempt to weigh the forces which will determine Irish action, suspicion of the candor of English officials will be one of the strongest. The refusal of volunteers for the British army, the rejection of a system which allowed a half-hearted Home Rule to be so insecurely poised on the statute-book, are the immediate manifestations of Irish resentment at the methods of a British government in which they have ceased to believe. There lies behind them a fixed determination to stand clear of such dangers for the future.

The British government was doubtless quite unaware of the state of Irish feeling, when, without even informing

Ireland of its intention, it suddenly canceled the contract of the Cunard Company to send its steamers to Queens-town — a contract made on behalf of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The excitement at this announcement, the remonstrances of public bodies and of all the chambers of commerce, showed how the Irish had noted a new illustration of English power in its absolute control of Irish interests. It came at a time when Irishmen had begun to realize more clearly than ever before the undeveloped resources that lay in their soil and underneath it, and in the manhood of their race, its intelligence and capacity. A new spirit of self-confidence and pride in their people and their land had arisen; and if one incident may be singled out as having hardened this new confidence into a fixed purpose no longer to allow their country to be subordinated to English interests, or their people exploited for English advantage, it was the dramatic story of the Cunard steamers. Their vigilance was quickened when English motor-car manufacturers united in urging the government (though in vain) to take action against the establishing of a Ford factory of motors in Cork.

A young Ireland in fact is coming to its full age. The demands of the Sinn Feiners are based on principles not unworthy. They desire intensely the union of all Irish citizens, and that all should share in the full responsibilities of free men. The one thing they seek — Republicans and Constitutionalists alike — is a definite deliverance from British interference in Irish affairs. All Irishmen believe that this is the only way to assure the lasting friendship of the peoples. The English have many great qualities, and no one admits their fine attributes more readily than Irishmen. Friends of Ireland have arisen in Britain who have labored to redress evils, and whose labors have

been warmly recognized by the Irish. But where the whole system of government is false, English friends must ultimately prove as helpless to find redress as the Irish people.

To the Irish view the British have utterly failed in the imperial temper. Their statesmanship has not been such as to mark them as an imperially minded race. The time has come for a new beginning. The creation of an alliance which the old methods have failed to produce now depends on the insight

and the courage of the Convention. In building up that alliance the old words 'Empire' and 'Imperialism' need no longer be a dividing cry inherited from the past. For the imperialism of old days — the government of possessions by a 'superior' people — is gone, and with it the word itself is fast disappearing. The character and the history of the Irish prove that in a new Commonwealth of nations none will be found of greater generosity and fidelity than the people of Irish race and nation.

TO THE DEAD

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

Is there a waking sorrow in the grave?

Is it not over, all that holds from sleep?

No more the heavy-footed hours shall creep,

No more in vain man's longing heart shall crave.

The long suspense is over; earth that gave

Calls back the gift — Ah, who should strive to keep?

Dust over dust, a little narrow heap

Holds all we love — Ah, who should strive to save?

Peace, peace is yours, O dead, and yours alone.

What peace hath man, unstable man, whose breath

Serves but in vain to winnow fruitless chaff?

Yet will he ever seek, who ne'er hath known

The flying phantom Peace, till lastly Death

Writes in that word the final Epitaph.

THE I.W.W.

BY CARLETON H. PARKER

I

ANY economic problem arising in the United States to-day is seen in a vivid setting of war expediency. The particular national danger to which the population is becoming increasingly sensitive colors every issue, social, economic, or moral, and the old logical approaches to them are rapidly going into the discard. To-day prostitution, drink, and the free-and-easy American consumption of food and goods have been assailed with a vehemence and impatience astounding when compared with the gentle analyses in vogue a few years ago. This tendency gives the consideration of such a phenomenon as the I.W.W. a dual nature — first, the now dominant one of the I.W.W. in relation to the war-psychology of America; and second, the I.W.W. in relation to the normal progress and evolution of American industrialism.

The intensity of the war temper which plays about the I.W.W. makes it very difficult to advance an analysis of a scientific nature touching even this latter relationship. Except in the form of complete and unconditioned denunciation, interest in this American manifestation of syndicalism is taboo. The Federal Government has within very recent weeks judged the I.W.W. a menace to America's preparedness in war, and the union's leaders are either in prison or in danger of imprisonment. This positive action by the Department of Justice has so emphasized the relation of this union to the worries and

expediencies of our state of war, that the I.W.W., as an economic problem, has practically disappeared. But since the war-time behavior of the I.W.W. finds its only psychological explanation in its economic environment and experiences, this latter tabooed relationship must be the major concern of this article.

Another unappreciated consideration might be noted in passing. The domination of the press of this country over the form and method of publicity has given Americans a deep-seated bias in favor of a vivid and dramatic presentation of all problems, economic or moral. The rather gray and sodden explanation of any labor revolt by reference to the commonplace and miserable experiences of the labor group would lack this indispensable vividness. Just as the French enjoy the sordid stories of the life of the petty thief when garnished and labeled 'Pictures of the Parisian Apache,' so the casual American demands white hoods and mystery for the Kentucky night-riders and a dread, sabotage-using underground apparition for the I.W.W. An important portion of I.W.W. terrorism can be traced directly back to the inarticulated public demand that the I.W.W. news-story produce a thrill.

The futility of much conventional American social analysis is due to its description of the given problem in terms of its relationship to some relatively unimportant or artificial institution. Few of the current analyses of strikes or labor violence make use of the basic standards of human desire and

intention which control these phenomena. A strike and its demands are usually praised as being law-abiding, or economically bearable, or are condemned as being unlawful, or confiscatory. These four attributes of a strike are important only as incidental consequences. The habit of Americans thus to measure up social problems to the current, temporary, and more or less accidental scheme of traditions and legal institutions, long ago gave birth to our national belief that passing a new law or forcing obedience to an old one was a specific for any unrest. The current analysis of the I.W.W. and its activities is an example of this perverted and unscientific method. The I.W.W. analysis, which has given both satisfaction and a basis for treating the organization, runs as follows: the organization is unlawful in its activity, un-American in its sabotage, unpatriotic in its relation to the flag, the government, and the war. The rest of the condemnation is a play upon these three attributes. So proper and so sufficient has this condemnatory analysis become that it is a risky matter to approach the problem from another angle. But it is now so obvious that our internal affairs are out of gear, that any comprehensive scheme of national preparedness would demand that full and honest consideration be given to all forces determining the degree of American unity, one force being this tabooed organization.

It would be best to announce here a more or less dogmatic hypothesis to which the writer will steadfastly adhere; and human behavior results from the rather simple, arithmetical combination of the inherited nature of man and the environment in which his maturing years are passed. Man will behave according to the hints for conduct which the accidents of his life have stamped into his memory mechanism. A slum produces a mind which has only

slum incidents with which to work, and a spoiled and protected child seldom rises to aggressive competitive behavior, simply because its past life has stored up no memory imprints from which a predisposition to vigorous life can be built. The particular things called the moral attributes of man's conduct are conventionally found by contrasting this educated and trained way of acting with the exigencies and social needs or dangers of the time. Hence, while his immoral or unpatriotic behavior may fully justify his government in imprisoning or eliminating him when it stands in some particular danger which his conduct intensifies, this punishment in no way either explains his character or points to an enduring solution of his problem. Suppression, while very often justified and necessary in the flux of human relationship, always carries a social cost which must be liquidated and also a back-fire danger which must be insured against. The human being is born with no innate proclivity to crime or special kind of unpatriotism. Crime and treason are habit activities, educated into man by environmental influences favorable to their development.

There is one current objection to the above reasoning, and that is the opportunist one that this psychological explanation softens society's criticism of the act, — say, in this case, sedition, — and makes difficult its suppression. This may, indeed, take place, but since it is a result of the transitory state of affairs itself, it does not then justify the abolition of proved and scientific methods of analysis. Besides, since any preparedness which can be relied upon in the coming dangerous years of our participation in the war must be based on calculation of fact, and not on the loose and pseudo-hysterical emotions of desire, there is more need of proved scientific methods of social analysis than

America has yet felt. The modern psychological study of human behavior makes it impossible to view an I.W.W. as a mobile and independent agent, exercising free will and moral discretion. The I.W.W. is the result of a social admixture; he is a more or less finished product, and any explanatory analysis should deal alone with the antecedent experiences which produce in a most natural and everyday manner those practiced habits which we describe as 'being an I.W.W.' Syndicalism is then, like patriotism or pacificism, a state of mind.

In the State of Washington there have recently been mass meetings, private and public, devoted to the problem of the I.W.W. In one informal meeting a lumber-mill operator of long experience advanced a policy of suppression, physical violence, and Vigilante activity. A second operator, listening, observed, 'If you lost your money, you would be the best I.W.W. in the state.'

It is an established, even an obvious fact that the upper reaches of business and society possess their I.W.W. The state of mind characterized by ruthlessness, high egotism, ignoring of the needs and helplessness of much of society, breaks out at different social levels under different names, but the human elements and even much of the vocabulary remain the same.

It must be reiterated that any attempt to use, at this particular day in our history, the modern psychology of behavior in an analytic way is not only frowned on, but results in an immediate persecution of the scientist who so offends. A certain editor in Yakima, in the State of Washington, has been known beyond his state limits for his strong and individual editorial policy. His editorials are more widely quoted than those of any other paper in the state. This editor inadvertently put the I.W.W. horror to the practical test

by interviewing some fifty I.W.W.'s interned in a Yakima jail. These individuals had held the Yakima Valley in terror, and local feeling made lynching and extremes of violence not only possible, but immediately to be expected. The editor, observed in an editorial the following day that the I.W.W. were much like the agricultural workers he had known all his life. Their desires were similar, and the details of their complaints touching the life they led were worthy of sympathetic investigation. They were not, he thought, incorrigibly unpatriotic. He thought that he could even trust some of them. These observations resulted in an immediate ostracism of the editor. He was cut by many friends, he was widely and violently condemned, and his influence was seriously impaired. His method of analysis had been a very fair, if rough and ready, approximation of that used by modern dynamic psychology.

The interesting paradox, that these modern replicas of ancient intolerance and persecution will be carried through by a people sincerely ready to sacrifice kin and wealth in the cause of liberty, becomes no difficult problem to analyze and explain. Little has been written or made current, to show how open to phobia and mob-suggestion is a nation which, long accustomed to the habits of peace and absorbed in its commercial pursuits, has the props of this life suddenly knocked out from under it. As in a daze America has seen conscription established, prices fixed, industrial plants commandeered, freedom of speech modified. This is not an overturning of merely an unimportant feature of American life — it is the negation of nearly everything that the nation has hitherto stood for. The habit and order of everyday thinking is made inefficient and inapplicable. While outwardly 'business as usual' seems to some extent to be in force, inwardly

and in the hitherto secure mental background is chaos and the potentiality for almost any kind of irresponsible reasoning. Even in the rather secure social retreats of small town life we find, for instance, outbursts of spy-hunting, so cruel and at such variance with all the ideas of fairness and control which had been long accepted as American virtues, that one sees how widespread this psychological disturbance has become.

Josiah Royce has said that America's national danger was her openness to mob-suggestion. Her century of service as an immigrant melting-pot brought its penalties with it, and it was beyond reason to expect to see a nation which, in Ross's words, possesses a sturdy prophylactic against the hysteria of mob movement rise from a scramble of transplanted nationalities, severed from their traditional religions, their rules of dress, morality, and political life. The I.W.W. can be profitably viewed only as a psychological by-product of the neglected childhood of industrial America. It is discouraging to see the problem to-day examined almost exclusively from the point of view of its relation to patriotism and conventional commercial morality.

II

The reason for the current condemnation of the I.W.W. is that it is a viciously unpatriotic organization. With this fact in view, the present writer undertook a special investigation among the I.W.W. leaders. He pointed out that our nation was fighting another nation which suppressed free speech, which not only opposed a free individualism, but moulded a citizen's mind to suit the particular and competitive needs of the state. This nation, if it subjected us, would bloodily suppress just such disquieting agencies as the

I.W.W. Methods of discipline would be turned back a hundred years to the ancient system of gaining unity of citizenship through fear, and these policies would be enforced by a harsh military organization, flushed and confident with victory.

This presentation was invariably met by the I.W.W. leaders with a recital that for them there was only one war, and that was the class war between the 'master class' and the 'slaves.' It was, they argued, purely incidental whether a German or an American politician ruled the political machinery. It made even less difference whether the industrial master were German or American. The class war was without national lines.

In answer to the argument that a bad political system might postpone in an important way the evolution they desired in the class conflict, the leaders decried the importance of the war and its political results. They quoted with astonishing facility the rise in the cost of meats, textiles, shoes, and so on. Their figures proved to be accurate. They had circulated through their lectures the fact that steel plates had risen from \$26.50 a ton in 1913 to \$200 in 1917, and the story of the increase in the surplus earnings of United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, and the powder companies. This they joined to a dissertation on the increase of American farm-tenancy. Presumably they were better acquainted with American social statistics than the academic class in which the writer lives. It is perhaps of value to quote the language of the most influential of the I.W.W. leaders.

'You ask me why the I.W.W. is not patriotic to the United States. If you were a bum without a blanket; if you had left your wife and kids when you went West for a job, and had never located them since; if your job never kept you long enough in a place to qualify

you to vote; if you slept in a lousy, sour bunk-house, and ate food just as rotten as they could give you and get by with it; if deputy sheriffs shot your cooking cans full of holes and spilled your grub on the ground; if your wages were lowered on you when the bosses thought they had you down; if there was one law for Ford, Suhr, and Moonney, and another for Harry Thaw; if every person who represented law and order and the nation beat you up, railroaded you to jail, and the good Christian people cheered and told them to go to it, how in hell do you expect a man to be patriotic? This war is a business man's war and we don't see why we should go out and get shot in order to save the lovely state of affairs that we now enjoy.'

The argument was rather difficult to keep productive because gratitude—that material prerequisite to patriotism—seemed wanting in their attitude toward the American government. Their state of mind could be explained only by referring it, as was earlier suggested, to its major relationships. The dominating concern of the I.W.W. is what Keller calls the maintenance problem. Their philosophy is, in its simple reduction, a stomach philosophy, and their politico-industrial revolt could be called without injustice a hunger-riot. But there is an important correction to this simple statement. While their way of living has seriously encroached on the urgent minima of nutrition, shelter, clothing, and physical health, it has also long outraged the American laboring-class traditions touching social life, sex-life, self-dignity, and ostentation. Had the food and shelter been sufficient, the revolt tendencies might have simmered out, were the migratory labor population not keenly sensitive to traditions of a richer psychological life than mere physical maintenance.

Considering their opportunity, the

I.W.W. read and discuss abstractions to a surprising extent. In their libraries the few novels are white paged, while a translation of Karl Marx or Kautsky, or the dull and theoretical pamphlets of their own leaders, are dog-eared. Few American analysts have realized what firmly held traditions have been established throughout all the working classes by the muck-raking literature of the last twenty years. It is rather an alarming experience for a conventional member of the middle class to inquire of almost any labor group how they esteem the morals of the commercial middle class. Veblen's acute reasoning touching the decay amid the ranks of industrial labor of the prestige of law and order, of the conventional rights of property and individual liberty, seems to find abundant illustration. A statement that the present industrial order and its control promise a reasonable progress and happiness (and this the middle class are forced to claim), is received as a humorous observation, not only by the I.W.W., but by American trade unionism as well.

There will be as many degrees and shades of patriotism as there are social classes in our society. The patriotism which placed fifty thousand volunteers on the rolls of the Reserve Officers' Corps is not an inborn sentiment, or anything which arbitrarily came with habitation of American soil. It was an acquired habit of mind and reflected a rich background of social satisfactions which, in the mind of a young officer, had sprung from his country, America. Not only the self-sacrificing quality of this patriotism, but the very patriotism itself, depends on the existence of these social satisfactions. Cynical disloyalty and contempt of the flag must, in the light of modern psychology, come from a mind which is devoid of national gratitude and in which the United States stirs no memory of satisfaction or hap-

piness. To those of us who normally feel loyal to the nation, such a disloyal sentiment brings sharp indignation. As an index of our own sentiment and our own happy relations to the nation, this indignation has value. As a stimulus to a programme or ethical generalization, it is the cause of vast inaccuracy and sad injustice. American syndicalism is not a scheming group dominated by an unconventional and destructive social philosophy. It is merely a commonplace attitude — not such a state of mind as Machiavelli or Robespierre possessed, but one stamped by the lowest, most miserable labor conditions and outlook which American industrialism produces. To those who have seen at first-hand the life of the Western casual laborer, any reflections on his gratitude or spiritual buoyancy seem ironical humor.

An altogether unwarranted importance has been given to the syndicalistic philosophy of the I.W.W. A few leaders use its phraseology. Of these few, not half a dozen know the meaning of French syndicalism or English guild socialism. To the great wandering rank and file, the I.W.W. is simply the only social break in the harsh search for work that they have ever had; its headquarters the only competitor of the saloon in which they are welcome. They listen stolidly to their frequent lecturers with an obvious and sustained interest. The lecturer's analysis and dissection of the industrial structure is often as abstract as a dissertation on value by a professor of economics. The applause comes when the point is illustrated by some familiar and vigorous action through which the 'boss' is humiliated graphically, told in phrases taken from camp speech. Their competence to expound this philosophy of theirs is about equal to that of a Pittsburg Republican to discuss the significance of Schedule K; but the concrete

details of industrial renovation find eager interest.

The American I.W.W. is a neglected and lonely hobo worker, usually malnourished and in need of medical care. He is as far from being a scheming syndicalist, after the French model, as the imagination might conceive. His proved sabotage activities in the West total up a few hop kiln burnings. Compared to the widespread sabotage in prison industries, where a startlingly large percentage of materials is intentionally ruined, the I.W.W. performance is not worth mentioning. It is to the less romantic economic phases that we must turn for the true cost of the problem.

The characteristic of the I.W.W. movement most worthy of serious consideration is the decay of the ideals of thrift and industry. To this can be added, in place of the old-time traditional loyalty to the employer, a sustained antagonism to him. The casual laborer of the West drifts away from his job without reflection as to the effect of this on the welfare of the employer; he feels little interest in the quality of workmanship, and is always, not only a potential striker, but ready to take up political or legal war against the employing class. This sullen hostility has been steadily growing in the last ten years. It is not as melodramatic as sabotage, but vastly more important. To the student it is of major importance, because it can be linked up more directly and with more accuracy to its psychological causes. In a word, it is a natural psychic outcome of a distressing and anti-social labor condition. This sullen hostility develops very naturally the surface manifestations of unpatriotism, hostility to religion, and unlawful action; but the more important characteristic is the deeper economic one of the growing unreliability and decay of the workmanlike spirit among the migratory laborers.

To revert for a moment to the economic point of view—the I.W.W. movement can be described with complete accuracy as the extension of the American labor strike into the zone of casual, migratory labor. All the superficial features, such as its syndicalistic philosophy, its sabotage, threats of burning and destruction, are the natural and normal accompaniments of an organized labor disturbance in this field. The American strike, in contrast to the English and German, has evolved, for certain psychological reasons, into a militant and violent affair. To the American employer the breaking of a strike satisfies a curious medley of desires. It appeals to his strong primitive sporting instinct; it is demanded by his highly cultured American individualism; and it satisfies whatever ideas of legal rights he has imbibed from the loose traditions of *laissez faire*. Taking all the environmental influences which focus on industrial management and property ownership in this country, strike-breaking is a very normal managerial activity. Like Calhoun in San Francisco, the American manager has been willing to stake his entire fortune on an anti-union venture, which from no standpoint promised profits or peace.

Nowhere else in the world does the unique American custom of importing strike-breakers exist. The nation-wide anti-union programme of the National Manufacturers' Association is even as uniquely American. And these highly individualistic industrial habits are practiced upon a labor class which is in a most peculiar way unfashioned to acquiesce peacefully.

For those who care to see, there is abundant evidence that the trade-union movement in the United States has become revolutionary. The much advertised split between the American Federation of Labor and the I.W.W. is

bridged over with significant ease when the prosecution of an I.W.W. case suggests the class struggle. This temper has not prevented the leaders of the American Federation from giving the support of a traditional American patriotism to the present war, but no publicist of note has dared to analyze the spread of embarrassing strikes throughout the United States during the past two months, the most critical months of our war activities.

A reasonable induction from the industrial facts would be that the American labor class is not participating in the kind of patriotic fervor that is in vogue among the upper middle class. It is not sufficient to say that their wage demands occupy their attention. Coupled with this ancient interest is a set of traditional and complicating forces which determine the attitude of labor. The recital of the war-profits in steel, in copper, in foods, in medicines, does not fall on an ordinarily receptive audience. It falls on the minds of a labor class with a long-cherished background of suspicion.

As I have already said, the most vivid chapter in American periodical literature was the period of magazine muckraking. A new and remarkably effective school of pamphleteers arose and operated in a psychologically ripe situation. Their audience had been played on from the early days of the granger movement and was tuned to absorb as truth the bizarre exposé of industrialism. While the magazines dropped the propaganda, a few years ago, Federal commissions and state investigations continued and imparted dignity and substance to the earlier and more temperamental denunciation. Few members of the middle class know how revolutionary is the material to be found in the Federal Immigration Commission's report, the Federal report on Woman and Child Wage-Earners, the

Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission's report, or even the volumes on Occupations of the United States Census. For instance, this latter sober source solemnly announces on page seventy-one of its volume on Occupational Statistics that 609,000 of the small boys of the United States between the ages of ten and thirteen are accurately to be catalogued as 'workers gainfully employed.'

The laboring class in the United States reads much more on economic matters than the middle class, and is more accustomed to meetings and debate in which the material of the reading is used. The middle class is strangely ignorant of the literature dealing with its own activities. Those who teach college economics to the sons and daughters of the middle class are constantly amazed at the contrast between them and the few children of the laboring class who reach the university.

It is by no means a far cry from the attitude of the American laboring class toward the war to an analysis of the I.W.W. The I.W.W. is, as has been said, the aggressive American labor movement, emerging at the lower and less disciplined social level. The not surprising inability of the American citizen to note the growing class-consciousness of the trade-union movement made it certain that he would not read the writing on the wall regarding the strike methods, which would be manifest when this class struggle gained force and form among the migratory casual labor of the West. If the American trade-union world is only conditionally patriotic in its attitude toward the war, the I.W.W. is violently negative, for the same reasons, though they are more deeply felt. Casualties and deaths in the trenches, with their all-diverting suffering at home, will reinforce patriotism, and silence for a time the class demands and cries; but

the ingredients of the social mixture will not be changed to any important degree.

War, to the American labor world, is an episode, and for them the making of a living, which completely dominated their thoughts before the war, runs on through the war period itself. Following out this argument, therefore, patriotism rests upon the degree of satisfaction and content with which labor views its lot. The labor mind in America is in profound unrest, and it is the imperative duty of those Americans on whom falls the duty of thinking and planning to accept such facts as all-determining, and not to misuse the moment by useless, if admirable, moral indignation. It is needless to point out with what handicap the President and those devoted citizens must work in their effort to create at this eleventh hour in our social evolution that patriotism and unity so imperatively needed by the nation.

III

The I.W.W. is a union of unskilled workers in large part employed in agriculture and in the production of raw materials. While the I.W.W. appeared in the East at Lawrence, Paterson, and certain other places, at the height of strike activity, its normal habitat is in the upper middle West and the far West, from British Columbia down into Old Mexico. But within the past year, apart from the Dakota wheatfields and the iron ranges of Minnesota and Michigan, the zone of important activity has been Arizona, California, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Colorado. The present war time I.W.W. problem is that of its activity in the far West.

It is fortunate for our analysis that the I.W.W. membership in the West is consistently of one type, and one which has had a uniform economic experience. It is made up of migratory

workers currently called hobo labor. The terms 'hobo miner,' 'hobo lumberjack,' and 'blanket stiff' are familiar and necessary in accurate descriptions of Western labor conditions. Very few of these migratory workers have lived long enough in any one place to establish a legal residence and to vote, and they are also womanless. Only about ten per cent have been married, and these, for the most part, either have lost their wives or have deserted them. Many claim to be 'working out,' and expect eventually to return to their families. But examination usually discloses the fact that they have not sent money home recently, or received letters. They are 'floaters' in every social sense. Out of thirty suicides in the cheap lodging-houses in San Francisco in the month of December, 1913, but two left behind any word as to their homes or their relatives. Half of these migratory workers are of American birth, the other half being largely made up of the newer immigrants from south-eastern Europe.

The membership of the I.W.W. which pays regular dues, is an uncertain and volatile thing. While a careful study in California in 1915 showed but forty-five hundred affiliated members of the I.W.W. in that state, it was very evident that the functioning and striking membership was double this, or more. In the State of Washington, in the lumber strike of this year, the I.W.W. membership was most probably not over three thousand; but the number of those active in the strike and joining in support of the I.W.W. numbered approximately seven thousand. A careful estimate of the membership in the United States gives seventy-five thousand. In the history of American labor there has appeared no organization so subject to fluctuation in membership and strength. Several times it seemed on the point of joining

the Knights of Labor in the graveyard of laboring-class movements, but, energized by some sudden strike outburst, it appears again as an active force.

This tenacity of life is due to the fact that the I.W.W. not only is incapable of legal death, but has in fact no formal politico-legal existence. Its treasury is merely the momentary accumulation of strike-funds. Its numerous headquarters are the result of the energy of local secretaries. They are not places for executive direction of the union so much as gregarious centres where the lodging-house inhabitant or the hobo with his blanket can find light, a stove, and companionship. In the prohibition states of the West, the I.W.W. hall has been the only social substitute for the saloon for these people. The migratory workers have almost all seen better economic and social days, and carry down into their disorganized labor level traditions, if only faint ones, of some degree of dignity and intellectual life. To these old-time desires the headquarters cater. In times of strike and disorder the headquarters become the centre of the direct propaganda of action; but when this is over, its character changes to that of a rest-house, and as such is unique in the unskilled workers' history.

It will be of great value to understand the conditions under which as a matter of fact the American unskilled worker lives and works and is prepared for the drop down into the migratory class. In 1910, of the 30,091,564 male persons in the United States who were listed as bread-winners, approximately 10,400,000 were engaged in that unskilled work from which the migratory class is recruited. Under what conditions did this population, which furnished the present migratory group, work? What was their wage, and how long a period in each year were they employed? A typical Chicago slaughter-house in 1912

paid 82 per cent of the employees less than twenty cents an hour. This company worked their men on an average thirty-seven and a half hours a week, and this gave the 55 per cent of the men who averaged seventeen cents an hour a weekly income of \$6.37.

In the steel industry the government report of 1910 shows that 29 per cent of the employees worked a seven-day week, 20 per cent a seven-day week with a twelve-hour day, and 43 per cent a twelve-hour day six days a week. This Federal study reports that 49.69 per cent of the employees received less than eighteen cents an hour. This last is the group of the unskilled. In the steel industry eight per cent of the workers earned less than fourteen cents per hour, and 20 per cent under sixteen cents.

The Federal Immigration Commission's report (1910) announced that not one of the twelve basic American industries paid the average head of a family within one hundred dollars a year of the minimum for family subsistence, and that two thirds of the twelve industries paid the family head less than five hundred and fifty dollars a year. Professor Frankfurter's brief before the Supreme Court in the minimum wage case (1916) alleges that half of the wage-earners' families in the United States have an income below that needed for adequate subsistence. To quote the authoritative research of Warren and Sydenstricker of the Federal Public Health Service, 'in the principal industries, fully one fourth of the adult male workers who are heads of families earned less than twelve hundred dollars, one half earned less than six hundred dollars, and less than one tenth earned as much as one thousand dollars a year. Approximately one fourth of the women workers eighteen years of age and over employed in the principal manufacturing industries

earned less than two hundred dollars a year, and two thirds less than four hundred dollars.'

In reference to the even more vital statistics of total family income these two investigators say, 'The conclusion is also indicated that one in every ten or twelve working-class families had, at the time of the investigation (1912 to 1914) an annual income of less than three hundred dollars a year! that nearly a third had incomes of less than five hundred dollars, and over one half of the families had incomes of less than seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.' The numerous studies of the cost of living of this period are fairly unanimous in stating that eight hundred dollars is absolutely necessary for the adequate minimum of subsistence for an American laboring-class family. Professor Fairchild of Yale said in 1913, 'If we fix these standards of living in mind, and then look back over the wage-scales given on the foregoing pages, we are struck with the utter inadequacy of the annual incomes of the foreign-born to meet even these minimum requirements of decency.'

It is reasonable to argue that working-class parents suffer in the conventional way in the death of their children. The Federal Children's Bureau reports, 'For all live babies born in wedlock the infant mortality rate is 130.7 in a thousand; it rises to 255.7 when the father earns less than \$521.00 a year or less than ten dollars a week and falls to eighty-four when he earns \$1200 or more.'

The irregularity of industrial employment is as important an element as the height of the wage-scale. Dr. Devine says that unemployment heads the list of the causes of American destitution. The American coal-miner must expect unemployment from one fourth to one third of his time. In 1908 the unemployment in all trades was 35.7

per cent. Statistics pointed to nearly a 20 per cent loss for all industrial workers in the year through unemployment during this period. The combination of low wages, the unskilled nature of the work, and its great irregularity tends to break the habit and desire for stable industry among the workers. Millions drift into migrating from one industrial centre to another in search of work. In these centres nearly all saloon-keepers run an employment-agency business of a more or less informal kind, and to the saloon the job-hunter turns. In return for the job it is his obligation to drink up part of his pay-check, and, if he is a married man, his history here becomes marked by a recital of excuses sent to the distant wife instead of money. The worker slides down the scale and out of his industry, and joins the millions of unskilled or ex-skilled who float back and forth from Pennsylvania to Missouri and from the lumber-camps to the Gulf States and California. They lie up in the winter in the cheap lodging-houses, in a state of pseudo-hibernation. Thirty dollars plus a few weeks of ice-cutting enables them to weather the winter through. Some 150,000 are in Chicago, as many in New York, 40,000 in San Francisco, perhaps 250 in Phoenix, Arizona.

In one San Francisco lodging-house, out of two hundred and fifty beds, there were eight with outside ventilation. A New York study disclosed that the lodging-house inmates were eleven times more tubercular than the average population. The beds seldom have linen, and the covers are usually dirty quilts which have to be repeatedly fumigated during the winter on account of vermin. The migratory worker lies up for the winter with a thirty-dollar stake, according to the report of the Chicago Commission on Unemployment. Often this will not stretch over the period, so

recourse is had to the street, the saloons, and the city. In a ten-year period, the Chicago police stations gave lodging to 1,275,463 homeless men, and the municipal lodging-house to 370,655. Only 20 per cent of these were residents of Chicago.

In the spring this labor group drifts out toward the first work. In the main, they 'beat their way.' Between 1901 and 1905 23,964 trespassers were killed on American railroads, and 25,236 injured. These were largely tramps and hobos. The railroad companies calculated that at a given time there were 500,000 hobos beating their way or waiting at stations to catch on a train, or walking the tracks. This group might be called the fraction of the migratory millions actually in transit. Numerous statistical studies show that the average term of employment of the migratory worker is between ten and fourteen days. With a stake of ten dollars he will retire to a hobo camp beside some stream, — his 'jungle,' as the road vernacular has it, — and, adding his daily quarter or half a dollar to the 'Mulligan fund,' he will live on until the stake is gone. If he inclines to live further on the charity of the newcomers he is styled a 'jungle buzzard' and cast forth. He then resumes his haphazard search for a job, the only economic plan in his mind being a faint realization that about August he must begin to accumulate his thirty-dollar winter stake. Each year finds him physically in worse disrepair, psychologically more hopeless, morally more bitter and anti-social. His importance to any forecast of our nation's future lies in the uncomfortable fact that proportionally he is increasing in number and his recruiting group above is increasing in unrest and economic instability.

The menace of this drift has not escaped the critical authorities. John R. Commons, of Wisconsin, in an analysis

of the labor unrest in America and the danger of class conflict, said, 'While immigration continues in great volume, class lines will be forming and re-forming, weak and unstable. To prohibit or greatly restrict immigration would bring forth class conflict within a generation.'

And a no less careful political scientist than Woodrow Wilson wrote in 1913, 'Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole country into a flame? Don't you know that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say, "This is the way. Follow me!"—and lead in paths of destruction. . . . We are in a temper to reconstruct economic society as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society.'

It is a conventional economic truism that American industrialism is guaranteeing to some half of the forty millions of our industrial population a life of such limited happiness, of such restrictions on personal development, and of such misery and desolation when sickness or accident comes, that we would be childish political scientists not to see that from such an environment little self-sacrificing love of country, little of ethics, little of gratitude, could come. It is unfortunate that the scientific findings of our social condition must use words which sound strangely like

the phraseology of the Socialists. This similarity, however, should logically be embarrassing to the critics of these findings, not to the scientists. Those who have investigated and studied the lower strata of American labor have long recognized the I.W.W. as purely a symptom of a certain distressing state of affairs. The casual migratory laborers are the finished product of an economic environment which seems cruelly efficient in turning out human beings modeled after all the standards which society abhors. The history of the migratory workers shows that, starting with the long hours and dreary winters of the farms they ran away from, or the sour-smelling bunk-house in a coal village, through their character-debasing experience with the drifting 'hire and fire' life in the industries, on to the vicious social and economic life of the winter unemployed, their training predetermined but one outcome, and the environment produced its type.

The I.W.W. has importance only as an illustration of a stable American economic process. Its pitiful syndicalism, its street-corner opposition to the war, are the inconsequential trimmings. Its strike alone, faithful as it is to the American type, is an illuminating thing. The I.W.W., like the Grangers, the Knights of Labor, the Farmers' Alliance, the Progressive party, is but a phenomenon of revolt. The cure lies in taking care of its psychic antecedents; the stability of our Republic depends on the degree of courage and wisdom with which we move to the task.



VICTORIOUS PAN-GERMANY, 1917

THE FALLACY OF A GERMAN PEACE

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

HOW CHEAPLY GERMANY HAS FOUGHT THE WAR

At the beginning of 1916, I said in my book *The Pan-German Plot Unmasked*,—

‘Finally, when all negotiations for an armistice have fallen flat and Germany’s situation has become still more critical, we shall see Berlin play her trump card. Protests against territorial annexations will become insistent beyond the Rhine, secretly sanctioned by the German Government, which will finally say to the Allies: “Let this slaughtering of one another cease! We are willing to listen to reason; we resign our claims to those territories of yours now occupied by our armies. The game has been played to a

draw; so let us treat for peace on that basis.”

‘On the day when this proposition is put forward, the Allies will find themselves face to face with the most subtle move yet made by Berlin — the most insidious German snare. Then, above all things, must the steadfastness, the perspicacity, and the unity of the Allies be most brilliantly made manifest. The trick of the “drawn game,” if successful, would involve an overwhelming triumph for Germany and an irreparable tragedy for the Allies and for the liberty of the world.’

Only a few months after these lines were printed, the prophecy began to be

fulfilled more and more completely. Every possible step has been taken by Germany to bring about peace on the basis of a draw. The slogan, 'Peace without annexations or indemnities,' was coined to that end. At first the Allies believed that this formula originated in Russia; as a matter of fact, however, it was worked out in Berlin and then suggested to the Russian Socialists through secret agents whom Germany has successfully established in the Petrograd *Soviet*. These Socialists, doubtless well-meaning, but overfond of theories and always ready to embrace the wildest utopian schemes, — ignorant, too, of all realities, as has been shown by the steady aggravation of the general situation in Russia since they came into power with the Revolution, — have declared enthusiastically for the 'peace without annexations and indemnities.' As there exist also in the other Allied countries groups of Socialists with a stronger grip on theories than on facts, and also because Allied sympathies naturally rallied strongly to the support of the Russian Revolution, the formula, 'peace without annexations or indemnities,' thanks to its apparent origin, has unquestionably made serious inroads on a certain section of Allied public opinion.

The Stockholm manoeuvres, engineered by all the powerful and varied means at the disposal of German propagandists, were designed to establish this formula as the fixed basis of all peace negotiations. When the astuteness of the Allied governments prevented the fulfillment of this attempt within the period desired by Berlin, the Vatican was persuaded through Viennese agencies to throw its influence on the side of peace as determined by Germany.

As a matter of fact, the Pope's peace proposals, while not embodying the exact terms of the Kaiser's formula, in-

volved, in the last analysis, practically the same essential results. Berlin, therefore, in order to assure unceasing discussion of her formula, — a discussion tending at least to bring about an armistice, which would split up and morally disarm the Allies, thus making it possible for her to deal with them separately, — outdid herself in mobilizing toward one end the most widely divergent forces, from the Maximalist anarchists of Petrograd to the most hidebound reactionaries of the Sacred College. The extent, the vigor, and the persistence of the amazing 'pacifist' offensive launched by Germany were such that the expressions 'peace without indemnities or annexations,' 'drawn game,' 'white peace,' '*paix boiteuse*,' have become as current in the Allied countries as though they had some established connection with reality. This is entirely contrary to the fact: with the best intentions in the world, *peace without annexations or indemnities, as things stand now, is impossible. There can be no 'white peace,' no 'drawn game,' no 'paix boiteuse.'*

To tell the truth, a section of Allied opinion has become befuddled by these formulæ of Berlin, whose function is to accomplish in the moral order the same asphyxiating action as that of the gases employed on the battlefield by the German General Staff. The result of this moral intoxication is that important groups of the Allies begin to juggle with words and lose sight of facts. As the natural outcome of giving serious thought to impossibilities, grave errors are made in weighing the present situation, with an attendant weakening of the joint action of the Allied democracies. It is imperative, therefore, that the pursuit of Utopias, leading only to disaster, be abandoned, and that we return to those realities which alone can lead to victory and the establishment of a durable peace.

If the formula 'peace without annexations and indemnities' has been allowed to insinuate itself into the general discussion, it is only because great numbers of the Allied peoples fail to understand the overwhelming advantages which Germany, by means of the war, has been able to assure to herself for the present and the future. The object of this paper is to show just what these advantages are, and at the same time to brand the utter hypocrisy of the slogan, 'peace without annexations and indemnities,' which, regarded even in the most favorable light, would allow Germany to make off with immense booty, leaving the Allies to face the incalculable losses incurred by them in a war launched by their adversary.

The significance of the low rate of German exchange

The continual fall of German exchange is considered by many of the Allies as proof of the progressive and irremediable impoverishment of Germany. When, for instance, the mark drops 47 per cent in Switzerland, while the franc has depreciated only 13 per cent, Frenchmen are for the most part inclined to believe that the war has affected the two countries in relatively the same proportion; they then conclude that Germany's financial situation is infinitely worse than that of France. In reality, such a comprehensive conclusion cannot be reached simply through the rise and fall of exchange, which only reflects certain special aspects of the financial situation of a country.

Among the various causes affecting exchange, there are two principal ones. The first is moral. It cannot be denied that the fluctuation of exchange responds to foreign confidence. If German exchange is low it implies, to a

certain extent at least, the existence of a universal conviction that in the long run Germany cannot hold out against her formidable ring of adversaries. As a result, there is no great demand for the currency of a state whose credit, it is thought, must finally collapse.

It should be noted, however, that the reason for this fall of exchange is only a moral evaluation anticipating a probable outcome; it is not due to a mathematically certain estimate of what Germany now stands to win or lose as a result of the war.

The second great factor affecting exchange, on the other hand, is based on present realities which are susceptible of being accurately determined. Germany, since she has been blockaded by sea, exports infinitely less than formerly; consequently, her ability to settle her accounts in foreign countries is limited. When she was able to sell the United States a million marks' worth of merchandise, she then had at her disposal a million marks with which to pay cash for such imports as she needed. Now that her exports have been so reduced, she has little money to spare for spending abroad. If she wishes to increase these foreign purchases, she must export her gold and consequently reduce the security behind her bank-notes. This results in a lowering of the basis of German credit, with a resulting drop in exchange.

We shall now see that this falling exchange, whatever its importance be, does not take into account all the elements of the general financial situation.

If the blockade of Germany seriously complicates her food problems, on the other hand it is in a way advantageous from a financial point of view. In a word, when Germany found herself blockaded she was obliged to evolve means of existing on her own resources or those of her allies. Our enemies had great difficulties of organization to

overcome, but they turned them to good account; for if Germany's exports are small, her imports have been correspondingly reduced. Hence she needs to send very little money abroad, a fact which is financially in her favor.

Now the case of France is radically different. The French government, feeling assured of the liberty of the seas and believing that the war would be a short one, found it more expedient to place enormous orders abroad than to rely on domestic resources to supply the nation's need. As a result, French imports, according to published statistics, exceed exports by one billion of francs a month. This means that, as things stand now, France must pay to foreign countries the staggering sum of twelve billion francs a year, with no corresponding compensation, since her purchases consist of products which are destroyed in use. For this reason France is undergoing serious impoverishment while Germany gets off comparatively easily. It is therefore plain that the fluctuations of exchange bear little relation to those conditions which must be taken into consideration in making an appraisal of the general situation; they reflect, in fact, only a special and limited aspect of the financial situation as a whole. Popular conclusions drawn from the fall in the value of the mark are false when attempts are made to give them an absolute or general significance.

Why people are still ignorant of the vast advantages gained by Germany from the war

Many of the Allies are hoodwinked by the 'great illusion' which even now prevents them, to their endless detriment, from seeing things as they really are. In the Allied nations, in fact, people continue to speak of Germany,

Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, as though these states remained just as they were before the war. Now these terms have no longer any relation to reality. The Quadruple Alliance of Central Europe is simply a great illusion, studiously fostered by William II, for by its means his plans are vastly facilitated. As a matter of fact, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary are not the allies, but the vassals, of Berlin, and their influence with her is less than that of Saxony or Bavaria. The rulers at Constantinople, Sofia, Vienna, and Budapest are simply marionettes moved by threads which are pulled by Berlin according to her strategic needs.

Very often we hear it said, 'Germany has created *Mittleuropa*.' This is another mistake. Geographically speaking, *Mittleuropa* includes only Central Europe; and Germany's dominion is infinitely farther flung, extending as it does from the west front in France to the British front before Bagdad. If we wish to see things in the light of reality, we must say, for the present at least, 'There is no longer any Germany; instead, there is *Pan-Germany*.' This is an essential assumption if we are to reason justly. The map of Pan-Germany at the beginning of 1917, accompanying this paper, shows clearly the essential, but all too little-known, elements of the present situation, which is characterized by the fact that 73 million Germans, aided by 21 million vassals, — Magyars, Slavs, and Turks, — have reduced to slavery 82 millions of Latins, Slavs, and Semites, belonging to thirteen different nationalities. Pan-Germany, which has now almost completely reached the limits set by the Pan-German plan of 1911, consists, therefore, of one vast territory containing about 176 million inhabitants and natural resources of the greatest variety.

I beg my readers to refer to this map of Pan-Germany every time it is made desirable by the text. This repeated study of the map is indispensable to a clear and complete comprehension of the demonstration which follows. As regards the profits which Germany has wrung from the war, it is particularly important, in order to grasp the idea of Pan-Germany; for it is the direct result of its creation that Germany, in spite of the losses and expenses inevitably incurred by a warring nation, has been able to assure herself of certain advantages which, considered as a whole, far outbalance her losses and expenses, as we shall see.

In order to understand the nature of these advantages, one point must first be made clear.

The war has cost the Germans comparatively little

For six fundamental reasons, the conduct of the war has really cost the Germans far less than it has cost their adversaries.

1. *No Experimentation.* Germany, in order to produce a vast output of various types of guns and projectiles economically evolved in times of peace, needed only to extend, by means of machinery of domestic manufacture, her arsenals and munition-factories, which before the war were already considerable. On the other hand, the production of war-material in France at the outbreak of hostilities was very slack, while in England and Russia it was almost negligible. In these three countries, therefore, it was necessary to improvise, as best might be, thousands of new plants, to equip them with machinery purchased in America at vast expense, and hastily to evolve new types of cannon, projectiles, and the rest. Now, improvisation, especially in war-time, means false starts

and inevitable bad work, which must be paid dearly for. Germany was not obliged to incur these very considerable expenses.

2. *Regulated Wages.* The fact that the problem of German wages was worked out at leisure in exact correlation to productions whose types were exhaustively studied in the calm of peacetime certainly allowed the Germans to obtain war materials at a lower net cost than was possible for the Allies.

3. *The Prevention of Waste.* The absence of experimentation and the simple extension to war-work of highly efficient industrial methods tested in peacetime, naturally allowed the Germans to avoid in all spheres those immense losses of material of every nature whose bad effects and heavy cost were incurred by the Allies. This state of affairs in France caused losses which were as expensive as they were inevitable. One may imagine the conditions existing in Russia, where control is far more difficult of exercise than in France.

4. *Cheap Labor.* The Germans have forcibly enlisted the labor of about two million prisoners of war. Moreover, the official French report of April 12, 1917, concerning acts committed by the Germans in violation of international law, asserts that in the occupied territories deportation of workers has been a *general measure*. It has 'applied to the entire able-bodied population of both sexes, from the ages of sixteen to sixty, excepting women with young children.'

Now the Germans requisition labor from among 7,500,000 Belgians, 3,000,000 French, 4,500,000 Serbians, 5,000,000 Roumanians, 22,000,000 Poles, Ruthenians, and Lithuanians—a total of 42,000,000 slaves.

Let us see what sort of remuneration is made. Take the case of a young girl of Lille, twenty years old, who was

forced to work for six months, harvesting and threshing wheat, and digging potatoes from six in the morning to twilight, receiving all the while the vilest food. For her six months of work she was given 9 francs, 45 centimes. The Germans, therefore, have at their disposal a vast reservoir of labor for which they pay next to nothing; moreover, the small amounts they do pay remain in Pan-Germany.

The Allies, on the contrary, pay high wages to their workers, and, when they run short, must needs pour out good gold in bringing reinforcements from Asia, Africa, and America. This means that a considerable part of the wages paid these foreign workmen will leave France or England for all time.

5. *Free Coal and Iron Ore.* In addition to their own mines, the Germans have seized important coal and iron mines in France, Belgium, and Poland. A vast proportion of their ore and coal therefore costs them nothing. Naturally, then, a German shell made with French iron and Belgian coal costs far less than a French shell made with American steel and English coal. As a result, the net price of a greater part of German munitions is much lower than that paid by the Allies.

6. *Economical Transportation.* By reason of the grouping of the Central Powers, — a result of the conquest of the Danube front by the Teutons, — Germany profits by a geographical situation which is infinitely more advantageous than that of the Allies, as regards not only the speed, but also the cheapness, of war transportation. It is evident that it costs far less to send a shell from the Krupp factory to any one of the Pan-German fronts than to send an American shell to France, a Japanese shell to the Polish front, a French shell to Roumania *via* Archangel, or an English shell to the army operating in Mesopotamia. By the

same token, the cost of transporting a soldier of Pan-Germany to any of the battle-fronts is infinitely lighter than the conveyance of Allied soldiers from Australia or America.

We should note that each one of these six factors which we have just enumerated reacts profoundly on the sum-total of general war expenses, and that, taken together, they involve a formidable sum. It can therefore truthfully be said that Germany carries on the war much more economically than the Allies. Figures are so far lacking which will give the true proportions, but we shall certainly remain well within the realities of the case if we conclude that, as a result of the six factors mentioned above, France must spend one hundred and fifty million francs for war material to every hundred million spent by Germany. When France, therefore, spends thirty billions, Germany evidently spends not more than twenty billions. And what is true of France applies even more accurately to some of the other Allied nations. This is a fact of the greatest general importance in coming to a true understanding of the financial situation created by the war — a fact which takes on its full significance when we realize that Germany is not only carrying on the war cheaply, but that she has been enabled, by means of this war, to win *very important advantages*.

They consist of seven principal elements. The last six of these, it should be noted without fail, depend solely on the existence of central Pan-Germany, — that is, on the hegemony exercised by Germany over Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey; they are therefore wholly independent of the first element, which relates to Germany's occupation of enemy territories, particularly to the east and west.

This complex but vital subject I shall discuss in the next article.

HOW MUCH GERMANY HAS WON IN THE WAR

The first element of German advantage: the booty acquired from the occupation of enemy territory

Germany is getting direct war-profits from the enemy territories occupied by her. These territories, listed in the ascending order of their richness, are: Montenegro, 14,000 square kilometres; Albania, 20,000; Serbia, 87,000; Roumania, 70,000 (Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary share the pillage of these four territories); dependent territories of Russia, 260,000; Belgium, 29,000; and France, 20,000; making a grand total of 500,000 square kilometres.

In order to realize as clearly as possible the importance of the booty wrung by Germany from this enormous area, we may establish by means of examples or statistics that this plunder comes from nine principal sources:—

1. *Seizure of Human Material.*—Throughout these 500,000 square kilometres of occupied territory, the Germans have scientifically enslaved 42,000,000 human beings, who furnish a vast amount of labor—this labor being all the cheaper because, as we shall see, the slaves are robbed in various ways.

2. *Seizure of War-Material.*—By reason of their lightning advances in Belgium, France, Serbia, and Roumania the Germans have taken possession of vast stores of war-material: cannon, rifles, munitions, wagons, locomotives, cars, as well as thousands of kilometres of railway, of which they make full use, representing a certain value of billions of francs. (The Belgian railway system alone is worth three billions.)

3. *Seizure of Food-stuffs.*—The official report of April 12, 1917, on the acts committed by the Germans in France contrary to international law,

states: 'The inhabitants, subjected as they were to annoyances of every sort, watched daily the theft of such food-stuffs as they happened to possess.' Everywhere the Germans steal horses, cattle, domestic animals, grain, potatoes, food-products of all kinds, sugar, alcohol, all of which constitute the reserve supply of the occupied countries. Their harvests, too, are appropriated through the cultivation of productive lands by means of labor obtained almost without cost from the enslaved peoples.

4. *Theft of Raw Materials.*—Throughout the length and breadth of the occupied territories, the Germans, at the dictates of expediency, have seized raw materials: coal and iron ore, copper, petroleum, and so forth. Metals—bronze, zinc, lead, copper, tin—have been taken from private citizens, as well as textile fabrics—wool, cotton cloth, and the like. When one learns that from the cities of the North of France alone the Germans stole 550 million francs' worth of wool, it is easy to see that this single source of plunder has been worth a number of billions to them.

5. *Theft of Finished Products.*—Everywhere in the occupied territories, so far as means of transportation permit, motors, steam-hammers, machinery, rolling-mills, lathes, presses, drills, electrical engines, looms, and so forth, have been taken to pieces by mechanics and transported into Germany. The total value of this stolen material in Belgium and the North of France alone—the richest industrial districts in the world—is almost incalculable.

6. *Theft of Personal Property.*—The official French report previously quoted states: 'In the shops, officers and soldiers made free with whatever pleased

their fancy. Every day the people witnessed the theft of property which was indispensable to them. At Ham, General von Fleck carried off all the furniture of M. Bernot's house, where he had been quartered.' The property thus stolen is sent to Germany, as is proved by this advertisement in the *Kölnische Zeitung*: 'Furniture moved from the theatre of military operations to all destinations.' From this source, war booty to the value of several billions has already been divided among an army of Germans.

7. *Seizure of Works of Art.* — The Germans have stolen countless works of art, 'in order' — so runs a recent official note of their government — 'that they may be preserved as a record of art and civilization.' 'It would be impossible,' declares *Le Temps*, 'to find a more cynical admission of the thefts committed by the German authorities in our museums and public buildings.' If one remembers that this methodical pillage has gone merrily on among private individuals, drawing on the unlimited stores of works of art which have been accumulated throughout the centuries in Poland, and particularly in Belgium and France, it must certainly be seen that the value of these stolen art treasures is immense.

8. *War Imposts.* — Our official report establishes that 'Requisitions have everywhere been continuous. Towns that have had to meet the expenses of troops quartered within their jurisdiction have been overwhelmed by huge levies.'

Belgium is staggering under an annual war assessment of 480,000,000 francs. Bucharest, after its capture by the Germans, was forced to pay a levy amounting to about 1900 francs per capita of the population. At Craiova the levy was 950 francs per capita. An edict forbids the circulation of paper money unless it has been specially

stamped by the Germans, who retain 30 per cent of its nominal value.

In April, 1917, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* announced that the leaders of the Austro-German forces of occupation in Roumania would shortly call for an obligatory internal loan of a hundred million francs. In Poland, the German government has just issued a billion marks in paper money for enforced circulation. These are only single examples.

9. *Theft of Specie, Jewels, and Securities.* — In September, 1916, the Germans seized three quarters of a billion francs from the National Bank of Belgium in Brussels, which was subsequently transferred to Germany. In January, 1917, on the steamer *Prinz Hendrick*, they stole a million francs from a Belgian who was traveling from England, and took ten million francs' worth of diamonds from the mail-bags. In the village of Vraignes, on March 18, 1917, the Germans, before evicting the inhabitants, stole from them the 13,800 francs they had in their possession. At Noyon — we learn from the official report already quoted — the Germans broke open and pillaged the safes of banks and private citizens before retiring from the town. The securities, jewels, and silver plate of Noyon represented a value of about eighteen million francs. And, as I have said, these are only random incidents.

Taking into consideration, then, the present high prices of food-products, coal, metal, petroleum, war-material, machinery, and the rest, it can be seen at a glance that each one of the nine sources of booty just enumerated, on which the Germans have been steadily drawing, in some cases for as much as three years, has unquestionably yielded the value of several billions of francs, — certain of them, perhaps, tens of billions. Hence we may reasonably conclude that, without fixing a definite

figure for the yield of these nine sources, the total plunder has mounted well up in the tens of billions. Another basis for calculating the worth of the invaded territories to Germany lies in the fact that the national fortunes of these countries, according to ante-bellum statistics, amounted to about 155 billions of francs.

We shall now examine the six other elements of Germany's present advantageous situation — those which result from the domination which the war has enabled her to exert over her own allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. This domination, amounting practically to seizure, has permitted her to fulfill the scheme of Central Pan-Germany as a result of the crushing of Serbia.

The second element of German advantage: the Pan-German loans

A portion of the approximate sum of 115 billion francs devoted by Germany, up to the end of July, 1917, to the carrying on of the war has enabled her to burglarize her own allies by taking advantage of the extremely bad financial situation which faced them at the end of the Balkan wars. As a result of this situation, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, in order to sustain the present long-drawn-out struggle, have been forced to draw on the credit of Berlin. The sum total of the loans made by Germany to her allies and secured by her own war loans cannot yet be verified, but there can be no doubt that it mounts up to a respectable number of billions.

These loans have worked out to the immense advantage of Germany, for the following reasons. It is proved by facts that, without the assistance of Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish troops, and without the numerous products supplied her by the

Orient, Germany would have been beaten long ago, even in spite of the Allies' blundering. As these troops and resources are of priceless value to Germany, it would seem that she must have paid dearly for them, and in gold. However, as the reserve of the German Imperial Bank was 1,356,875,000 marks in July, 1914, and 2,527,315,000 in February, 1917, it is certain that Germany has not lent gold to her allies, — in large quantities, at any rate, — but only paper, whose value depends solely on the strength of German credit.

In reality, therefore, Germany, simply by keeping a printing-press busy turning out little stamped slips of paper, has obtained troops, food-stuffs, and raw materials which were indispensable to her in avoiding defeat; and at the same time she has so established herself as a creditor as to give her the right to exact final payment by her allies for advances which were primarily made to them in Germany's own vital interest.

Now these obligations weigh so heavily on countries like Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, already in sore stress, that they incur loans which no one of these three countries can ever hope to pay off unless a victory of the Allied democracies should shatter the financial yoke of Berlin.

In order to appreciate the nature of these loans and their consequences, the example of Turkey is particularly instructive. 'Germany's advances to Turkey in no way represent Turkish war expenses. We must add to them the requisitions made in the country itself, and the war-material purchased in Germany and Austria-Hungary which is yet unpaid for.'

At the beginning of 1917 Djavid Bey arranged in Berlin for a new loan of three million pounds, simply to enable Turkey to pay her debts to the Krupp firm, as well as the advances made her

by the different groups of financiers and the German Minister of Finance. This means, therefore, that, when Germany sends arms to the Turks in order that they may use them to consolidate the Pan-German scheme, she also finds a means of making this consignment of arms serve to entangle the Turks still more hopelessly in the financial web. 'In Pan-Germanist circles, there has been much discussion of the compensations which Turkey must make to Germany in return for services rendered in the course of the war. It is the unanimous opinion that Germany, without gaining any territorial acquisitions in Turkey, must have controlling rights in the Ottoman Empire, so that the Pera-Galata bridge may be as near Berlin as Constantinople.'

What has taken place in the spheres of finance between Berlin and Constantinople has, by the very nature of things, been duplicated between Berlin and Sofia, though of course in a less pronounced form. Germany, therefore, by means of paper loans based on her own credit, has caused colossal obligations to be assumed by her allies — countries representing vast areas of land: Austria-Hungary with 676,616 square kilometres, Bulgaria with 114,104, and Turkey with 1,792,900, or 2,583,620 square kilometres in all. Now these three countries are precisely the ones which are indispensable to the carrying out of the Central Pan-German 'Hamburg to the Persian Gulf' scheme; the loans, therefore, are Pan-Germanist loans.

It should be borne in mind, on the other hand, that although Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey are financially encumbered in their quality of states, the exploitation of these countries by the Germans is very profitable. Their combined national fortunes were estimated, before the war, at about 269 billion francs. We must realize also

that, although these loans granted by Berlin to her allies are merely paper loans, they bind Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary to Germany as closely as debtors can be bound to a creditor. None of these three countries can reasonably hope to get funds after the war from their present adversaries, who, it is certain, will have none too much money for their own needs; and so the financial situation as a whole combines with the enterprise shown by the Berlin General Staff to strengthen the grip that Germany has obtained over her allies through loans.

As this financial dependence of the three vassal states, with its tremendous consequences, is, as I have said, maintained simply by means of a printing-press and little slips of paper, which cost very little indeed; and since Germany receives in exchange for these slips of paper bearing her signature, men, food-stuffs, and supplies which, but for the action of the Allies, would enable her to establish Pan-Germany as mistress of Europe, we may safely say that the Pan-Germanist loans floated by Berlin at her allies' expense constitute a powerful element of military advantage, which, if one only examine the conditions of its origin, must stand out as the most profitable and extraordinary swindle ever perpetrated.

The third element of German advantage: the value of a monopoly in exploiting the latent resources of the Balkans and Asia Minor.

The figure of 269 billions of francs quoted above takes no account of the enormous agricultural and mineral wealth, as yet unexploited and unappraised, of the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire. Now, the business of tapping these vast reservoirs is entirely in the hands of the Germans, as a result of the Pan-Germanist loans.

The fourth element of German advantage: the value resulting from the creation of an economic Pan-Germany.

Economic Pan-Germany, as it was outlined by List, Roscher, Rodbertus, and other German economists, may be defined as follows: A territory uniting under one supreme central control Central Europe, the Balkans and Turkey — a territory large enough to include military and economic resources entirely sufficient to provide for the needs of the population in times of war; and to assure its rulers in times of peace the domination of the world.

The seizure by Berlin of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey — all essential elements of Central Pan-Germany — was accomplished in three ways: *militarily*, by the supremacy acquired by the German General Staff over the troops of the vassal states; *financially*, by means of the paper loans granted by Germany; and *diplomatically* by the treaties signed in Berlin on January 11, 1917, establishing the strongest sort of German protectorate over the Ottoman Empire. This done, the consolidation of Pan-Germany was quickly undertaken by Berlin in a great number of ways.

Control of Customs. — As the establishment of the great Pan-German Zollverein (Customs Union) was not to be accomplished at one stroke, the Kaiser's government set about preparing the necessary steps. Numerous conferences held at Berlin and attended by German, Austrian, and Hungarian statesmen and business men, resulted in the following essential provisions. (1) An economic customs agreement of long duration, which would make a single economic unit of Germany and Austria-Hungary; (2) To bring this about gradually, a progressive increase of duty — free articles,

and a unification of the customs charges on certain goods; (3) a close economic union between Austro-Germany and Bulgaria and Turkey, to be arranged and established with the greatest possible expedition.

Ethnographic Control. — Certain nations afford considerable resistance to the Hamburg-Persian Gulf scheme. The Serbians, who are morally irreducible, are an obstacle to the permanent establishment of the Pan-German nexus between Hungary and Bulgaria; and without this the entire Pan-German programme falls flat. The systematic destruction of the Serbian people has been entrusted to the Bulgars, who, under pretext of quelling insurrections, slaughter not only the Serbian men, but also women and children, down to babies at the breast. In the Ottoman Empire the Armenians happen to occupy those regions which were characterized in the Reichstag by Herr Delbrück as 'Germanic India.' Berlin therefore puts to good use the Turks' inherited taste for massacres of Christians. Already more than one million Armenians have been got out of the way.

Agricultural Control. — The food crisis in Germany has led Berlin to proceed with the greatest haste toward utilizing the rich farming districts which the fortunes of war have put within her grasp. Hundreds of experts, with thousands of agricultural implements, have been sent to Roumania, Serbia, and Asia Minor. In this latter country, two cultural centres in particular have received attention. In the province of Adana cotton-growing is being developed; on the plains of Anatolia the intensive cultivation of grain is in progress. These energetic efforts have had a two-fold result: the Turks will not revolt against Germanic domination — because of starvation, if for no other reason; and, by reason of the

increasing yield of Serbian, Roumanian, and Turkish lands, more of which are continually being brought into service, the food-supply of the Central Empires becomes more and more completely assured.

Banking Control. — The exploitation of Eastern Pan-Germany calls for vast capital. The German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish banks have formed powerful combinations. As leaders of this movement in Germany we find the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdner Bank, the Kölnische Bankverein; in Austria-Hungary the Vienna Kredit-Anstalt and the Hungarian Bank of Credit in Budapest.

Economic Control. — As the rapid exploitation of the latent resources of the Balkans and Turkey is the principal economic object of the Germans, they have just established, in coöperation with King Ferdinand, the 'Institute for Furthering Economic Relations between Germany and Bulgaria.' In order to facilitate the Germanic penetration of Turkey, ten thousand Turkish boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen years are to come to Germany for their technical education. These young Turks, living in German families, learning German, and saturating themselves with German ideas, will soon be able collaborators with the Teutons themselves in germanizing Turkey and exploiting the numerous concessions which, if the war turns out successfully for them, will be wrung from the Ottoman government by the subjects of the Kaiser.

Railway Control. — The railway systems of European Pan-Germany have been brought to the highest degree of perfection. In Turkey, German officers are absolutely in control of the railroads. Out of the 2435 kilometres which separate Constantinople from Bagdad, only 583 kilometres of line remain to be constructed — and this dis-

tance is traversed by automobile roads. As for the Turkish railroads belonging to French and English companies, the German government has suggested that the Turks 'purchase' them. One should cherish no illusions as to the real meaning of this word 'purchase.' It means, according to Turco-German methods, that the expenses involved in this purchase should be set down against the war damages which the Central Powers consider to be due them from the Allies.

Canal Control. — The canal project, outlined as far back as April 26, 1895, by the Pan-Germanist Dr. G. Zoepfl, was taken up and begun by the Economic Congress of Central Europe, which met at Berlin on March 19, 1917. This project is made up of the following elements: (1) Union of the Rhine with the Danube by the opening up to navigation of the Main and of the canal from the Main to the Danube; (2) Completion of the central canal joining the Vistula and the Rhine; (3) The Oder-Danube canal, joining the Baltic to the Black Sea; (4) Opening to navigation of the Rhine as far as Bâle; (5) Union of the Elbe with the Danube by means of the river Moldau; (6) Union of the Weser with the Main by means of the Fulda-Werra; (7) Connection of the Danube and the Vistula by means of canals; (8) Union of the Danube with the Dniester by means of the Vistula; (9) Opening to navigation of the Save; (10) Opening to navigation of the Morava and the Vardar as far as Saloniki. The Danube is the base of this gigantic programme of construction. — 'The Danube means everything to us,' declared General von Groener, in December, 1916.

This rapid sketch of the preparations now going on in the economic sphere of Pan-Germany will permit any clear-thinking man to understand the crush-

ing power which will lie in this formidable system when all its latent resources have been developed by the Germans to the profit of their hegemony. The organization of Pan-Germany is only in its first stages; nevertheless, the concentrated military, economic, and strategic strength which it has already put at the disposal of Berlin is so great that it permits Germany to baffle her far more numerous, but widely scattered, adversaries. What, then, would be the strength of a completely organized Pan-Germany? It is undeniable, in fact, that a methodical, big-scale development of all the mineral, vegetable, animal, and industrial products of economic Pan-Germany, together with the low-cost transportation afforded by a complete system of canals, would make it possible for the Germans to pay high wages to their own workmen, and yet at the same time bring about such a reduction of net prices in every line of industry as to force Pan-German products on the whole world by sheer cheapness.

It is easy to see, then, that in the face of economic Pan-Germany's overwhelming methods any economic revival on the part of the European nations now allied would be impossible. The economic ruin of the Allies, after so exhausting and costly a war as this, would by the nature of things bring about their political subjection to Berlin. Besides, there is not a country in the world which could escape the clutches of economic Pan-Germany on the one hand, or the consequences of the irremediable ruin of the Allies on the other. The fact that Pan-Germany is organizing itself is an ominous event which should receive the concentrated attention of all the world's free peoples; for it places in German hands the elements of such an overwhelming economic power as has no precedent in the world's history.

The fifth element of German advantage: the value of military Pan-Germany

Berlin relies, above all else, on her military resources to render secure for all time that economic Pan-Germany which is destined to provide her, in peace time, with a permanent means of acquiring wealth and world-dominion. Military Pan-Germany is therefore the complement and the pledge of economic Pan-Germany. The Kaiser's successful seizure, through the fortunes of war, of new sources of man-power — Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Ottoman soldiery; of new strategic points or regions of exceptional importance, located in invaded countries *or in those of his own allies*, has furnished him with the basis of military Pan-Germany. In 1914, Prussian militarism held sway over only the 68 million inhabitants of the German Empire. At the beginning of 1917, it had been extended by consent or by force to the 176 million people of Pan-Germany.

This result — evidently the consequence of an immense extension of exclusive influence throughout Central and Eastern Europe — has permitted the German General Staff to take over at will certain strategic points or regions of the greatest importance, over which it exerted no direct influence before the war. Zeebrugge, on the North Sea, for instance; Trieste, Pola, and Cattaro on the Adriatic; the Bulgarian coasts of the Aegean; the Ottoman Straits; the Turkish, Bulgarian, and Roumanian shores of the Black Sea, have always been strategic points or regions of exceptional value.

This value, however, has become vastly greater now that these points or regions form part of a single military system under the directing and organizing power of the Berlin General Staff. At present, these essential strategic

points and regions are the strongholds of the Pan-German frontiers. They are, in fact, connected by continuous fortifications, defended in the most effective way the world has ever known by an intensive system of barbed-wire entanglements, deep-dug subterranean shelters, machine-guns, and heavy artillery. The internal military organization of Pan-Germany is being carried forward with uninterrupted speed. Factories of war-material have been judiciously distributed throughout the whole territory, with the double object of utilizing raw materials near their source of origin, thus avoiding useless transportation, and of making possible the swift dispatch of munitions to any threatened sector of front. For this reason the Krupp firm, at the outbreak of war, established important branch factories, not only in Bavaria, but also in Bulgaria and Turkey.

The railway system and strategic automobile roads in Pan-Germany have been developed very swiftly, notably in the Balkans and in Turkey, where the need was relatively great. Back of every military front railroads running parallel with this front have been constructed, so that reinforcements may be sent to any given point with the maximum of speed. All this, taken as a whole, converts Pan-Germany into one gigantic, extremely powerful fortress.

A new phase is now in preparation. The Kaiser's General Staff, not content with holding the high command of all forces in Pan-Germany, are determined to standardize as far as possible their arms, their munitions, and their methods of instruction. The Deputy Friedrich Naumann — one of the sponsors of the *Mitteuropa* idea — is plainly smoothing the way toward this end, which, because of geographic reasons, most intimately concerns Austria-Hungary. In the *Vossische Zeitung* he has just outlined a scheme of 'full and

complete harmony of the Central Empires in so far as military matters are concerned.' He boldly adds an avowal which is well worth remembering. '*Mitteuropa* is in existence to-day. Nothing is lacking save its organs of movement and action. These organs can be provided by its two emperors, since they have at their disposal the necessary elements for the creation of a common army.' This prophecy merits our close attention; for it is readily seen that, if the unification of the Armies of the two Central Empires were to take place, neither Bulgaria nor Turkey, on whose military resources the German General Staff is getting an increasingly firm grip, could prevent the absorption of their armed forces into the Pan-German system.

As for the military strength of Pan-Germany, it is an easy matter to estimate it. Even if the Kaiser's armies were to withdraw from Russia, Poland, Belgium, and France, Pan-Germany would still include 150,000,000 people. Now, as Germany has mobilized about 20 per cent of her own population and that of her allies, — who have become vassals, — we see that Central Pan-Germany can count upon approximately 30,000,000 soldiers. Prussian militarism, whose destruction by the Allies has become the true, legitimate, essential aim of the war, has therefore become far more widespread, through the carrying out of the 'Hamburg-Persian Gulf' scheme than it was in 1914. It is proved by well-established facts that Berlin, while vigorously pushing a peace campaign destined to disunite the Allies, is doing everything in her power to turn Pan-Germany into a fortress the strength of which is unexampled in the world's history. In any case it is undeniable that, as military Pan-Germany is a pledge of the success of economic Pan-Germany, its establishment constitutes an important element

of advantage for the German cause. This will be further proved when we come to examine the two final elements of advantage.

The sixth element of German advantage: the importance of the vast economic profits which accrue to Berlin at the expense of Russia through the establishment of Pan-Germany.

We need only glance at the map to realize that a really free Russian republic could never range itself on the side of Pan-Germany. It is self-evident that, if Pan-Germany were to succeed in splitting Europe in two, her economic and military pressure toward the East would be irresistible. The countless agents whom Berlin already maintains in the immense territory of Russia would find their work becoming easier and easier. Following up the hypothesis, then, Russia, succumbing to insoluble financial problems and unending internal difficulties, would break up from the Baltic to the Pacific, into a series of anarchistic republics — all of which is according to the plans of Lenine, who is a creature of Berlin. After that there would be nothing to prevent German influence from becoming the controlling force in the economic exploitation of the immense natural riches of European and Asiatic Russia.

We are well within the bounds of reason in predicting such a possibility. The fact that German agents have already succeeded in stirring up most serious trouble throughout the length and breadth of Russia — that they have provoked separatist movements in Finland, Ukraina, and the Caucasus, and that all China is seething with disturbances which react on Asiatic Russia — proves to the satisfaction of the most skeptical that the break-up of Russia into little States inevitably subject to the political and economic influence

of Berlin would be an inevitable consequence of a successful Pan-Germany.

It is plain, therefore, that the huge profits which the Germans would stand to gain by such a state of affairs — a direct result of military Pan-Germany — form an element of advantage worthy of being considered by itself.

The seventh element of German advantage: the transfer to Germany of at least twenty-one billion francs of French credit.

The creation of military and economic Pan-Germany makes possible a method of securing war-booty planned in advance by the Pan-Germanists, which may be stated as follows: *The transfer to Germany of funds owed to one of her enemies by another enemy, or by one of her own allies.*

In order to understand this method of extortion one need only read a passage from Tannenberg's book *Greater Germany*, published in French translation in 1916 by the firm of Payot. This work possesses exceptional interest for two reasons: first, it appeared in Germany in 1911; its publication therefore was evidently inspired, as in many other cases, by the ruling class at Berlin, in order to prepare the German people for war by promises of colossal booty; second, the facts of the case show that the German General Staff, ever since the outbreak of hostilities, has been modeling the political conduct of the war on the exact lines laid down by Tannenberg, who may be said to have officially declared the Pan-German scheme of 1911.

Now, independent of the 35 billion marks — nearly 44 billion francs — which were to be imposed on France in the coming war by way of regular war indemnity, Tannenberg, in Article 5 of the hypothetical treaty, outlined the following additional extortion: —

'France cedes to Germany her claim to the 12 billion marks (15 billion francs) lent by her to Russia.' This means nothing more or less than a cession of credit.

On page 308 of Payot's edition, Tannenberg indicates as follows the use to be made by Germany of these Russian debts to France: —

'We shall not be able to give thanks to Holy Russia for this splendid sum, for she has made such vile use of these billions that to-day almost nothing remains. There is no question of reimbursement. Russia is not a mortgaged property subject to payment of interest, which can be sold when this interest is not promptly forthcoming on the day it is due. However, we shall be able to collect our money in another way, simply by taking in exchange for these credits the territories of the Poles in Posnania, East Prussia and Upper Silesia; of the Lithuanians on the banks of the Niemen; of the Letts on the Duna; of the Estonians on the Embach and the regions bordering on the rivers of the northern coastal country; of the Czechs in Bohemia, Austrian Silesia, and Moravia; of the Slavs in Southern Ukraina, Carinthia, Styria, Croatia, Dalmatia, Goerz, and Gradiska, in so far as they come within the southern and eastern limits of Greater Germany.

'This procedure enables us to kill three birds with one stone. Russia rids herself of the burden of debts and interest-paying which is crushing her; the Slavs of the West and South become citizens of a Slavic country; and we Germans obtain, free of debt and incumbrance, the much-needed territories for colonization.'

These words were written in 1911. On May 24, 1917, the *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin thus exposed Germany's future attitude toward Russia:

'If we reach an agreement with the

new Russian government, or with the government which succeeds it, so much the better; but in making our terms we shall deliberately turn to account the internal situation of the ancient empire now in revolution. It is more essential to-day than ever before that we should push our claims against Russia for indemnity and for the annexation of that territory which we so sorely need for colonization.'

The similarity between this programme of annexation and indemnity, written so recently, and Tannenberg's outline, published six years ago, is indeed striking.

Let us now see how, in the present state of affairs, Tannenberg's plan for a transfer of credit could be worked out. Suppose we make a hypothesis.

In the first place it is evident that if Russia shall continue to submit to anarchy fostered by German agents, her financial situation, already perilous, will no longer permit her to pay the interest on her bonds held abroad. Again, if Pan-Germany, now momentarily established, continues to exist, Berlin will be able to take over Russian obligations to France without the necessity of a formal treaty. In fact, the tremendous pressure against Russia, exerted by the mere geographical contact of Pan-Germany as she lies athwart Europe would practically render unnecessary the formal cession of French credit. Berlin, taking fullest advantage of the situation, would then say to Petrograd, 'We consider that France owes us a considerable sum by way of war-indemnity. We are unable to collect this, but you Russians also owe an indemnity. We therefore assume the position of France as your creditor, and, as the strength of Pan-Germany has put you practically at our mercy, we demand the payment of your debts in such and such a form.'

What resistance could disorganized

Russia make to this claim, presented with true German cynicism?

Russian extremists need not hope, as certain of them do, to avoid paying the debts contracted by the old régime. If they do not care to fulfill their obligations to France, which is working hard to sustain the Russian Revolution, they will have to pay those same debts to Berlin, where full use would be made of them to exploit the Russian people.

Moreover, the 'purchase' of French- and English-owned railroads in Turkey, suggested several months ago by Berlin, of which we have already spoken, proves convincingly that the Germans intend also to follow out the system of transferring credits in cases where money is owed by Germany's allies to Germany's enemies. For a long time great numbers of Frenchmen purchased the state obligations of Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Turkey. It is impossible to give the exact amount of French money thus invested in Pan-Germanized Central and Eastern Europe, for the securities of the above-mentioned countries were generally floated in several foreign financial centres at once; but persons who have the most thorough knowledge of French investments make a minimum estimate of six billion francs. As for the French money invested in Roumania and Serbia it will vanish into thin air as soon as

the Austro-German conquests are consolidated. As for investments in Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, the assumption by Germany of French credits — supposing peace to be concluded on the basis of the present war-map — would be easily accomplished if she reasoned as follows with her allies:

'France now owes you war indemnities which you cannot collect. By putting them down against the obligations owed by you to France, you cancel this debt. However, we Germans have lent you during the war great sums, and furnished you with supplies without which you could never have continued the struggle. Since you cannot meet these obligations we shall secure ourselves, in part at least, by assuming France's position as your creditor.'

On the whole, if the present state of things were to continue, Berlin, by the process of transferring credit, would be able to cause France the very considerable loss of about fifteen billion francs owed her by Russia, and six billions owed by Germany's vassal states — a total of at least twenty-one billions. Now that the Pan-German scheme has for the moment been accomplished, we can truthfully say that twenty-one billions of French money, at the lowest estimate, represented by Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, Serbian, Bulgarian, and Turkish securities, have been virtually Pan-Germanized.

THE NECESSITY FOR A DECISION

In the preceding articles I have pointed out that the advantages which Germany has already gained through the war, or has assured for herself in the future, if the present situation remains essentially unchanged, consist of seven chief elements. Before we arrive at final conclusions concerning these elements, let us establish the following facts: —

1. From August, 1914, to the end of July, 1917, — in the space of three years, — Germany, with her 68 million inhabitants, has devoted to the war about 115 billion francs, or 1691 francs per capita.

Within the same time France, although her population is only 40 millions, has had to spend, in a war which was forced on her, 100 billions of

francs, or 2500 francs per capita. During these three years every Frenchman has had to contribute 809 francs a year more to the war than each German. Putting aside all questions of advantages from the war, therefore, it may truthfully be said that the war has cost Germany much less than it has France. A comparison of the war-expenses of the two groups of belligerents would only prove this fact more convincingly.

2. Unquestionably Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, as *separate States*, have been ruined by their war-expenses, but this ruin is all to the advantage of Germany, as it throws her vassals into a condition of absolute financial dependence. As a result, if Pan-Germany is to continue to exist, the Berlin government must be the unchallenged controller of all the financial combinations on which the peace and well-being of Pan-Germany depend. Now these combinations evidently can serve only to strengthen the German hegemony.

No parallel situation is to be found among the Entente powers. The ruin of Russia, for example, would simply make the ruin of France more inevitable, unless a decisive victory of the Allies were to rob Germany of her iniquitous spoils and at the same time guarantee to France the legitimate reparation which alone can save her from irretrievable financial disaster.

3. If Germany can still continue to float new internal loans with comparative ease, it is because her wholesale territorial and Pan-German seizures are considered by her people as new pledges of the credit of the German state as the heart of Pan-Germany.

4. France, which has spent in three years of war 2500 francs per capita of her population, has suffered only loss: 20,000 square kilometres of her territory have been invaded, and given over to undreamed-of spoliation at

German hands. Germany, on the other hand, which has spent only 1691 francs per capita for the war, has occupied 500,000 square kilometres of foreign soil, burglarized her own allies, and piled up huge profits from the war.

The diversity of these profits is so great, and the mortgage that they have placed on the future is so heavy, that no figures will convey the sum-total of these advantages; but enough has been said to show that the aggregate is enormous. If one deducts the 115 billions of francs devoted by Germany to the war from the total represented by all the elements of advantage already enumerated, one begins to realize that Germany has really wrung from the war present and future profits which can be computed only *in hundreds of billions of francs*. This war, therefore, has brought Germany boundless material gain, such as no war in history has ever brought to one people. It is equally certain, on the other hand, that Germany can utilize her advantages only on the express condition of maintaining certain indispensable conditions of the situation on which they are based. We shall now see to what minimum these conditions may be reduced.

Our table¹ shows that out of the seven elements of advantage won by Germany from the war, the last six — that is, those in the second group — are altogether independent of the first, except for one small detail relating to the national fortunes of the territories occupied by Germany to the southeast — that is, in Albania, Montenegro, Roumania, and Serbia.

If, therefore, the formula, 'peace without annexations and indemnities,' were actually adopted, Germany, by withdrawing from Belgium and France to the west, Russian Poland to the east, and Montenegro, Albania, Rou-

¹ This table is printed in the Contributors' Column. — THE EDITORS.

mania, and Serbia to the southeast, would renounce her first element of advantage, represented by the value of the invaded territories — that is, about 155 billion francs. From this, however, must be deducted the tens of billions' worth of plunder carried out of the invaded territories during these three years, consisting either of products already used up by the Germans, or of material, metals, and securities which have already been removed to Germany. Her renunciation of this first element of advantage would therefore be rendered relatively incomplete were the formula adopted.

We should note also that there are excellent reasons why Germany's renunciation could never apply in reality to the territories invaded by her to the southeast — *Serbia, at all events.*

The six elements of German advantage forming the second group of our table are infinitely more important to Berlin than the first element — which is in any case partially assured by the 'no indemnity' formula, as we have seen. Although they are less directly apparent to the Allies, the six elements of the second group are nevertheless *real*, for they depend on incontrovertible military, economic, and geographic facts. Now these six elements, big with possibilities for the future, depend entirely on the covert but certain seizure which the war has enabled Germany to make of her own allies. But this seizure was possible only as a result of Serbia's destruction. Serbia, therefore, formed the geographic bulkhead which Germany had to batter down before her influence could predominate over Bulgaria and Turkey. The destruction of Serbia was the *sine qua non* of the establishment of Central Pan-Germany, which assures the Kaiser of the six principal elements of advantage from the war. Moreover, it is undeniable that the

essential prop of Central Pan-Germany has been furnished by the Berlin-Bagdad Railroad, of which the most important branch, that of Belgrade-Nish-Pirot, runs across Serbia. Now, that Germany is fighting for the Berlin-Bagdad line, Count Karoly, an ally of Berlin, admitted, speaking on December 12, 1916, in the Hungarian Chamber. (See *Le Journal de Genève*, December 30, 1916.)

To sum up, then, German victory and the fruition of her most important war-advantages depend directly on the maintenance of Central Pan-Germany, made up of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Now this maintenance is based on two prime conditions.

1. The continuance of Serbia's state of subjection to Austro-Germany.

2. The preservation of the new economic and military lines of communication between Berlin on the one side and Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, and Constantinople on the other. These are, indeed, the bonds which have enabled Berlin to reduce to practical slavery the Poles, Czechs, Yugo-Slavs, and Roumanians, — the adversaries of Pan-Germany, — and then, without changing any names or long-established frontiers, to make Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria vassal-states of Berlin, and, consequently, active elements of Central Pan-Germany.

Finally, if the present order of things in Central Europe is preserved, Germany can maintain the Hamburg-Bagdad line. This would be assured by the adoption of the formula, 'peace without indemnities and annexations.' This is easily proved.

As we have already seen, even if Germany were to withdraw in the East and West, the stipulation 'no indemnities' would permit her to give back the territories stolen from Russia, France, Belgium, and Roumania in a condition

of complete economic, physical, and moral collapse: in a word, sucked dry. By reason, too, of the principle of 'no indemnities,' the reconstruction of these devastated countries would be another cause of financial exhaustion for France, Russia, Belgium, and Roumania, already overburdened with the costs of the war. But, even assuming that the Germans withdraw from these occupied territories to the East and West, — although at present there is no reason for seriously considering such an eventuality, — no one in his senses could believe that they would give up Serbia unless forced to do so by the most ruthless methods; for Serbia, by reason of her geographic position, is absolutely essential to the existence of Central Pan-Germany, on which, in turn, Germany's vast advantages depend.

Of course, it is easy to imagine that Germany would give her signature to treaties of settlement, even involving Serbia. But treaties signed by Germany have no value whatever. 'We snap our fingers at treaties,' said the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to Mr. Gerard, American Ambassador at Berlin. Besides, even supposing that Berlin were party to a treaty concerning Serbia, this treaty might allow Serbia to exist in theory, but not in fact. We must look the situation in the face: Serbia is one great graveyard. Her population has been systematically butchered by the Bulgarians, with German approval. Serbia is completely ruined. The Bulgaro-Austro-Germans have taken everything.

Now the principle 'no indemnities' would keep Serbia in this terrible and irremediable state of misery. It is evident that under these conditions the Serbian state would be hopelessly crippled. If, therefore, Austria-Germany were to say to the Allies, 'Very well; in conformity with the formula "no annexations, no indemnities," we

are willing to recognize Serbia's dependence by treaty,' who would be deceived by this sinister and portentous joke? Who could believe in the sincerity of a proposition which, on the face of it, is rendered impossible of fulfillment by the 'no indemnities' clause. And what guaranty would the Allies hold that Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria would withdraw from Serbia at the same time, in view of the fact that such a withdrawal, if *bona fide*, would imply Berlin's renunciation of the whole Central Pan-German scheme and its vast attendant profits?

To suppose such a thing possible implies a complete ignorance of the Germanic spirit as it has manifested itself since the beginning of history. Besides, declarations made by the Germans themselves show that they will never recede from their position as regards Serbia. As early as December, 1916, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* prepared its readers in advance for the 'pacifist' tactics about to be employed — tactics which are now being tried out with the help of the Russian anarchists, the Kienthal Socialists, and the Pope.

'Certainly,' said the Frankfort paper, 'if we are to make a lasting profit from the military situation, both in its favorable and in its less advantageous aspects, it is essential that special questions should be severally considered in their relation to the whole. To-day our point of view should be as follows: in the East, the formulation of definite demands, and in the West, negotiations on a flexible basis. This is not a programme but a general line of action. "Negotiation" is by no means a synonym for "renunciation."'

This last sentence should be read and pondered over by all the Allies. Here we find an absolutely clear statement as regards the fate of Serbia, whose restoration, by means indicated later, is the one thing which can save the world

from the consequences of the Hamburg-Persian Gulf scheme.

On August 8, 1917, at a banquet given at London for M. Pachitch, the Serbian Premier, Mr. Lloyd George acknowledged in decisive terms Great Britain's obligations to Serbia — obligations which are practically those of the whole Entente.

'What I have already said in the name of the British Government regarding Belgium, I here repeat in the name of the same Government regarding Serbia. The first condition of peace must be its complete and unrestricted restoration. I have not come here to make a speech. I have simply come to say that, no matter how long the war should last, Britain has pledged her honor that Serbia shall emerge from the conflict independent and completely restored. Moreover, it is not only a matter of honor. The security of civilization is directly involved here. In the West, Belgium has blocked Germany's way, and Serbia in the East has been the check of the Central Powers. She must continue to mount guard over the gateway to the East.

To this the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung* made reply.

'Mr. Lloyd George has said that the integral restoration of Serbia was an essential condition of peace and that British honor was pledged to this restoration. The war-aims of England and those of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria are in absolute opposition on this point.'

The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, speaking for Germany as well, added, —

'Germany and Austria-Hungary have crushed Serbia. They alone will decide what disposition is to be made of King Peter's former realm.'

There can be no illusion here. The formula 'peace without annexations and indemnities' cannot apply to Serbia, which is the keystone of Pan-Germany.

We now see that, even if the withdrawal of Germany from the territories of Belgium, France, and Russia now held by her were to take place, Central Pan-Germany would remain essentially intact; and her commercial competition alone would suffice to bring about the economic ruin of France, England, and Russia. The last-named countries would be staggering under their colossal war-debts, with no offsetting compensation, whereas Germany, thanks to six great elements of advantage, would find her war-losses more than counterbalanced by her profits. What chance would the Allied powers, exhausted by a deadly peace, have against the thirty million soldiers of Pan-Germany when Berlin, refreshed by a short respite, should choose to renew her hold over those western territories which she had temporarily relinquished?

Is it not plain what depths of deception lie beneath that formula, 'peace without annexations and indemnities,' which the Russian Socialists, ignorant of the vast advantages accruing to Germany from the war, have adopted at the suggestion of Berlin's Leninist agents? Let us look at the facts, not at the words. If the formula 'peace without annexations and indemnities' is acceptable to the Germans, it is simply because this formula, in the opinion of Berlin, will assure the maintenance of Central Pan-Germany, which, in turn, pledges to Germany the domination of Europe and the fulfillment of all other elements of the Pan-German scheme.

Now, if Central Pan-Germany were to survive, thus assuring to Germany all its vast attendant advantages, and leaving the Allies to face their incalculable war-losses, could such a peace properly be called a 'white peace'? Could a peace which gave Germany the domination of Europe be called a 'drawn game,' a 'peace without annex-

ations or indemnities'? What sort of 'limping peace' (*paix boiteuse*) would permit Prussian militarism to hold sway over the 150 million people of Pan-Germany instead of the 68 millions of 1914, and put 30 million soldiers at Berlin's disposal? What one of the exhausted states of Europe could lift a hand under such conditions? This would be no *paix boiteuse*; it would be the peace of slavery.

If the Allies are to understand the crucial situation which lies before them, they must realize that, as Lloyd George said, 'The security of civilization is directly involved in the independence of Serbia.' But the independence of Serbia can never be assured so long as Germany practically exercises a hegemony over the 50 million people of Austria-Hungary, for the Austro-German unit of 118 million inhabitants, all subject to Berlin, is geographically the mistress of the Balkans. *The pledge of Serbia's independence, therefore, does not lie in Serbia, but north of the Danube.* This pledge involves the liberation of the peoples under Hapsburg domination, — the Poles, Czechoslovaks, Yugo-Slavs, and Roumanians, — which alone can permit the creation of a barrier sufficiently strong to block the Hamburg-Persian Gulf line, and, at the same time, annul the vast advantages that the definite establishment of the formidable economic and military Pan-German scheme would assure to the Kaiser and his people.

Now it is much easier to devise the destruction of Pan-Germany than is generally supposed. This fact will become plain as soon as the Allies as a whole realize that the freedom of the nationalities subject to the Hapsburgs should not only be an object of the Entente victory, but also a means to that victory. This, however, is a point which needs greater elaboration than I can give in this paper, whose com-

plexity has already carried it to a great length.

In a word, the solution of the Central European problem means everything for the Allies. So long as it remains unsolved, victory will be out of reach. On the other hand, when this one point has been settled, all the other special war-aims of each of the Allies can be fulfilled with ease.

Assuming now that the problem of Central Europe has been solved, could it be said that the resulting peace would be 'without annexations and indemnities'? Plainly not: for this peace, if it is to break up forever the autocracies of the Central Empires, must for reasons of nationality change the existing frontiers, which have made Austro-German imperialism possible. It might also involve certain legitimate reparations. Could it be said that peace on the terms of the Allies would be a 'white peace,' a 'drawn game'? Again we must say no; for such a peace would bring incalculable benefits to the world: the end of Prussian militarism, together with the possibility of organizing the society of nations under other and better conditions. Neither could it be called a '*paix boiteuse*,' for the destruction of Prussian militarism would insure to the world a long term of rest after the present awful struggle.

The formulæ 'peace without indemnities or annexations,' 'white peace,' 'drawn game' and '*paix boiteuse*' have therefore no more connection with reality in the event of an Allied victory than in that of a German victory. The truth in a nut-shell is that, by virtue of the prime importance of the Central European problem, either the Allies will win victory through the destruction of Pan-Germany, or else the Germans, thanks to Central Pan-Germany and its economic and military advantages, will reduce all Europe to slavery. These are the two phases of the dilemma.

In any case, the fact that expressions without any practical application, and hence absurd, are constantly made use of in many Allied organs of public opinion in the discussion of peace, proves beyond doubt that certain Allied circles, poisoned by the influence of Lenin or Kienthal, have lost their sense of realities. With such insidious enemies as the Germans, this involves a real danger for that moral resistance of the Allies which is so invaluable. The Americans, through their practical common sense, can be of the greatest service in helping the European Allies to set it at naught.

President Wilson, by his message to Russia and his Flag Day address, has already done much for the common cause by clearly setting forth the concrete difficulties to be overcome by

the Allies if they are to live at liberty. Mr. Gompers has done the same by his firm stand regarding the Stockholm conference. By energetically opposing the pernicious Socialist theoreticians, he has supported those real Socialists in France, England, and Russia who understand the vital importance of killing Prussian militarism.

May all true Americans continue to speak as these two men have done! The common sense of their opinions, spread broadcast among the European Allies, will help us to neutralize the deadly action of those among us who have become intoxicated by theories. The cause of the Allies is an ideal, but the triumph of this ideal can never be insured by words; it can be compassed only by the accurate knowledge of military and economic realities.

POPE BENEDICT'S LETTER AND THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCHES

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WHEN Pope Benedict made his appeal to the leaders of the belligerent peoples in August, critics of the Vatican's policy said very openly that it was a pro-German tract; that the Vatican had been pro-German since the outbreak of the war, uttering no protest against the breaking of treaties, the outrageous violation of Belgium, the atrocities in Serbia and Armenia, the desecration of churches in France; and that Pope Benedict intervened now with an overture of peace, because peace now meant practical victory for Germany, a breathing spell to prepare for 'the next war.'

These critics added that, influenced by the Vatican, certain Roman Catholic organizations, certain overwhelmingly Roman Catholic regions, had been notoriously pro-German; that, throughout the British Empire, while the Jews, Hindus, Buddhists, and Mohammedans had been enthusiastically loyal to the Entente, and to the Entente's ideals of liberty and mercy and justice, in only two places had there been violent manifestations of hostility to the Entente, with a strong pro-German coloring — in Roman Catholic Ireland, and in Roman Catholic Canada. It

was noted, too, that the Irish in America, members of the Roman Catholic Church, had been hostile to France, and had attacked England with blind ferocity, quite unrebuked by their spiritual heads. It was said, finally, that the Vatican's pro-German partisanship had been purchased by the crudest of bribes: a formal promise, by Kaiser Wilhelm, to restore the temporal power of the Pope in case of German victory, whether this victory should come now or after 'the next war.' There were even persistent rumors that Kaiser Wilhelm had been converted to Roman Catholicism; just as, throughout the Moslem world, there were persistent rumors that both Kaiser Wilhelm and the Crown Prince had been converted to Islam; as, beyond controversy, there had been vigorous efforts to incite a *jihad*, a Moslem war against Christians in Mohammedan countries governed by France and England, and in unhappy Armenia.

Nevertheless, it may be maintained that Pope Benedict's appeal for peace is not pro-German; even that it is, in a definite and profound sense, anti-German; that it has a political significance of the first importance, as well as a definite bearing upon the temporal power of the Papacy, but that the solution outlined above is not the true solution.

Perhaps we can best approach the solution of the enigma by trying to occupy Pope Benedict's point of view; by trying, with sympathetic understanding, to see the whole field of conflict as Pope Benedict may see it; by trying to divine the motives which have really led him to act, the ideals which really inspire him. And we shall be wise, without doubt, to credit Benedict XV with the possession of the keenest possible political insight and instinct, with the farsighted political vision which he inherits, both as the scion of an ancient noble family of Italy, and as the succes-

sor of the Italian men of genius — the Orsini, the Conti, the Medici, the Borghese — who have occupied the Papal throne for more than three centuries.

That double heredity of necessity confers on Pope Benedict a quite definite ideal, a quite definite policy; and that policy is clearly expressed in the second sentence of his appeal for peace: 'perfect impartiality toward all belligerents as is suitable for him who is the common Father.' Pope Benedict here regards himself, not as a priest, not as Bishop of Rome or Patriarch of Italy alone; not even as Head of the Roman Catholic Church only; not alone as Supreme Head of Christendom; but as Supreme Spiritual Head of the whole world, of all mankind, 'and that without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion.' And it is precisely as Supreme Spiritual Head of mankind, that Pope Benedict made his appeal, not only to loyal Roman Catholic Austria and Roman Catholic Italy and Belgium, but also to Lutheran Germany, to Anglican and Protestant England, to France, secularist at least so far as its present government is concerned, to the 'schismatic' nations adhering to the Eastern Catholic Church, like Russia, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and even to the greatest independent Moslem power in the world, the Turkish Empire; for, for our present purpose, we may ignore the Prussian suzerainty at Constantinople.

By his appeal, Pope Benedict has, therefore, already attained this much: in the greatest of all wars, involving every quarter of the earth, Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and Australasia, in which four fifths of the human race are enrolled as combatants or belligerents, representing nearly every people, nation, and language under heaven, and involving the profoundest questions of human right and

international law, he has, addressing all belligerents, proclaimed himself the Supreme Spiritual Head of all mankind, 'the common Father . . . without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion.' He has approached all belligerent powers on that ground; and, while few replies have, as this is written, been made public, it is safe to say that no belligerent nation will reject Pope Benedict's appeal on that ground — on the ground that he has no authority to address them as Supreme Spiritual Arbiter. Needless to say that this will not mean, on the part of Moslem or 'schismatic' or 'heretic' countries, that they formally accept that spiritual authority; but it will mean that this world-embracing claim has been made, and has at no point been formally rejected. To have accomplished this, therefore, is already to have accomplished much.

Let us return for a moment to the question of the temporal power. This phrase, it would seem, may be used in two quite different senses. First, there is the immediate historical sense; the Pope's sway, as a temporal prince, over a section of mid-Italy, including the tract which used to be called 'the patrimony of Peter' — a region of some 16,000 square miles, which had at one time a population of over three millions. In this aspect, the 'temporal power' may be said to be a purely Italian question, except that the possession of a temporal sovereignty in Italy would give the Pope a different diplomatic standing, establishing his right to maintain, at the seats of government of foreign nations, his ambassadors and ministers, who would, without question, wield a spiritual as well as a political authority.

In its local, Italian aspect, the temporal power of the Papacy was, of course, one of the greatest obstacles in the path of United Italy; and it is of deep significance that, in resisting the

union of Italy, in resisting the formation of the young Italian nation, Austria and the Vatican were close allies. If space permitted, it would be interesting to see how close this alliance has been. Napoleon I, who, in 1796-97, struck a heavy blow at Austrian dominance in Italy, shortly thereafter limited the Pope's authority in certain important ways, by the terms of the Concordat, and exercised a definite political influence over Rome. The Congress of Vienna restored the Papal States, still in close sympathy with Austria. Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour found their path blocked equally by Rome and Austria. But Napoleon III, who, at Magenta and Solferino, helped to break Austria's power over Lombardy, nevertheless sent his armies to Rome, to uphold the Pope, and, while the Adriatic part of the Papal States was incorporated in the new Italy, the western part, Saint Peter's Patrimony, continued under the Pope's temporal rule. In 1866, the Prussian attack on Austria gave Italy the opportunity to win back Venetia; and when, in 1870, the Prussian invasion of France compelled Napoleon III to recall his troops from Rome, King Victor Emmanuel at last occupied the ancient capital of Italy.

The following arrangement was then made: by an Italian law dated May 13, 1871, the Pope and his successors were guaranteed perpetual possession of the Vatican and Lateran palaces and the villa of Castel Gandolfo, with a yearly income of 3,225,000 lire (or about \$600,000), which allowance — amounting with arrears to about 150,000,000 lire (\$30,000,000) — still remains unclaimed and unpaid. Since this allowance was in lieu of the revenues of the Papal States, the fact that it has not been accepted proves that the Popes still maintain their claim to temporal sovereignty over the Papal States, the realization

of which would mean the dismemberment of the Kingdom of Italy.

Yet it is not necessary to suppose that Pope Benedict XV expects, or even desires, the immediate realization of this plan; although we can hardly doubt that he would joyfully accept, not as a concession, but as a right, the restoration of his temporal authority over Saint Peter's Patrimony, with Rome as his capital; we may even add the Romagna on the Adriatic; and there may well survive the mediæval dream of a United Italy with the Pope as its temporal and spiritual sovereign.

But there is no immediate likelihood of this, even in its most restricted sense; nor should we suppose that a statesman so competent as Benedict XV contemplates it, at least as a present possibility. For it is certain that in no peace which is likely to be made now would the Central Empires have the power to enforce the dismemberment of Italy.

So that, so far as the purely local application of the idea of temporal power goes, it is, for the present at least, not 'practical politics.' But the phrase has another and a far wider significance; and we may well believe that, in inditing his appeal to the leaders of the belligerent peoples, Pope Benedict was looking back far beyond 1870 or 1860, to the golden age of the Papacy, the seven centuries between 800 and 1500, when the occupant of the Holy See exercised temporal power in a sense far different from that of lordship over a tiny Italian principality.

This is hardly the place to discuss the origin of the Papacy; to recall that, in part for political reasons, the See of Rome claimed to outrank the two older Sees of Jerusalem and Antioch; to consider how Constantine's withdrawal to the new Rome on the Bosphorus secured to the bishop of the old Rome the imperial tiara with the pagan title of Pontifex Maximus, 'supreme bridge-

builder'; to trace the relations between the popes and the new invading sovereigns of Italy. Nor can we here do more than call to mind the cardinal fact, which began a new era for the Papacy, that Charlemagne received his crown from the Pope, on Christmas Day, in the year 800.

We must content ourselves with referring, as briefly as possible, to the great central epoch of that period of seven centuries, the epoch of Hildebrand, as Gregory VII, and of Innocent III. Here are Pope Gregory's own words, as keynote of that epoch: 'The Pope may depose emperors. He may absolve subjects from their allegiance to wicked men. He himself may be judged by no one.'

Theory was turned into practice a few years later when Gregory VII replied to the attacks of the Emperor Henry III in these words: 'In the name of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I withdraw, through thy power and authority, from Henry, the king, who has risen against thy church with unheard-of insolence, the rule over the whole kingdom of the Germans and over Italy. And I absolve all Christians from the bonds of the oaths which they have taken and shall take to him; and I forbid any one to serve him as king.'

We need only remind ourselves further that that truly great Pope, Innocent III, set forth the papal claim to world-suzerainty in even stronger terms than those of Gregory; that he compelled King John of England to surrender to him his kingdom, and to receive it back as a fief of the Holy See, for which annual tribute must be paid.

These are but the mountain peaks in the great epoch of the Papacy. That golden age came to a close shortly after the year 1500; in 1517, Martin Luther posted his protest on the church door at Wittenberg; twenty years later, the

Act of Supremacy asserted the independence of the Church of England.

It is not without interest to remember that in 1493, a few years before the close of that golden age, a Papal award practically gave a monopoly of most of the world's seas to Spain and Portugal, a grant whose results are still written large on the face of the world. Thus the Pope's dividing line ran across what is now Brazil; everything to the east of this went to Portugal; everything to the west went to Spain. So it happens that Brazil still speaks Portuguese, while the rest of South America speaks Spanish. To the same award is due the presence of Portuguese colonies in both East and West Africa, on the Bombay coast, at Macao in China, at Timor in the East Indies — an empire still girdling the globe. Interest is added to this award of 1493 by the fact that, in his appeal to the belligerent nations, Pope Benedict XV makes a special plea for 'the freedom of the seas.'

But the essence of the whole matter is that, according to the theory of that whole epoch, as summed up by Pope Gregory VII, the Pope, as the immediate representative of God, was to be the final arbiter between kings.

'The final arbiter between kings' — that is the larger idea of the temporal power. And, while it seems to be clear that Pope Benedict XV has not at present in view the lesser temporal power, to derive from a small principedom in Italy, he has very clearly in view this larger, more magnificent temporal power, which includes a general suzerainty of the world. This would appear to be the real meaning of the sentences we have quoted, with the sentence which immediately follows: 'Perfect impartiality toward all belligerents, as is suitable for him who is the common Father of all and who loves all his children with equal affection; continually to attempt to do all the good possible and

without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion as is dictated to us by the universal law of charity which the Supreme Spiritual charge has confided to us with Christ.' (I quote without change from the somewhat inadequate published translation.)

It is not an imperative claim, like that of Gregory VII and Innocent III, but it is a very persuasive claim to exactly the same authority. This much, therefore, Pope Benedict XV has already gained by his appeal, quite regardless of its final result. By the fact that they reply, belligerent nations to that degree accept his claim.

We are justified, therefore, in saying that the policy which underlies this appeal is not pro-German; it is, in the largest sense, pro-Roman. It is a practical furtherance of a policy which is laid as a solemn obligation on Pope Benedict, by the very fact of his position, as successor of Gregory VII and Innocent III. It is the largest constructive policy which has emanated from the Holy See for many a day, and it reveals Benedict XV as a great papal statesman.

But we ventured to say more than that his appeal is not pro-German. We said that, in a certain definite sense, it is anti-German — and this, even though it does not favor the Entente Powers. We find the justification of this in the concrete suggestions for peace.

At the head of these, Pope Benedict XV sets a 'simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armament,' the substitution of arbitration for armies, the creation of a court of arbitration, like that which was proposed by Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, nearly twenty years ago. But Pope Benedict knows very well that this policy of disarmament, of diminution of armament, has been put forward again and again, especially by France and England; and that the impediment has always been the flat refusal of Germany to consider any dimin-

ution of armament whatever, whether on land or on the sea. We do not know whether Pope Benedict has the slightest expectation that Germany will now consent to disarm — or promise to disarm, which is not exactly the same thing. It is far more likely that he has no such expectation; that his proposal of disarmament (he himself uses the word) was not made with the hope that Germany would accept it and carry it out, but was really made from a different motive. But the practical effect of it, if Germany meets it, as she is certain to meet it, with evasions and attenuations, if not with flat refusal, will be to put Germany in the wrong; or we may say, in this instance, to put militant Prussia in the wrong.

Take another concrete proposal: 'Consequently on the part of Germany there should be the complete evacuation of Belgium with the guaranty of her full political, military, and economic independence toward it. The evacuation of French territory —'

Pope Benedict does not specifically mention Courland and Livonia, with the occupied parts of Volhynia and Podolia; but, as he speaks of the return of the German colonies, it is a fair inference that he contemplates the return to Russia of the regions mentioned.

Pope Benedict does make a special plea for Poland, which has always been the great frontier stronghold of the Western, the Roman Catholic Church: 'The territories making a part of the ancient kingdom of Poland, whose noble and historical sufferings, especially during the present war, ought to conciliate the sympathies of nations.'

But these proposals also, and particularly the evacuation of Belgium and occupied France, once more put Germany in the wrong. Germany must either refuse them, and so admit that her policy of conquest is the real barrier to peace; or accept them, and thus sur-

render the Pan-German dream, which lays claim to these very territories.

Again, the proposal to arbitrate 'territorial questions between Germany and France . . . taking into consideration the aspirations of the peoples,' — meaning, of course, Alsace-Lorraine, — may fairly be called an anti-German proposal, since Germany has repeatedly declared that the question of Alsace-Lorraine is not arbitrable: 'Non possumus.'

But let us take another group of questions, the questions which particularly concern, not Germany, or rather Prussia, but Austria.

Pope Benedict does not declare that Serbia, like Belgium, should be evacuated and completely restored. On the contrary, the whole Balkan question should, he says, be submitted to arbitration. In this way, some solution, involving a diminished Serbia, might be reached, which would be favorable to Austrian ambitions; some solution of the Macedonian question might be reached, which would be acceptable to the Roman Catholic ruler of Bulgaria, who is said to be seeking an alliance, for his son and heir, with the imperial House of Hapsburg.

Again, the disposition of Trieste and the Trentino is to be submitted to arbitration. It will be remembered that, to keep Italy out of the war, Austria was ready, in the spring of 1915, to make some concessions in both these regions; she might well accept the war map as it stands to-day — for Austria has read the story of the Sibylline books. Finally, Austria, far from rejecting disarmament, would welcome it gladly, provided only she were allowed to retain her present territories — with such additions as the Pope's conference might win for her in Serbia and in Poland.

We may here recall the recent cable report that a settlement concerning Poland had been reached between Germany and Austria, under which

Germany would take merely a strategic strip a few miles wide, while all the rest should go to Austria, to be united with Austrian Poland (Galicia) under the Austrian Emperor, as King of Poland. This would, of course, form a strong counter-weight to aggressive Hungary; it would further, by withdrawing the Polish delegation from the Reichsrath at Vienna, give the Germans there a distinct preponderance over the Slavs, and thus thwart the uncomfortable ambitions of the Czechs. In a word, it would be an ideal solution for Austria; ideal, that is, for the House of Hapsburg. Austria has, especially at this point in the world-war, no great desire to expand; she has a lively apprehension that she may be compelled to contract. If, therefore, her present territory, augmented by the magnificent prize of Russian Poland, even though diminished by strips of the Trentino and the region about Gorizia, were guaranteed to her, she would accept with alacrity and disarm with joy.

The concrete proposals, therefore, in the Pope's appeal, while putting Germany in the wrong in vital matters, offer an ideal issue for Austria, which needs peace even more than Germany.

Pope Benedict has constructed a proposal which Austria could accept in full, deeming herself singularly fortunate to get the opportunity of accepting it, but which Germany could not accept as it stands, without surrendering all her national ambitions. Further, Germany cannot very well say so; she can neither frankly accept nor frankly decline.

This justifies, perhaps, the view that Pope Benedict's peace proposal is not, as has been charged, pro-German; for even an immediate peace, with disarmament, would checkmate Germany. It is not pro-German. It is, first, pro-Roman, in the widest sense; but it is also distinctly and very strongly pro-Austrian. Pope Benedict has, in fact,

marked a line of cleavage, which may at any moment become a line of fracture, not so much between Austria and Germany as between South Germany, including Austria, and North Germany, dominated by Prussia. For, while cutting the claws of Prussia, — a not unfair way of describing the disarmament of the supremely militarist state, — the Pope's proposals work no detriment at all to Bavaria, Württemberg, Silesia, and other Roman Catholic sections of South Germany.

Therefore Pope Benedict has with consummate skill drawn up a peace proposal, which would give Austria more than she has any right to hope for, and would work no injury to Roman Catholic South Germany; but which would, on the other hand, hit Prussia exceedingly hard in the present, and, by disarmament, leave her helpless for the future. The line of possible fracture is very distinctly marked.

Is it necessary to revert to the age-long bond between the Empire and the Pope; to recall the days when popes made emperors, and when emperors, as in the instance of Henry III, made popes? Nor need we enter into intricacies concerning the 'Holy Roman Empire' or its legal lapse in 1806; the substantial fact is, that the bond between the Vatican and Vienna is as strong as ever; that nothing would so strengthen the political position of the Vatican as a revived and rejuvenated Austrian Empire. Nothing, therefore, would better enable the Pope to take the next step from the position of arbiter between kings by persuasion, which he has now assumed, to the position of an arbiter with authority; the kind of authority which Gregory VII and Innocent III contemplated — and exercised.

Any one who has lived long in Austria has had to recognize the fact that, while Prussia is — not very popular, let us say — in Paris or London, one

must go to Vienna for really scathing criticism of Prussian idiosyncracies. Sedan, with all it has meant of spoliation and sacrifice for France, has not been forgotten. Sadowa will never be forgotten. Perhaps, for a really drastic characterization of the House of Hohenzollern one could not do better than apply to the House of Hapsburg. It is probably quite unnecessary to put this more clearly; whoever knows Austria will fully understand. Austria would like various things; she would, let us say, like to get back Venetia and Lombardy, perhaps all Italy. She would like to regain Silesia; she would like the whole Balkan region, including Saloniki and Constantinople, and much besides. But the dear desire of her heart, what she longs for infinitely more than any of these things, is to crush and subjugate the insolent upstart empire to the north, which has robbed her of the hegemony of Central Europe.

The practical effect, then, of Pope Benedict's letter becomes clear: it aligns Roman Catholic South Germany on the side of Austria — against arrogant Prussia, as in the good old days before the god of Junkerthum smoked his first cigar under the nose of the Austrian delegate.

The treaty of alliance with Germany would not stand in Austria's way for a minute, if she could only see some practical way of success. And things look more hopeful for her, with Prussia weakened and hemmed in, shorn of half her man-power, not beloved by Bavaria and Catholic South Germany, and now put in the position of compelling Catholic South Germany to continue a ruinous war, to further, not South German, but Prussian ambitions.

One remembers Schwarzenberg's dictum, in 1849, when the South German States were organizing with Austria in an anti-Prussian league: 'First humiliate Prussia, then destroy her.' Noth-

ing that has happened since, nothing, especially, that has happened during the present war, has canceled that wish in Austria's heart. There have been many indications, since Pope Benedict made his appeal, that the line of fracture marked in it is developing — indications in the press of Vienna and Buda-Pesth, in Bavaria, in the whole South German region. The plan seems clear enough; it remains to be seen how far events will bring it to fruition.

The replies of Germany and Austria to the papal appeal have now been published. The outstanding fact about both, and it is said to be a cause of keen disappointment at the Vatican, is that they reveal no concrete peace terms whatever, not even a genuine consideration of the concrete terms suggested by Pope Benedict. It would appear that, even after the world-wide revelation of the enormous ineptitude of her diplomacy, Germany still hopes for a diplomatic victory — hopes to cheat the Entente Powers behind closed doors. The German document shows no grasp of realities. In tone, it is a "preachment," a homily on the virtues of Kaiser Wilhelm, by the head of the German Church.

The Austrian reply is more subtle. It contains two substantive statements: an eloquent recognition of papal supremacy, and a plea for the integrity of the Hapsburg empire — both in line with what one conceives to be Pope Benedict's purpose. And it is noteworthy that the really sharp criticisms of the German letter have come from the Roman Catholics of South Germany.

One thing more: In neither document is there the faintest shadow of real contrition or confession of wrong-doing; just as, in the Pope's appeal there was not the slightest recognition that genuine repentance and confession must of necessity precede forgiveness.

KERENSKY AND THE REVOLUTION

BY E. H. WILCOX

I

ALEXANDER FEODOROVITCH KERENSKY is the most striking human phenomenon of the war — one might even say, of our time. Last year he was a struggling political dissident, dogged at every step by the agents of the police, and never certain that he might not be seized the next moment and spirited off to that heart-breaking Siberian exile in which so many of his friends were already languishing. Now he is the virtual dictator of Russia — the real ruler of a nation of one hundred and seventy million souls, the accepted master of a larger number of human beings than have ever before willingly submitted to the sway of a single man. It is small wonder if the peoples of the world, a little dazzled by this human meteor who has rushed so suddenly into their ken, should be asking themselves, in some confusion of mind, what is the meaning of this strange unheralded apparition.

If, on the eve of the Revolution, you had scrutinized the ranks of the Imperial Duma, Alexander Kerensky would probably have been the last man whom you would have picked out as a successor to the autocrat of all the Russias. In many respects, he was the least distinguished figure in that assembly, and, so far as externals were concerned, one of the least ingratiating. As he hurried through the lobbies with short nervous steps, you might have taken him for an underpaid clerk or the reporter of a gutter newspaper. His

undeveloped, undersized form was clad in a shabby, dark-colored sack suit, and the only noticeable characteristics of his pinched features were the morbid and blotchy pallor of his complexion, and a certain furtiveness in the expression of the eyes, which was possibly due to the perpetual anxieties of his revolutionary life. Neither the face nor the manner of the man would have inspired confidence in a stranger, though the indications of suffering and ill-health might have prompted to pity.

The writer last saw Kerensky before the Revolution, but it is evident from his recent photographs that the change in his fortunes has been accompanied by a corresponding change in his personal appearance. No doubt the sense of power and of high achievement, and the general recognition of great public services is having its mellowing and mollifying effect on the wan, drawn face of Alexander Kerensky.

On the tribune Kerensky seemed even more out of place than in the lobbies. The level of eloquence in the Duma was not a high one. Oratorical skill was no qualification for the Cabinet, and was consequently seldom found there. On those rare occasions on which a minister of the Tsar condescended to oral communication with the elected of the Russian people, he repeated in monotonous tones a dry official statement learned by heart, or even read it out with his eyes glued to the typewritten text. Those of the deputies whose names are best known outside Russia were speakers rather than

orators, and what they said was more effective to the eye than to the ear. No doubt that was as it should have been, for more result was to be hoped for from the newspaper reader than from anything that was likely to happen in the Chamber itself.

One man with real oratorical gifts the Duma did boast of, but he was always on the wrong side. That was Nikolai Evgenievitch Markoff, member for Kursk, who assumed the leadership of the defenders of reaction, corruption, and incompetence when their former chief, Vladimir Mitrofanovich Puriskievitch left for the front as an organizer of the work of charity and underwent a Pauline change, which, in spite of his continued adhesion to monarchical principles, made him one of the chief contrivers of the death of Gregory Rasputin and a revolutionary force of tremendous potency. Markoff, who is a man of gigantic stature and picturesque exterior, — his large square head is crowned with bushy black curls, — has a complete command of all the classical tricks of oratory. The spacious gesture, the nicely modulated voice (his is mellow and resonant), the lightning repartee, the carefully calculated pause, were all employed by him with great adroitness and effectiveness. It was always an æsthetic pleasure to hear him and watch him speak in the Duma, and it was only when one read one's paper the following morning that one realized that he had said nothing. He had, indeed, nothing to say, for he was the champion of a cause which had been hopelessly lost through its own utter hollowness.

On the other hand, the speeches of the opponents of the old régime, though unimpressive in delivery, made convincing reading in the parliamentary reports. Kerensky stood out from the other members by virtue of the ve-

hemence and pitch of his utterance. Their monotony was that of a babbling brook, his that of a railway whistle. He was always at the white heat of passion, and poured out an unbroken torrent of fierce words at the very top of his voice. One was amazed that his vocal chords did not give way, and that his puny frame was not broken by the storm of uncontrolled gesture which kept every limb in ceaseless febrile motion. As a matter of fact, his speeches actually left him quite exhausted, and he stepped from the tribune with his whole body trembling and perspiration pouring down his pallid cheeks.

This type of overwrought oratory does not impress a parliament; and Kerensky was listened to in the Duma mainly because there was no knowing what he might not say next. The majority of his colleagues heard him with a half-contemptuous curiosity, and heaved a sigh of relief when he reached the end of his peroration without having provoked open scandal. Outside the ranks of the extreme democratic parties, his demagogic frenzy aroused both dislike and distrust. He was regarded as a man of insatiable ambition, to whom it was of less importance that the fabric of the Tsar's government should be tottering than that he had struck the blows which had loosened it from its foundations. In this respect the attitude of the house toward him was in strong contrast to the amiable indulgence which it showed toward the leader of Socialism pure and simple, Nikolai Tcheidse, whose dull preaching of a more intense doctrine was further subdued by a strong Caucasian accent, and the permanent success of whose methods in the chair of that exceedingly stormy assembly, the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, has been not the least surprising among the paradoxes of the Revolution.

There was, however, one portion of Kerensky's audience on which his eloquence worked like a succession of powerful electric shocks, and to which, no doubt, it was chiefly directed. That was the groups of workmen, always marked out by their blouses and high boots, in the public galleries of the Tauride Palace. It was precisely those passages of his speeches which the censor had deleted from the newspaper reports which were best known in the artisan quarter on 'the Viborg side' and in the ship-yards and iron-works at the mouth of the Neva. The Trudoviki, or Laborites, are a representation rather of the landless rural peasant than of the urban masses; but with a sure instinct the Petrograd proletariat quickly recognized in Kerensky their born champion; and in the months of doubt and despair which preceded the Revolution he was the man they swore by through thick and thin.

For nearly a couple of years before the storm burst it was clear to close observers that he had only to lift a finger to fill the streets of Petrograd with men and women ready for almost anything. It was in August, 1915, that the head of the metropolitan Obrana (secret political police) drew the attention of the Minister of the Interior to this danger. His report, which is one of many interesting confidential documents brought to light by the Revolution, may be quoted textually:—

The strikes with a political background which are at present occurring among the workmen, and also the ferment among them, are the result of the revolutionary activity of members of the Social Democratic and Labor fractions of the Duma, and especially of the leader of the latter, the lawyer Kerensky. The revolutionary propaganda of Kerensky has expressed itself in the watch-word 'Struggle for power and for a constituent assembly,' and has led to a systematic discrediting of the government

party in the eyes of the masses. For the success of these demands Kerensky has recommended the workmen to establish impromptu factory groups for the formation of councils of workmen's and soldiers' delegates on the model of 1905, with the object of impelling the movement in a definite direction at the given moment, with the cry for a Constituent Assembly which should take into its hands the defense of the country. For the greater success of his agitation Kerensky is circulating among the workmen rumors that he is receiving from the provinces numbers of letters with the demand that he overthrow the Romanoff dynasty and take its power into his own hands.

The aforesaid criminal activity of Kerensky has had the result that the present strike movement, in spite of the protests of the Social Democrats of the Lenine type, has had success only because the Social-Democrat liquidators and popular Social revolutionaries replied definitely that 'for more than a week their Duma deputies had been knocking at the door of the proletariat in search of sympathy and support; and that it would be criminal on the part of representatives of the proletariat not to support the deputies.' As I propose, with the object of checking further revolutionary propaganda, to carry out the arrest of the most active of the revolutionary agitators, I beg for instructions how I should act with respect to the chief ringleader of the present revolutionary movement, the member of the Imperial Duma Kerensky.

This document is one of the few pieces of tangible evidence we have on one of the most important and, as yet, most obscure questions of the Revolution, namely, how the movement was organized and set in motion among the working classes of Russia and in the rank and file of the army. We have known from the outset that it was the Imperial Duma, with those great organizations, so closely affiliated to it, the All-Russian Union of Zemstvos and the All-Russian Union of Municipalities, which prepared the ground

among the commercial and professional classes and among the officers of the army and navy, and it is not difficult to imagine how they did their work. But under the conditions then existing in Russia, anything like a universal organization for an illegal purpose of the masses of the civilian population and the army seemed out of the question.

The report of the head of the Petrograd Obrana gives us a hint how this apparent impossibility was brought about. Some day we may learn why it was that Kerensky was left at liberty till his revolutionary work was accomplished. A mere fraction of his transgression had sent thousands to Siberia; but it appears to have been only on the strength of his last Duma speech, on the very eve of the Revolution, that the Ministry of the Interior decided that his time was ripe, and issued an order for his prosecution.

II

One curious point about Kerensky is this, that, according to Russian conceptions he is an aristocrat, a 'nobleman.' Taine said of the great personalities which eventually emerged from the French Revolution, 'these men had no ancestors, but they were themselves ancestors.' The same could not be said of the men who up to now have been in the forefront of the Russian Revolution. Kerensky and Tcheidse are both members of the 'Dvorianstvo,' or nobility, and the same is true of most of those who so far have been the real architects, and not merely the site-clearers, of the Revolution. Prince Lvoff, the head of the first Provisional Government, belongs to this caste as a matter of course; and so do his namesake, who was Procurator of the Holy Synod, and Rodzianko, and Milyukoff. On the passports of those two great popular tribunes Kerensky and

Tcheidse you would have found the word 'Dvorianin,' which the nearest available Russian-English dictionary translates by the single word, 'nobleman.'

In those Caucasian restaurants of Petrograd and Moscow to which you must go if you want to taste *pilaf* or *shashlyk* in their authentic form, your meal will probably be cooked by one prince and served by a second, while a third will relieve you of your hat and coat as you enter, and consider himself suitably rewarded for their restoration, when you leave, by a gift of twopence 'for tea.' The reason for this is that when the Tsardom annexed Georgia, it granted to all the feudal chiefs, great and small, the right to bear the only genuine Russian title, and the highest one in the country, namely 'Kniaz,' which is invariably translated 'prince,' and apparently can be only so translated. Where 'princes' are waiters, and messengers, and boot-blacks, it is not surprising that a great part of the mere 'nobility' should be sunk in poverty and even destitution, and that Kerensky, though a 'nobleman,' should have been compelled to sub-let one of the four rooms of his flat, and should have had considerable difficulty in finding a tenant because he could not afford to keep the place properly heated. All the same, it is an interesting fact that this great democratic movement of the greatest aggregate of Christian people existing on the earth should have been headed by a man whose family traditions connect him with privilege and prerogative.

If, on the eve of the Revolution, an outside observer had been asked to sketch a portrait of Kerensky as a man and a publicist, he would probably have done so in something like these terms: 'An ambitious and shrewd young lawyer, of impoverished aristocratic stock, who has had the foresight

to realize that in the democratic development of Russia, which it is no longer possible to arrest, the popular side offers the best scope for his somewhat morbid talents and energies; a voluble and tempestuous orator of pronouncedly demagogic type, who has been intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity and, in the process of convincing others, is gradually raising his own convictions to the point of fanaticism.' Such a judgment would have been no serious disparagement of his honesty and sincerity.

Probably such a portrait would not have been far from the truth; but the Kerensky we know now is something quite different. It is not merely that his physical and mental powers, warmed by that great fire of revolutionary enthusiasm which he did so much to kindle, have been purified and enhanced. They have been radically transformed and enriched and ennobled by the addition of something which before was not of them. The old Kerensky could not have become the hope and the rallying-point of all that is honest and patriotic in a nation of one hundred and seventy million people. A rebirth, a renaissance, a 'conversion,' — to use the word that perhaps most aptly suggests the alteration in this man's soul — was necessary for that. The truth would seem to be that, under the influence of the great emotional storm which the Revolution let loose, what was to Kerensky formerly a political conviction, has now become a pious faith, a religious fanaticism. He has been called the great statesman of the Revolution. That may be true ultimately, but so far, as I shall point out later, it is not. Statesmanship is more a matter of experience than of inspiration. But what Kerensky can be called is the Prophet of the Revolution, the High Priest of liberty. A vast and overpowering belief in the thing he

professes has seized his soul, burned all the dross out of it, and wakened to throbbing life qualities which were lying dormant and had not yet responded to any summons.

It is no longer possible to doubt Kerensky's sincerity or honesty. Calculating ambition can do much, but only faith can supply the supernatural force which has borne him up since he took over the Ministry of War. Before the Revolution a single speech seemed to leave him on the verge of collapse. Since then he has gone on for weeks on end, delivering a dozen or a score of such speeches in a single day, and finding time in the intervals between them to pour out proclamations, appeals, and decisions on the most critical matters of the most vital of all the departments of state.

I have read every word that the chief Russian papers have printed of Kerensky's doings since he became a member of the Cabinet, and only once has it been recorded that he had to disappoint his audience because his throat had broken down under the strain. During General Korniloff's so promising thrust at Stanislaw, he seemed to be ubiquitous all up and down the front, exhorting here, cajoling there, threatening somewhere else, darting ceaselessly backwards and forwards between observation-posts, trenches, and reserve formations, everywhere working under the extremest tension of mind and body. Here, as in his great oratorical tour at the beginning of his tenure of the War Ministry, his working day often extended into the small hours of the following morning, and one can only wonder when he could have found time for sleep.

The very character of his oratory appears to have participated in the rebirth of the man. That his utterances should have brought down showers of popular offerings; that the platforms

on which he had just spoken should have been littered with gold chains, brooches, necklaces, and military medals, sacrificed spontaneously for the common good, does not in itself say very much. It was a time of extreme emotions, in which high-pitched oratory of the Kerensky type was necessary to give expression to the popular mood. But in some mysterious way he has evidently caught the power of sweeping off their feet even those who have been hardened to the appeal of the platform by long experience of public life.

Nemirovitch Danchenko is one of the oldest and ablest of Russian journalists, whose critical faculties have been sharpened by many years' service on the battlefields of war and politics; but he writes of the wizardry of Kerensky's oratory in terms of positive ecstasy.

Listening to him [he says] you feel that all your nerves are drawn toward him and bound together with his nerves in one nexus. It seems that you yourself are speaking; that on the platform it is not Kerensky but you who are standing before the crowd, dominating its thoughts and feelings; that it and you have only one heart, wide as the world and as beautiful. Kerensky has spoken and gone. You ask yourself how long he has spoken — an hour or three minutes? On your honor, you cannot say, for time and space had vanished. They had ceased to be; only now have they returned.

Again, he says: —

All impediments between himself and his audience are intolerable to him. He wants to be all before you, from head to foot, so that the only thing between you and him is the air completely impregnated by his and your mutual radiations of invisible but mighty currents. For that reason he will hear nothing of rostra, pulpits, tables. He leaves the rostrum, jumps on the table; and when he stretches out his hands to you, — nervous, supple, fiery, all quivering with the enthusiasm of prayer which seizes him, —

you feel that he touches you, grasps you with those hands, and irresistibly draws you to himself.

To Danchenko, Kerensky is 'a volcano hurling forth sheaves of all-consuming fire,' actuated by 'an impulse of such headlong centrifugal feeling as could be compared only with lightning if lightning had the thought and consciousness where it must strike and what destroy.' For this hardened observer, although his past associations have been in circles with little sympathy for Socialistic views, there can be no doubt as to the abandoned fervor of Kerensky's conviction. Kerensky 'loves nobility, and, seeking it, finds it in every soul, which becomes purer responding to his appeal.' The driving power behind him is 'the indestructible and insatiable faith in the eternal and omnipotent truth of freedom,' and 'you follow him because you never for a moment doubt that if he calls you to a feat of daring, he will himself be in front, taking on his sunken chest, his weak and narrow shoulders, all the blows of the yet unvanquished monster of the evil past.'

Of the overwhelming power of Kerensky's personality in direct contact with the masses of his fellow countrymen, we have an example so astonishing, so incredible, that one hesitates to put it forward without the strongest possible authentication. Let the incident, therefore, be told in the words of the correspondent of the *Rietch*, Arzoubieff, who reports what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. It was in the first days of Kerensky's rule at the War Ministry and he was visiting one of the 'sick' (disaffected) regiments on the Dvina front. Arzoubieff says, —

The soldiers gave a friendly enough answer to Kerensky's greeting. He shook hands with the officers and the members of the Regimental Committee, and ordered

individual soldiers to come nearer. They formed round him in a wide close circle. And he began to speak.

All the time he talked of the same thing: how we had gained our precious and long-awaited freedom, and how we must guard, strengthen, and defend it, voluntarily submitting to a reasonable discipline, dictated not by fear but by a sense of duty.

When he had finished, some soldiers standing in the front row asked: 'But will you tell us what we must do to strengthen this same freedom? Do you mean that we should attack?'

The question was asked in a calm and peaceable, not at all in a provocative tone. Yet, all the same, one's heart trembled with some ominous presentiment. Not mine alone — of that I am sure. Hundreds of eyes were fixed upon the questioner.

Kerensky explained, that to strengthen freedom means, in the first place, to organize. Committees must be elected — by companies, regiments, divisions. These committees will decide matters together with the Command Staff. And if it proves that an advance is indispensable then an advance must be made.

'If we attack,' remarked the soldier calmly, quietly, and with conviction, 'we shall all perish. And what good will it be, this freedom, to a dead man? The dead need neither land nor freedom.'

Kerensky started back as if he had been struck in the face. A shiver ran through those who were present.

It was, indeed, an awkward moment. Here was the Commander-in-Chief, here was the Commander of the Army. Some hundred days back none would have dared blink in their presence. A soldier who had presumed to utter words like those just spoken would have been struck, not only off the roll of the regiment, but off the roll of the living. And mark, that not only here, in the former army of the Tsar, was it so, but it was so in all the armies of the world, in those of our allies as in those of our enemies.

Moreover, what are generals, and who thinks of generals now? Here was Kerensky — the living incarnation of the victorious revolution; the supreme wielder of revolutionary power in the army. If he

departs hence humiliated and shamed, the whole Russian Revolution is a brag, a piece of tomfoolery, an absurdity. It means that our Revolution is good for nothing, a rotten rag, and the first peasant you meet has the right to spit on it according to his pleasure.

Kerensky and the soldier stood face to face. The representative of the spirit and the representative of the body, they measured one another with their eyes as if before a duel.

'Comrades,' Kerensky began.

'What is the use of talking?' cried the soldier, sharply and roughly, not at all as he had spoken hitherto; 'we must make peace quickly, that's all.'

Some one's sympathetic voice murmured in the back ranks. Another moment and the peasant would have won a victory over the Russian Revolution.

'Silence when the War Minister is speaking!'

There was a hush. All were on the alert — as still as death. It seemed that one could hear the quickened beat of hearts.

'Colonel,' said Kerensky in a choking voice, 'take this man' —

'And have him shot?' the mind involuntarily asked itself. The emotion of the moment was such that no one would have been surprised to hear such words. But no.

— 'and to-morrow issue an order that he has been flung out of the ranks of the Russian Army. He is a coward. He is unworthy to defend the soil of Russia. He may go home.'

A stream of phrases, trenchant and merciless as the blows of a whip. 'Coward, coward, coward!' Kerensky repeated this word with the fury of one possessed. The face of the soldier took on the hue of death, became as gray as the earth. He began to sway to one side, ever farther to one side, and finally fell heavily to the ground.

'He is playing the simpleton,' some one shouted.

But it was not so. The soldier was in a deep swoon.

This time mind had triumphed over body. The revolution had humbled the recalcitrant peasant in the dust.

Here again we may say that the Revolutionary Kerensky proved him-

self different from and greater than his former self.

Moreover he has unquestionably developed powers of assimilation, intuition, and decision which even those most closely associated with him in his earlier life had never suspected. When he was appointed Minister for War he shut himself up in his room, having given orders that he was on no pretext to be disturbed, and for twenty-four hours at a stretch tore the essential facts out of a mass of military manuals. Emerging from his seclusion on the following day, he remarked to one of the members of his family, 'Now, it seems, I know a little about it and can leave for the front.'

This recalls that power of Napoleon — almost as remarkable as his specifically military genius — to absorb within a few hours all the main features of a complex and unfamiliar problem and at once to supply the best solution of it. It should be remembered that till Kerensky became Minister for War, the army was an absolutely unknown field to him. He had not even served the usual term in the ranks. And yet he had been only a few days on the visit to the front which followed his appointment, when General Brusiloff enthusiastically exclaimed, 'Kerensky is the very man the Russian army needs!'

There is much to be said against Kerensky's decisions, as indeed against the whole line of his policy, but there has, at any rate, never been any hesitation about them. While the government as a whole was encouraging anarchy by vacillation and temporizing, his personal decisions, so far as is known, were always instant, peremptory, irrevocable; and though some of them were fraught with mischievous consequences, the immediate result of his swift intuition and prompt action was undoubtedly a salutary one.

At an early stage of the Revolution Kerensky coined one of its most precious and memorable phrases. 'The Russian Revolution,' he said, 'will astound the world by its magnanimity.' And to this fine principle he has ever since remained true. When clamor was raised in the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates and elsewhere for a retaliatory persecution of Nicholas II and his family, he flatly declared that, so long as he was Minister of Justice, there should be nothing of the kind; and he told the murmuring Maximalists that free Russia should be the last country to allow the impartial administration of the law to be influenced by feelings of vengeance, however great the provocation might have been. This rule he also applied in his own personal relationships. More than once he defended the right of the Maximalists to freedom of speech, at a time when the chief use they were making of it was to blacken his character and undermine his authority. Untold harm was done in the Twelfth Army by a Leninite organ called the *Okopnaya Pravda* [Trench Truth], which attacked him with especially scurrilous bitterness. At last the Executive Committee of the army decided to have the editor of this sheet, a certain Lieutenant Haustoff, arrested on the charge of libeling the War Minister. When Kerensky heard of this he at once telegraphed to the Government Commissary with the army: 'I beg you personally to investigate this matter, and if Lieutenant Haustoff has been arrested merely for criticizing my words and actions, then, since we have freedom of speech, I consider such arrest as unpermissible, and I beg you to make representations for his liberation.'

A similar spirit of magnanimity actuated him when he refused the St. George's Cross unanimously voted to

him by the cavaliers of St. George in the third Caucasian Army Corps, and sent to him at Petrograd.

The army corps sought to justify the conferment by appeal to a definite clause in the Statutes of the Order of St. George; but the legal mind of Kerensky saw that this passage had been construed a little liberally in his favor, and he refused the proffered honor, though both in his revolutionary career and on his visits to the firing-line he had undoubtedly many times shown courage which would have morally entitled him to accept it. In his case, however, physical courage is eclipsed by that much rarer and higher quality, moral courage, of which he has shown countless examples.

III

Nevertheless, with all our appreciation of the superb qualities of Alexander Feodorovitch, and of the elemental forces which the Revolution has awakened in him, we must also admit that the difficulties and dangers in his way were largely of his own creation. Unhappily, the Russian Revolution as it appeared to distant observers in the days of its birth will remain one of the great might-have-beens of history, and Kerensky is in large measure responsible for the pitiful culmination of a splendid promise.

Thanks to the unusual nature of the circumstances, — the thoroughness of the work of disintegration carried out by the old régime, the useful lessons of the great dress-rehearsal of 1905-06, and the war, which delayed action till the full ripeness of the opportunity, — the Russian Revolution made a better beginning than any similar movement recorded in the annals of our kind. It is questionable whether there ever was a government in which disinterested patriotism, ability, and energy

were more abundant than they were in Prince Lvoff's first Cabinet. Several of its members had run grave risks and paid heavy penalties in the cause of popular freedom. They were nearly all experts in their departmental subjects, besides being practiced politicians. At the outset, at any rate, public opinion was solid at their backs, and it was inspired by a noble and high-minded impulse. With this magnificent start, there was really no reason in the nature of things why the Revolution should have got out of hand.

Yet within a few months the whole country seemed to be rapidly dissolving into a state of primordial chaos. Regiments, societies, towns, districts, vast areas with populations of many millions, were threatening to throw off the authority of the Central Government or actually defying it. Industry was rapidly being brought to a standstill through the lack of fuel and raw materials, the expulsion of the technical staffs from the factories, or the insistence by the workmen on hours of labor and rates of pay which had hitherto not even been dreamed of in any country. A licentious soldiery was running riot through the land, commandeering express trains and passenger steamers, looting drink-shops, sacking country mansions, and spreading disorganization and demoralization in all directions. The transport system, on which depended the lives both of the armies at the front and of the civilian populations in the rear, had sunk into a state of inextricable disorder and confusion, and the railway sidings were becoming daily more and more congested with broken-down locomotives and wagons which there was neither the labor nor the material to repair. Public expenditure was rising by leaps and bounds, and as the normal sources of revenues had almost completely dried up, the only way to

keep pace with it was to flood the already perilously diluted currency with paper money, which was being turned out at the maximum pressure of the government printing-machines. There could not have been a more lamentable contrast than that between the first promise of the Revolution and its fruition a few months later.

And why was this? No doubt the situation was always one of enormous difficulty, — the old régime had also seen to that, — but the real cause of the failure to cope with it successfully is unquestionably to be found in that 'duplication of authority' which arose out of the pretensions and intermeddlings of the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. Prince Lvoff's first Cabinet was never allowed to be a government at all in the ordinary sense of that term, though it should have been obvious, even to those of the revolutionary leaders who had had the least political experience, that, if ever there was a time when unity and firmness of authority were indispensable, it was then, when an exhausting war, bringing in its train a grave economic crisis, had suddenly been complicated by the destruction of the whole machinery of administration and the relaxation of the accustomed bonds of civic discipline.

So far it is impossible to apportion fairly the blame for the collapse between the Government and the Council. Before we can do that, we must be enlightened on one very material point which up to the present has been kept in obscurity. We know that the first Provisional Government was the result of an agreement between the Executive Committee of the Imperial Duma and the Council, but we have not been given cognizance of the negotiations between these two bodies or of the terms of their compact. It is almost inconceivable that Prince Lvoff should

not have insisted on those conditions of plenary and undisputed authority, without which no government can fulfill its functions even in the most favorable of circumstances, and if that is so, then the Council was guilty of a deliberate, systematic, and continuous breach of faith. From the very beginning it arrogated to itself administrative functions, issued proclamations, and assured the credulous populace that it was the only body to which the adhesion of true democrats was due. One consequence of this was that lawless and wayward spirits refused to obey the Government because it was not the expression of the will of the people, and the Council because it was not the government.

For this untenable relationship Kerensky must accept a large share of the responsibility. He was one of the creators, if not the creator of the Petrograd Council; he was its first vice-chairman and apparently still holds that post; he had an incomparable authority, both with its members and with the Petrograd proletariat and garrison who had elected them, and it is exceedingly improbable that it adopted any of its hasty and ill-considered steps without his knowledge.

The first and most fatal of these was the notorious 'Proclamation No. 1,' said to have been drafted by the Jew Maximalist Nahamkes, who calls himself Stekloff. This document enunciated the principle that the troops had the right to choose their own officers, and thus at one stroke cut away the whole foundation of the discipline of the army before anything had been devised to take its place. The accumulated effect of all the other agents of disintegration did not together contribute so much to the riot that produced the catastrophe of Tarnopol as did this one foolish and fatal proclamation. It was the main cause of the *débâcle*

which Kerensky assumed the premiership to stem, and at the same time it was his own work.

Nor is that the only case in which he has had, in a sadder and wiser mood, to repair the consequences of his own ill-advised measures. One of his first steps as Minister of Justice was to abolish the death penalty. The act doubtless was nobly inspired, but it was not statesmanship, and it caused rivers of blood to flow. Less than six months later Kerensky himself was compelled to reinstate the death penalty on a scale on which it had never been applied since the days of Ivan the Terrible. Instead of sending individuals to the scaffold, he was compelled to have whole battalions of Russian troops mown down by Russian artillery or cut to pieces by Cossack charges. He proclaimed unrestrained freedom of the press and of speech; but six months later, he closed down the *Leninite* papers with as little ceremony as if he had been a *Plehve* or a *Protopopoff*, and suspended the right of public meeting at the front. In solemn words, he assured the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates that troops should never be brought from outside to intervene in the crises of the capital; but it was only with the help of regiments from the front that he made himself master of the open rising of treason, reaction, and anarchy which broke out in the middle of July. With proud confidence he issued the charter of soldiers' rights which his predecessor as War Minister, the really statesman-like Alexander Gutchkoff, had refused to sign; but already its fundamental clauses have been revoked, and it will be long before they are again put into force.

These are only some of the mistakes which Kerensky has made, and the catalogue could be indefinitely extended.

His must be the major responsibility, because he was the only man in the country whom the masses of the people absolutely trusted and were ready implicitly to obey. If he had not been blinded by his own enthusiasm and faith in the miraculous workings of freedom, he would have told Russia that the Revolution was an accomplished fact, and that the only forces which could rivet the old shackles upon the nation were its own impatience and impetuosity. He would have pointed out that, after but a few months' delay, Russia as a whole would be able to speak through the Constituent Assembly, and decide once and for all what the future destiny of the country was to be. He would have indicated all the dangers of hasty experiments in the uncertain and insecure conditions of the interregnum, and would have earnestly exhorted his vast and submissive following to think for the moment only of the duties and not of the privileges of freedom. Finally, he would have insisted on the primary necessity of absolute obedience to the government and to it alone.

He did not do these things, and his responsibility is twofold. He is responsible as the most influential member of the corporation which encouraged license and undermined the authority of the government, and he is responsible as the most influential member of the government which retained office under these impossible conditions.

All men have the defects of their qualities and the calm calculations of a statesman were not to be expected from a man possessed by the religious fervor with which Kerensky greeted the Revolution. His mistakes have been grievous, but he would have been a less interesting and sympathetic figure had he not been the man who was bound to make them.

HIGH ADVENTURE. III

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

THE winter of 1916-17 was the most prolonged and bitter that France has known in many years. It was a trying period to the little group of Americans assembled at the École Militaire d'Aviation, eager as they were to complete their training, and to be ready, when spring should come, to share in the great offensive, which they knew would then take place on the Western front. Aviation is a waiting game at the best of seasons. In winter it is a series of seemingly endless delays. Day after day, the plain on the high plateau overlooking the old city of V—— was storm-swept, a forlorn and desolate place as we looked at it from our windows, watching the flocks of crows as they beat up against the wind, or as they turned, and were swept with it, over our barracks, crying and calling derisively to us as they passed.

'Birdmen do you call yourselves?' they seemed to say. 'Then come on up; the weather's fine!'

Well they knew that we were impostors, fair-weather fliers, who dared not accept their challenge.

It is strange how vague and shadowy my remembrance is of those long weeks of inactivity, when we were dependent for employment and amusement on our own devices. To me there was a quality of unreality about our life at B——. Our environment was, no doubt, partly responsible for this feeling. Although we were not far distant from Paris, — less than an hour

by train, — the country round about our camp seemed to be quite cut off from the rest of the world. With the exception of our Sunday afternoons of leave, when we joined the *boulevardiers* in town, we lived a life as remote and cloistered as that of some brotherhood of monks in an inaccessible monastery. That is how it appeared to me, although here again I am in danger of making it seem that my own impressions were those of all the others. This of course was not true. The spirit of the place appealed to us, individually, in widely different ways, and upon some, perhaps, it had no effect at all.

Sometimes we spent our winter afternoons of enforced leisure in long walks through country roads which lay empty to the eye for miles. They gave one a sense of loneliness which colored thought, not in any sentimental way, but in a manner very natural and real. The war was always in the background of one's musings, and while we were far removed from actual contact with it, every depopulated country village brought to mind the sacrifice which France has made for the cause of all freedom-loving nations. Every roadside café, long barren of its old patronage, was an evidence of the tragic completeness of the sacrifice. Americans, for the most part, are of an unconquerably healthy cast of mind; but there were few of us who could frequent these places light-heartedly.

Paris was our emotional storehouse, to use Kipling's term, during the time we were at B——. We spent our Sun-

day afternoons there, mingling with the crowds on the boulevards, or, in pleasant weather, sitting outside the cafés, watching the soldiers of the world go by. The streets were filled with *permissionnaires* from all parts of the Western front, and there were many of those despised of all the rest, the *embusqués*, as they are called, who hold the comfortable billets in safe places well back of the lines. It was very easy to distinguish them from the men newly arrived from the trenches, in whose eyes one saw the look of wonder, almost of unbelief, that there was still a goodly world to be enjoyed. It was often beyond the pathetic to see them trying to satisfy their need for all the wholesome things of life in a brief seven days of leave; to see the family parties at the modest restaurants on the side streets, making merry in a kind of forced way, as if every one were thinking of the brevity of the time for such enjoyment.

Scarcely a week went by without bringing one or two additional recruits to the Franco-American Corps. We wondered why they came so slowly. There must have been thousands of Americans who would have been, not only willing, but glad to join us; and yet the opportunities for doing so had been made widely known. For those who did come this was the legitimate by-product of glorious adventure and a training in aviation not to be surpassed in Europe. This was to be had by any healthy young American, almost for the asking; but our numbers increased very gradually, from fifteen to twenty-five, until by the spring of 1917 there were fifty of us at the various aviation schools of France. Territorially we represented at least a dozen states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There were rich men's sons and poor men's sons among our number; the sons of very old families, and

those who neither knew nor cared what their antecedents were.

The same was true of our French comrades, for membership in the French air service is not based upon wealth or family position or political influence. The policy of the government is as broad and democratic as may be. Men are chosen because of an aptitude that promises well, or as a reward for distinguished service at the front. A few of the French *élèves-pilotes* had been officers, but most of them N.C.O.'s and private soldiers in infantry or artillery regiments. This very wide latitude in choice at first seemed 'laxitude' to some of us Americans. But evidently, experience in training war *pilotes*, and the practical results obtained by these men at the front, have been proof enough to the French authorities of the folly of setting rigid standards, making hard-and-fast rules to be met by prospective aviators. As our own experience increased, we saw the wisdom of a policy which is more concerned with a man's courage, his self-reliance, and his powers of initiative, than with his ability to work out theoretical problems in aerodynamics.

It is unquestionably true that many a French *pilote*, with a magnificent record of achievement in war-flying, has but a very sketchy knowledge of motor and aircraft construction. Some are college-bred men but many more have only a common-school education. It is not at all strange that this should be the case, for one may have had no technical training worth mentioning; one may have only a casual speaking acquaintance with motors, and a very imperfect idea of why and how one is able to defy the law of gravity, and yet prove his worth as a *pilote* in what is, after all, the best possible way — by his record at the front.

A judicious amount of theoretical instruction is, of course, not wanting

in the aviation schools of France; but its importance is not exaggerated. We Americans, with our imperfect knowledge of the language, lost the greater part of this. The handicap was not a serious one, and I think I may truthfully say that we kept pace with our French comrades. The most important thing was to gain actual flying experience, and as much of it as possible. Only in this way can one acquire a sensitive ear for motors, and an accurate sense of flying speed: the feel of one's machine in the air. These are of the greatest importance. Once the *pilote* has developed this airman's sixth sense, he need not, and never does, worry about the scantiness of his knowledge of the theory of flight.

Sometimes the winds would die away and the thick clouds lift, and we would go joyously to work on a morning of crisp, bright winter weather. Then we had moments of glorious revenge upon the crows. They would watch us from afar, holding noisy indignation meetings in a row of weather-beaten trees at the far side of the field. And when some inexperienced *pilote* lost control of his machine and came crashing to earth, they would take the air in a body, circling over the wreckage, cawing and jeering with the most evident delight. 'The Oriental Wrecking Company,' as the Annamites were called, were on the scene almost as quickly as our enemies the crows. They were a familiar sight on every working day, chattering together in their high-pitched gutturals, as they hauled away the wrecked machines. They appeared to side with the birds, and must have thought us the most absurd of men, making wings for ourselves, and always coming to grief when we tried to use them.

We made progress regardless of all this skepticism. It was necessarily slow, for beginners at a single-com-

mand monoplane school are permitted to fly only under the most favorable weather conditions. Even then, old Mother Earth, who is not kindly disposed toward those of her children who leave her so jauntily, would clutch us back to her bosom, whenever we gave her the slightest opportunity, with an embrace that was anything but tender. We were inclined to think rather highly of our own courage in defying her; and sometimes our vanity was increased by our *moniteurs*. After an exciting misadventure they often gave expression to their relief at finding an amateur *pilote* still whole, by praising his 'presence of mind' in too generous French fashion.

We would not have been so proud, I think, of our own little exploits, had we remembered those of the pioneers in aviation, so many of whom lost their lives in experiment with the first crude types of the heavier-than-air machines. They were pioneers in the fine and splendid meaning of the word — men to be compared in spirit with the old fifteenth-century navigators. We were but followers, adventuring, in comparative safety, along a well-defined trail.

This, at any rate, was Drew's opinion. He would never allow me the pleasure of indulging in any flights of fancy over these trivial adventures of ours. He would never let me set them off against what I liked to call 'the heroic background of Paris.' As for Paris, we saw nothing of war there, he would say, except the lighter side, the home-coming, leave-enjoying side. We needed to know more of the horror and the tragedy of it. We needed to keep that close and intimate to us as a right perspective for our future adventures. He believed it to be our duty as aviators to anticipate every kind of experience which we might have to meet at the front. His imagination was abnormally

vivid. Once he discussed the possibility of 'falling in flames,' which is so often the ghastly end of an airman's career. I shall never again be able to take the same whole-hearted delight in flying that I did before he was so horribly eloquent upon the subject. He often speculated upon one's emotions in falling in a machine damaged beyond the possibility of control.

'Now try to imagine it,' he would say: 'your gasoline tanks have been punctured and half of your *fuselage* has been shot away. You believe that there is not the slightest chance for you to save your life. What are you going to do — lose your head and give up the game? No, you've got to attempt the impossible'; and so on, and so forth.

I would accuse him of being morbid. Furthermore, I saw no reason why we should plan for terrible emergencies which might never arrive. His answer was that we were military *pilotes* in training for combat machines. We had no right to ignore the grimness of the business ahead of us. If we did, so much the worse for us when we should go to the front. But beyond this practical interest, he had a great curiosity about the nature of fear, and a great dread of it, too. He was afraid that in some last adventure, in which death came slowly enough for him to recognize it, he might die like a terror-stricken animal, and not bravely, as a man should.

We did not often discuss these gruesome possibilities, although this was not Drew's fault. I would not listen to him; and so he would be silent about them until convinced that the welfare of our souls and the furtherance of our careers as airmen demanded additional unpleasant imaginings. There was something of the Hindoo fanatic in him; or perhaps it was the outcropping of the stern spirit of his New England forbears. But when he talked of the

pleasant side of the adventures before us, it was more than compensation for all the rest. Then he would make me restless and impatient, for I did not have his faculty of enjoyment in anticipation. The early period of training, when we were flying only a few metres above the ground, seemed endless.

II

At last came the event which really marked the beginning of our careers as airmen: the first *tour de piste*, the first flight round the aerodrome. We had talked of this for weeks, but when at last the day for it came, our enthusiasm had waned. We were like little birds, eager to try our wings and yet afraid to make the start.

Now this first *tour de piste* was always the occasion for a gathering of all the classes on the part of the Americans, and there was the usual large assembly when word was passed along that Drew and I were going to 'bump along the ceiling.' The beginners were present to shiver in anticipation of their own forthcoming trials, and the more advanced *pilotes*, who had already taken the leap, to offer the usual gratuitous advice.

'Now remember, son! Don't try to pull any big league stuff. Not too much rudder on the turns. Remember how that Frenchman piled up on the Farman hangars when he tried to bank the corners.'

'You'll find it pretty rotten when you go over the woods. The air currents there are something scandalous!'

'Believe me, it's a lot worse over the fort. Rough? Oh, là là!'

'And that's where you have to cut your motor and dive, if you're going to make a landing without hanging up in the telephone wires.'

'When you do come down, don't be afraid to stick her nose forward. Scare the life out of you, that drop will, but

you may as well get used to it in the beginning.'

'But wait till we see them redress! Where's the Oriental Wrecking Gang?'

'Don't let that worry you, Drew: pan-caking is n't too bad. Not in a Blériot. Just like falling through a shingle roof. Can't hurt yourself much.'

'If you do spill, make it a good one. There has n't been a 'decent smash-up to-day.'

These were the usual comforting assurances. They did not frighten us much, although there was just enough truth in the warnings to make us uneasy. We took our hazing as well as we could inwardly, and of course with imperturbable calm outwardly; but, to make a confession, I was somewhat reluctant to hear the peremptory, businesslike '*Allez! en route!*' of our *moniteur*.

When it came, I taxied across to the other side of the field, turned into the wind, and came racing back, full motor. It seemed a thing of tremendous power, that little forty-five-horse-power Anzani. The roar of it struck awe into my soul.

'Lordy!' I thought, 'I'm in for it!' and gripped my controls in no very professional manner. Then, when I had gathered full ground speed, I eased her off gently, and up we went, over the class and the assembled visitors, above the hangars, the lake, the forest, until, at the half-way point, my altimeter registered 1000 feet. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw all the beautiful countryside spread out beneath me, but I was far too busily occupied to take in the prospect. I was watching my wings, nervously, in order to anticipate and counteract the slightest pitch of the machine. But nothing happened, and I soon realized that this first grand tour was not going to be nearly so terrifying as we had been led to believe. I began to enjoy it. I even

looked down over the side of the fuselage, although it was a very hasty glance.

All the time I was thinking of the rapidly approaching moment when I would have to come down. I knew well enough how the descent was to be made. It was very simple. I had only to shut off my motor, push forward with my 'broom-stick,'—the control connected with the elevating planes, — and then wait and redress gradually, beginning at from six to eight metres from the ground. The descent would be exciting, a little more rapid than Shooting the Chutes. Only one could not safely hold on to the sides of the car and await the splash. That sort of thing had sometimes been done in aeroplanes, by over-excited young *pilotes*. The results were disastrous, without exception.

The moment for the decision came. I was above the fort, otherwise I should not have known when to dive. At first the sensation was, I imagine, exactly that of falling, feet foremost; but after pulling back slightly on the controls, I felt the machine answer to them, and the uncomfortable feeling passed. I brought up on the ground in the usual bumpy manner of the beginner. Nothing gave way, however, so this did not spoil the fine rapture of a rare moment. It was shared — at least it was pleasant to think so — by my old Annamite friend of the Penguin experience, who stood by his flag nodding his head at me. He said, '*Beaucoup bon*,' showing his polished black teeth in an approving grin. I forgot for the moment that *beaucoup bon* was his enigmatical comment upon all occasions, and that he would have grinned just as broadly had he been dragging me out from a mass of wreckage. For I was very happy. It was precisely the same quality of happiness which I knew upon a day now some years past. Upon that occasion

I swam, for the first time, to the centre of the old swimming-hole at home, yelled, 'So deep, kids!' to the watchers on shore, and then let down until my feet touched the bottom of that appalling seven-foot abyss.

Drew came in a few moments later, making an almost perfect landing. In the evening we walked to a neighboring village where we had a wonderful dinner to celebrate the end of our apprenticeship. It was a curious feast. We had nothing to say to one another, or, better, we were both afraid to talk. We were under an enchantment which words would have broken. Drew was uneasy. He was not quite sure of me. I was curious to learn how fully his expectations had been realized in his first flight. But he made no confidences, and so, after a silent meal, we walked all the way home without speaking.

III

We started off together on our triangles. That was in April, just passed, so that I have now brought this casual diary almost up to date. We were then at the great school of aviation at A—— in central France, where, for the first time, we were associated with men in training for every branch of aviation service, and became familiar with all types of French machines. But the brevet tests, which every *pilote* must pass before he becomes a military aviator, were the same in every department of the school. The triangles were two cross-country flights of 200 kilometres each, three landings to be made *en route*, and each flight to be completed within forty-eight hours. In addition, there were two short voyages of 60 kilometres each — these preceded the triangular tests — and an hour of flight at a minimum altitude of 6500 feet.

The short voyages gave us a delightful foretaste of what was to come. We

did them both one afternoon, and were at the hangars at five o'clock on the following morning, ready to make an early start. A fresh wind was blowing from the northeast, but the brevet *moniteur*, who went up for a short flight to try the air, came back with the information that it was quite calm at 2500 feet. We might start, he said, as soon as we liked.

Drew, in his joy, embraced the old woman who kept a coffee-stall at the hangars, while I danced a one-step with a mechanician. Neither of them was surprised at this procedure. They were accustomed to such emotional outbursts on the part of young aviators who, by the very nature of their calling, were always in the depths of despair or on the furthest jutting peak of some mountain of delight. Our departure had been delayed, day after day, for more than a week, because of the weather. We could not have waited longer. We were so eager to start that we would willingly have gone off in a blizzard.

During the week of waiting we had studied our map until we knew the location of every important road and railroad, every forest, river, canal, and creek within a radius of 100 kilometres. We studied it at close range, on a table, and then on the floor, with the compass-points properly orientated, so that we might see all the important landmarks with the bird-man's eye. We knew our course so well, that there seemed no possibility of our losing direction.

Our military papers had been given us several days before. Among these was an official-looking document to be presented to the mayor of any town or village near which we might be compelled to land. It contained an extract from the law concerning aviators, and the duty toward them of the civilian and military authorities. In another

was an itemized list of the amounts which might be exacted by farmers for damage to growing crops. So much for an *atterrissage* in a field of sugar-beets, so much for wheat, etc. Besides these, we had a book of detailed instructions as to our duty in case of emergencies of every conceivable kind — among others, the course of action to be followed if we should be compelled to land in an enemy country. At first sight this seemed a rather unnecessary precaution; but we remembered the experience of one of our French comrades at B—, who started confidently off on his first cross-country flight. He lost his way and did not realize how far astray he had gone until he found himself under fire from German anti-aircraft batteries on the Belgian front.

The most interesting paper of all was our *Ordre de Service*, the text of which was as follows: —

‘It is commanded that the bearer of this Order report himself at the cities of C— and R—, by the route of the air, flying an avion Caudron, and leaving the École Militaire d’Aviation at A— on the 21st of April 1917, without passenger on board.

‘Signed, LE CAPITAINE B—

‘Commandant de l’École.’

We read this with feelings which must have been nearly akin to those of Columbus on a memorable day in 1492 when he received his clearance papers from Cadiz. ‘By the route of the air!’ How the imagination lingered over that phrase! We had the better of Columbus there, although we were forced to admit that there was more glamour in the hazard of his adventure and the uncertainty of his destination.

Drew was ready first. I helped him into his fur-lined combination and strapped him to his seat. A moment later he was off. I watched him as he gathered height over the aerodrome.

Then, finding that his motor was running satisfactorily, he struck out in an easterly direction, his machine growing smaller and smaller until it vanished in the early morning haze. I followed immediately afterward, and had a busy ten minutes, being buffeted this way and that, until, as the brevet *moniteur* had foretold, I reached quiet air at 2500 feet. This was my first experience in passing from one air current to another. It was a unique one, for I was still a little incredulous. I had not entirely lost my old boyhood belief that the wind went all the way up.

I passed over the old cathedral town of B— at 4500 feet. Many a pleasant afternoon had we spent there, walking through its narrow, crooked streets, or lounging on the banks of the canal. The cathedral too was a favorite haunt. I loved the fine spaciousness of it. Looking down on it now, it seemed no larger than a toy cathedral in a toy town, such as one sees in the shops of Paris. The streets were empty, for it was not yet seven o’clock. Strips of shadow crossed them where taller roofs cut off the sunshine. A toy train, which I could have put nicely into my fountain-pen case, was pulling into a station no larger than a wren’s house. The Greeks called their gods ‘derisive.’ No doubt they realized how small they looked to them, and how insignificant this little world of affairs must have appeared from high Olympus.

There was a road, a fine straight thoroughfare converging from the left. It led almost due southwest. This was my route to C—. I followed it, climbing steadily until I was at 5000 feet. I had never flown so high before. ‘Nearly a mile!’ I thought. It seemed a tremendous altitude. I could see scores of villages and fine old châteaux, and great stretches of forest, and miles upon miles of open country in check-

ered patterns, just beginning to show the first fresh green of the early spring crops. At 5000 feet it looked like a world planned and laid out by the best of Santa Clauses for the eternal delight of all good children. And for untold generations only the birds have had the privilege of seeing and enjoying it from the wing. Small wonder that they sing. As for non-musical birds—well, they all sing after a fashion, and there is no doubt that crows, at least, are extremely jealous of their prerogative of flight. The flocks of them at B—may have felt that we were trying to rob them of it.

My biplane was flying itself. I had nothing to do other than to give occasional attention to my revolution counter, altimeter, and speed-dial. The motor was running with perfect regularity. The propeller was turning over at 1200 revolutions per minute without the slightest fluctuation. Flying is the simplest thing in the world, I thought. Why doesn't every one travel by route of the air? If they knew the joy of it, the exhilaration of it, aviation schools would be overwhelmed with applicants. Biplanes of the Farman and Voisin type would make excellent family cars, quite safe for women to drive. Mothers, busy with household affairs, could tell their children to 'run out and fly' a Caudron such as I was driving, and feel not the slightest anxiety about them. I remembered an imaginative drawing I had once seen of aerial activity in 1950. Even house pets were granted the privilege of traveling by the air route. The artist was not far wrong except in his date. He should have put it at 1925. On a fine April morning there seemed no limit to the realization of such interesting possibilities.

I had no more than started on my southwest course, as it seemed to me, when I saw the spires and the red-roofed houses of C—, and, a kilometre or

so from the outskirts, the barracks and hangars of the aviation school where I was to make my first landing. I reduced the gas, and with my motor purring gently, began a long, gradual descent. It was interesting to watch the change in the appearance of the country beneath me as I lost height. Checker-board patterns of brown and green grew larger and larger. Shining threads of silver became rivers and canals, tiny green shrubs became trees, individual aspects of houses emerged. Soon I could see people going about the streets and laundry-maids hanging out the family washing in the back gardens. I even came low enough to witness a minor household tragedy—a mother vigorously spanking a small boy. Hearing the whir of my motor, she stopped in the midst of the process, whereupon the youngster very naturally took advantage of his opportunity to cut and run for it. I told Drew about this later. He called me an aerial eavesdropper and said that I ought to be ashamed to go buzzing over towns at such low altitudes, frightening housemaids, disorganizing domestic penal institutions, and generally disturbing the privacy of respectable French citizens. But I was unrepentant, for I knew that one small boy in France was thinking of me with joy. To have escaped maternal justice with the assistance of an aviator would be an event of glorious memory to him. How vastly more worth while such a method of escape, and how jubilant Tom Sawyer would have been over such an opportunity when his horrified warning, 'Look behind you, aunt!' had lost efficacy.

Drew had been waiting a quarter of an hour, and came rushing out to meet me as I taxied across the field. We shook hands as though we had not seen each other for years. We could not have been more surprised and delighted if we had met on another planet after

long and hopeless wanderings in infinite space.

While I superintended the replenishing of my fuel and oil tanks he walked excitedly up and down in front of the hangars. I could not help laughing at him, for he was an odd-looking sight in his flying clothes, with a pair of Meyrowitz goggles set back on his head, like another pair of eyes, gazing at the sky with an air of wide astonishment. He paid no attention to my critical comments but started thinking aloud as soon as I rejoined him.

'It was lonely! Yes, by Jove! that was it. "Lonely as a cloud." Happy choice of simile. Wordsworth had imagination. He must have known. A glorious thing, one's isolation up there; but there was something terrifying in the completeness of it. A relief to get down again, to hear people talk, to feel the solid earth under one's feet. How did it impress you?'

This was like Drew. I felt ashamed of the lightness of my own thoughts, but I had to tell him of my speculations upon after-the-war developments in aviation: nurses flying Voisins, with the cars filled with babies; old men having after-dinner naps in twenty-three-metre Nieuports, fitted, for safety, with Sperry gyroscopes; family parties taking comfortable outings in gigantic biplanes of the R-6 type; mothers, as of old, gazing apprehensively at speed-dials, cautioning fathers about 'driving too fast,' and all of the rest.

Drew looked at me reprovingly, to be sure, but he felt the need, just as I did, of an outlet to his feelings, and so he turned to my kind of comic relief with the most delightful reluctance. He quickly lost his reserve and in the imaginative spree which followed we went far beyond the last outposts of absurdity. We laughed over our own wit until our faces were tired. However, I will not be explicit about our folly. It might

not be really so amusing from a critical point of view.

After our papers had been viséed at the office of the commandant, we hurried back to our machines, eager to be away again. We were to make our second landing at R—. It was about 70 kilometres distant and almost due north. The mere name of the town was an invitation. Somewhere, in one of the novels of William J. Locke, may be found this bit of dialogue:—

'But, master,' said I, 'there is, after all, color in words. Don't you remember how delighted you were with the name of a little town we passed through on the way to Orleans? R—? You were haunted by it and said it was like the purple note of an organ.'

We were haunted by it, too, for we were going to that very town. We would see it long before our arrival—a cluster of quaint old houses lying in the midst of pleasant fields, with roads curving toward it from the north and south, as though they were glad to pass through so delightful a place. Drew was for taking a leisurely route to the eastward, so that we might look at some villages which lay some distance off our course. I wanted to fly by compass in a direct line, without following my map very closely. We had planned to fly together, and were the more eager to do this because of an argument we had had about the relative speed of our machines. He was certain that his was the faster. I knew that, with mine, I could fly circles around him. As we were not able to agree on the course, we decided to postpone the race until we started on the homeward journey. Therefore, after we had passed over the town, he waved his hand, bent off to the northeast, and was soon out of sight.

I kept straight on, climbing steadily, until I was again at 5000 feet. As before, my motor was running perfectly

and I had plenty of leisure to enjoy the always new sensation of flight and to watch the wide expanse of magnificent country as it moved slowly past. I let my mind lie fallow, and every now and then I would find it hauling out fragments of old memories which I had forgotten that I possessed.

I recalled, for the first time in many years, my earliest interpretations of the meanings of all the phenomena of the heavens. Two old janitor saints had charge of the floor of the skies. One of them was a jolly old man with a beard like my grandfather's. He liked boys, and always kept the sky swept clean and blue. The other had no children of his own and took a sour delight in shirking his duties, so that it might rain and spoil all our fun. Perhaps it was the sense of loneliness and helplessness so far from earth, which made me think of winds and clouds in friendly human terms. However that may be, these reveries, hardly worthy, perhaps, of a military airman, were abruptly broken into.

All at once, I realized that, while my biplane was headed due north, I was drifting north and west. This seemed strange. I puzzled over it for some time, and then, brilliantly, in the manner of the novice, deduced the reason: wind. I was being blown off my course, all the while comfortably certain that I was flying in a direct line toward R—. Our *moniteurs* had often cautioned us against being comfortably certain about anything while in the air. It was our duty to be uncomfortably alert. Wind! I wonder how many times we had been told to keep it in mind at all times, whether on the ground or in the air? And here was I forgetting the existence of wind on the very first occasion. The speed of my machine and the current of air from the propeller had deceived me into thinking that I was driving dead into whatever breeze there was at that altitude. I discovered

that it was blowing out of the east, therefore I headed a quarter into it, to overcome the drift, and began a search for landmarks.

I had not long to search. Wisps of mist obstructed the view, and within ten minutes a bank of solid cloud cut it off completely. I had only a vague notion of my location with reference to my course, but I could not persuade myself to come down just then. To be flying up there in the full splendor of bright April sunshine, knowing that all the earth was in shadow, gave me a feeling of exhilaration such as I had never known before. For there is no sensation like that of flight, no isolation so complete as that of the airman who has above him only the blue sky, and below, a level floor of pure white cloud, stretching in an unbroken expanse to every horizon. And so I kept my machine headed northeast, that I might regain the ground lost before I discovered the drift northwest. I had made a rough calculation of the time required to cover the 70 kilometres to R— at the speed at which I was traveling. The rest I left to Chance, the godfather of all adventurers.

He promptly took the initiative, adopting rather heroic measures, as he so frequently does with aviators who, in moments of calm weather, are inclined to forget that they are still children of earth. The floor of dazzling white cloud was broken and tumbled into heaped-up masses which came drifting by at various altitudes. They were scattered at first and offered splendid opportunities for aerial steeplechasing. Then, almost before I was aware of it, they surrounded me on all sides. For a few minutes I avoided them by flying in curves and circles in rapidly vanishing pools of blue sky. I feared to take my first plunge into a cloud, for I knew, by report, what an alarming experience it is to the new *pilote*.

The wind was no longer blowing steadily out of the east. It came in gusts from all points of the compass, knocking me about in a very terrifying manner. I made a hasty revision of my opinion as to the calm and tranquil joys of aviation, thinking what fools men are who willingly leave the good green earth and trust themselves to all the winds of heaven in a frail box of cloth-covered sticks. 'If I can only get down,' I said to myself, 'I'll never step into an aeroplane again.'

The last clear space grew smaller and smaller. I searched frantically for an outlet, but the clouds closed in and in a moment I was hopelessly lost in a blanket of cold drenching mist.

I could hardly see the outlines of my

machine and had no idea of my position with reference to the earth. In the excitement of this new adventure I forgot my speed-dial, and it was not until I heard the air screaming through the wires that I remembered it. The indicator had leaped up 50 kilometres an hour above safety speed and I realized that I must be traveling earthward at a terrific pace. The manner of the descent became clear at the same moment. As I rolled out of the cloud-bank, I saw the earth jauntily tilted up on one rim, looking like a gigantic enlargement of a page out of Peter Newell's *Slant Book*. I expected to see dogs and dishpans, baby carriages and ash-barrels roll out of every house in France, and go clattering off into space.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FLOOR

GETTING the floor in a discussion conducted by our family is no simple matter; but once you have it, you are safe. We do not interrupt. Changing the subject, making irrelevant comments, or breaking up into little sub-groups and talking all at once, are matters that we deal with to the full extent of the Parliamentary law. We do this, not because we are polite, but because each of us loves an audience. We love it to the extent that we are willing to grant it to others on the condition that they may later do even so to us. If one of us starts to talk, the others listen; if two start at once, precedence is given to the elder, or the female. Being myself the

youngest, and male, I have led an anxious life. But even I, once started, was always absolutely sure of the undivided attention of the whole house.

Upon this tradition I shall, to use an Hashimuran phrase, establish my family, if any. The genuine friendly confab demands this sense of safety. The most harrowing page in any literature, to my way of thinking, is the passage where Mr. Direck tries in vain to tell Mr. Britling about the little incident that happened to his friend Robinson in Toledo. And one of the most pathetic touches is poor Mr. Direck's wistful day-dream later, when he imagines himself talking very slowly and carefully, while Mr. Britling listens. 'Already he was more than half way

into dreamland,' observes Mr. Wells, 'or he could never have supposed anything so incredible.'

A certain cousin of ours is very like Mr. Britling. She is to be found at a fine old sea-side farmhouse where we visit now and again. Whenever, in a placid moment, we all sit talking with the aunts and uncles, this particular cousin, not less dear than the others, but more restive, will come in from the milk-room, talking all the way. We hear her coming a long way off, and we suspend whatever sentence we are in the middle of, to strain our ears to hear her; much as an Episcopal congregation pricks up when the choir-boys begin to chant the processional in distant chapels. By that long-range method, our cousin puts a stop to our subject-matter, preëmpts the floor, and ignores our squatters' claims. We have only to refer to Cousin Britling when one of us, at home, changes the subject without giving due notice in advance. 'Come in from the milk-room,' we implore, and the offender at once subsides.

I know groups who are not satisfied unless everybody is talking all the time. Put six of them into a room, and they automatically split up into three groups of two talkers each. Each group listens with scattering attention to itself and to the adjoining one; remarks are overheard and replied to in bright asides; counter-messages are tossed back and forth with no checking system; until finally we are arranged in two groups with three talkers in each ring, and I suddenly find myself coping with two ladies who both scintillate at once, while my business partner near by contends with other twain. There is nothing for a deliberate-minded man to do but to dig in and do his best. Just as I have managed to train my forces on the objective before me, and our conversation really begins to grow interesting, one of the ladies from the other group

calls over an appeal about some remark of that partner of mine, and it is all up. I answer as nimbly as may be, but my soul stares balefully upon her. 'Come in, come in,' I long to say; 'come in once for all from the milk-room!' Rather would I juggle three croquet balls and a Derby hat than negotiate this sort of conversation with animated ladies upon my right hand and on my left.

The only parallel that I can think of is the way in which, during very early childhood, we sometimes played tiddledywinks. When the man-made rules of that staid sport became too wearing for our advanced intellects, we used to get to snapping all at once, promiscuously. Everybody snapped everybody else's wink, at the bull's-eye or the eye of his neighbor, regardless. This indiscriminating sort of thing lends a lawless charm most bracing to tiddledywinks, but it cancels conversation.

Now this is no mere masculine craving for monologues. I simply like a group, and I like to keep it whole. Why must it be broken up into chattering fragments? I want to see the personalities emerge distinctly. I like to hear a sustained sentence of each man's making, and enjoy the swift current of challenging thought that makes itself felt in a group of expressive beings who are all awaiting their turn to have their say. The interplay of individualities is more vivid and quickening if both men and women are in the group; but beware of those ladies who, the instant a remark stirs their interest, are possessed to gather unto themselves a private auditor or two and start up a low-voiced committee meeting of their own, instead of enriching the general group with their opinions. Such centres of volubility on the side-lines ruin real talk.

I suppose that even I would not de-

mand that the guests at a large social function should sit in a great ring while each in turn stood up and gave his Oral Theme. At large receptions everybody must talk and nobody listens. But who likes a large reception anyway? What I really do like, is to go home and find guests around the fireplace of a winter evening. My sister meets me in the hall, and in her condensed and rapid way gives me the outline of such recent gossip as I need to know to look intelligent. My mother meanwhile slips away in the direction of the larder and beckons me out for a sustaining bit of pie. (One of the most exquisite joys in coming home unexpectedly is to have one's mother offer one food of the forbidden variety that one had to steal out of the moonlit refrigerator of old.)

'Who's in there?' say I from my throne on the kitchen table.

I learn.

'What are they talking about?'

Barbara gracefully eavesdrops under the dining-room door. 'Father's telling his Captain Spicer stories,' she reports cheerfully.

'Then we have plenty of time.' I finish my pie with the lingering Fletcherism of which its brand is worthy; and we watch and listen for an interval in the reminiscent flow when we can join the fireside group.

There, in that circle of alert men and women of assorted ages and callings, our thoughts feather out and fly. There is time to think, and time to change one's mind; time also to express it. It is not only an interchange of ready-made ideas; it is a chance to hatch some different ones and add them to our own. We catch tantalizing glimpses into each other's hidden prejudices; and we disclose unsuspected convictions by the way.

But the most intimate moment of all comes after the company goes. Prob-

ably a truly upright family would not comment upon the vanished guest. We do. We discuss him and all his works. Sometimes, after this stimulating ceremony is over and we are on our way to bed, somebody thinks of an additional grain of truth which calls for conflicting comment. We pause upon the stairs for another session. I can see my father dimly, by the half-light in the hall, as he brings down his fist on the newest post to emphasize a vigorous ultimatum. In the heavy shadows he looks like a Rodin study of Authority. My mother, seated on the topmost stair, peers cheerfully through the banisters at him, and bides her time. Eftsoons, we know, she will carry her point, but for the present he has the floor. The floor! — that choice possession which none except the very spry can take away!

AN INTERRUPTED HOMILY

SOMEBODY was having a tussle with the knob of my study door. It is not a difficult door to open. I have often felt it was too easy. Doubtless this was my small daughter, Virginia, attempting to turn the knob with one little fist, the other being engaged. A doughnut, perhaps. Verily, it is more blessed to give than receive a doughnut in the midst of a pile of books and papers. I resolved to watch Virginia's movements, stealthily.

She approached with mysterious air, bearing a small pasteboard box. Her attitude made a frank bid for queries. Much guessing would be expected. I rose to the occasion. The box was tiny, thus limiting the field of conjecture. Suggestions that it might contain a ring (Virginia frequently acquires jewelry as a premium with a stick of candy) or a four-leaved clover or a pretty pebble were received with derision. I gave it up. She faced the supreme moment

gravely. The box contained six trained ants. Often we have had dogs, cats, rabbits, and guinea pigs under training here, mostly to keep the peace and be hygienic. These were the first ants whose custody we had accepted.

'What can they do?' I asked, interestedly. 'Skip the rope?' Of course, that was merely flippant. I realized my blunder, at once, and renewed my query, seriously.

'They are just trained ants,' maintained Virginia, in a tone of finality. 'They are nice ants.'

I wondered how a nice ant was to be distinguished from other ants and gave voice to my bewilderment. Virginia could not inform me definitely on that point though her manner hinted that it was a stupid question. Apparently, any one should be able to distinguish between niceness and unniceness — why attempt to specify?

'You know, when people are nice they don't do wrong things,' she decided to explain. 'Same way with ants!' Not caring to be indicted on any more counts against my faculty of subtle discernment, I conceded that the ants, now that they had been taught to be nice, fully deserved the title of trained ants.

With the interview closed, I returned to my thinking on the text 'And be ye not conformed to this world.' There should be a difference between worldlings and the rest of us. Anybody would agree to that. I had just arrived at the point of distinguishing between worldlings and non-worldlings when Virginia came in with the trained ants. It was not so easy to complete the truncated idea. I must get back to first principles. I would draw up an itemized list of the distinguishing qualities of those who are not of this world. They were kind. In fact, everybody is more or less kind. Nearly every one is trying to uplift some one else, either through organized

effort or through individual philanthropy. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick and imprisoned? Why, we had made a science of all this! These recommendations were no longer the considerations of pious people who sought eternal life through compliance with them; they were economic laws in obedience to which the very perpetuity of the race resides. Forgive your enemies? Certainly, people have quite left off carrying old grudges and hates in their hearts. Modern psychology insists that hating impairs physical vitality. The mote in thy brother's eye? It is not considered good taste, these days, to practice ophthalmology without a license. Good measure — pressed down and running over? Of course! Successful men have come to understand that it is the margin of time, thought, and effort, in excess of the amount required, that really counts for prosperity. Believe? Believe the inexplicable? Believe in the reality of unseen forces? Why, the largest share of the world's work is done by unseen forces. And the public is so surfeited of wonders that it not only doubts nothing but accepts the inexplicable with a yawn. Miracles? Is it too much to believe that a man could walk upon the water? Oh, no; not at all: certainly no more difficult than to fly through the air.

I began to wish that Virginia had not come in with her trained ants. The interruption had quite upset me. Here, I had arrived at secondly, in which I would show the identifying virtues of the unworldly. Must I now stammer and fall back upon the lame and vague explanation that the unworldly were the nice people who didn't do wrong things? Ah, there I had it! If no distinction was to be drawn between the ability and willingness of worldlings and non-worldlings to feed the hungry, look out for the sick, reform the prisons,

forgive injuries, offer good measure, I could, at least, draw up a list of the wrong things that trained unworldlings should refrain from doing. Let me see. They ought, for instance, to refuse to play golf of a Sunday afternoon, which is no worse than motoring, which is no worse than riding in a carriage, which is no worse than walking (much better, indeed). My junior deacon asked me what I thought about it. I didn't know. Julia Travers, who teaches a class in the Sunday School, inquired if it was wrong to dance. I replied that one man's meat is another man's poison. Which was quite beside the point. And a lie; except possibly in rare cases — too rare to warrant the manufacture of a maxim for this special purpose. Then, I told her it might be wrong for *her*. But why for *her*? What was there about *her* that might furnish an exception to a principle? Was it wrong to dance — that was the question! Certainly no more wrong than any one of a number of other pastimes indulged in by good people and far better than an unchaperoned tête-à-tête. Was it wrong to play cards? Probably no more wrong than to play a score of games indulged in by good people, and considerably more interesting than most of them. Theatres? It was merely a question of choosing between good and bad theatres, was n't it? And that choice depended more upon cultivated taste than religious conviction? It did. I had admitted it.

I wish my study might be located in some remote part of the house where I could be safe from intrusions. It is so distracting to be bothered, even for a moment. Here is a whole forenoon disorganized because a child wants to exhibit a box of ants — trained ants — carrying them about insisting that they are, or ought to be, different from other ants. How absurd! Let me get back to these identifying characteristics of

the unworldly. Where did I leave off? Oh, yes; they must be nice and not do wrong things. Then, one can pick them out and tag them in ever so great a crowd.

If I may be permitted to interrupt myself, we have been stall-fed, of late, on clever articles about the church: What ails it? Why has it lost its grip? What's to be done about its failure to meet the needs of the time? And so forth. More people attending the movies, Sunday nights, than the churches. (Which is an honest-to-goodness fact.) More ethics taught in the silent drama, to the cubic foot, than in the average sermon. (Admitted.) Cooler and better ventilated. (The State rests.)

Now, something is the matter with the church, but this is n't it. The matter is our ungodly pessimism. We cannot understand why the difference between the worldly and the unworldly should be so inconspicuous. We moan over it. We climb up on the fence beside the highway, out of the dust and gasoline fumes, and watch the procession go by. As nearly alike as two peas are they all. We rail at the mad thing. It smiles back at us and waves a hand, thinking we have had a blow-out, else we would be of the procession ourselves. (Which may be true. I hate to think what would become of me if I had a hundred thousand dollars. By grace are ye saved through poverty, is a 'plenty good' text for a lot of us.)

It is not beyond thought that after laboring for nearly two thousand years to teach society a few fundamental principles about efficient and purposeful living, we should now see some reward of our toil. Maybe the slight difference between the worldlings and the non-worldlings, these days, is due to the functioning of the 'heaven.' If some of the dough has over-run the ecclesiastical pan, what of it?

Virginia has released her trained ants,

partly out of respect for their health and also because they were just ants, after all.

But I am still working on my sermon.

A HEN, A DOG, AND EVANGELISTS

UP on our farm there was once a hen who occasioned some discussion between John and me. The hen-yard was surrounded by a high wire netting. Just outside this our dog, during the day, was kept tied to a trolley which ran back and forth on a long wire. Every morning one particular hen used to stuff herself through under the netting, and for the rest of the day she wandered freely in the wide forbidden lands of orchard, garden, and swamp. Every evening she returned, and began to pick her way along beside the netting, looking for that hole that she had come out through. Of course she never could find it. No hen ever can. It grew late, and dusk was coming on. Back and forth, back and forth she stepped, more and more nervously, cocking her head at the invisible top of the netting, fluttering, giving low, anxious cackles, until at last her pacing brought her near the dog's wire. Out he burst from his kennel, and with a rush that set the wire jangling, made for the hen. She shrieked, fluttered, then with a mighty effort, born of consuming panic, flew up into the air — up — up — and over the netting. And there she was, back in the hen-yard! Once over, she emitted a few clucks of reminiscent rage, a few more clucks of growing satisfaction, and then, in the increasing dusk, she pattered comfortably into the hen-house.

This happened, not once or twice, but many times. So far John and I were both agreed. It was only as to the psychology of the incident that we differed. John gravely propounded the theory that the hen, finding the hole

gone, and feeling herself unable of her own strength to fly over the netting, deliberately put herself in the way of the dog, so that he might, by scaring her almost to death, invoke in her powers which she herself could not unaided summon to her use. In other words, she could not make herself fly over the netting, but she could make the dog make her do it.

This theory I could not accept. Hens, I objected, although excellent creatures, were not subtle. Subtle or not, said John, the theory is correct. He even maintained that occasionally the hen, finding the dog asleep or indifferent in his kennel, walked back and forth near by until she had teased him into activity.

The question has never been settled, and there will be no more data, for the hen-house has been moved, and that particular hen has long since been gathered to her mothers. But I often think of her. I have been thinking of her especially during these last years, when the saving of cities through evangelists has been much in our minds.

It is not, after all, a very far-fetched parallel. The cities have escaped from the fold of the righteous and have wandered in forbidden fields. Dusk is coming on, and they want to get back, but they can't. They can't find the holes they came out through, and they can't fly high enough to get back that way. And so they appeal to the dog — the evangelist. He comes down upon them with a rush. He evokes in them powers they have not been able to evoke in themselves — and they make the magnificent flight, back again into the fold.

The evangelist, it is true, does not accomplish this entirely by scaring them almost to death. He does some scaring, of one sort or another, but he also undoubtedly has other methods as

well. The reactions between the hen and the dog were comparatively simple. The reactions between a city and an evangelist are complex in proportion as cities are more complex than hens, and evangelists than dogs. But between the two processes there is a certain real similarity.

Moreover, the process is one that is not confined to cities and evangelists. It is going on continually in all human relations. Are we not all continually finding ourselves in the situation of the hen? Do we not often long to summon to our use powers which, we believe, are latent in us, but which we seem unable to set free? And if they ever are set free, is it not always through the influence of some outside power?

All inspiration, whether it reaches us through persons, through books or other forms of art, which are only derivatives of persons, or through nature, is nothing more or less than this. The inspiration of religion itself is the extremest instance of this same process. Saint Francis and John Stuart Mill, to take temperaments as diverse as may be, each made the appeal to something outside himself, — Saint Francis called it God, Mill called it Nature, — and each through it rose to new heights, although the tablelands where Mill finally walked have little in common with the sun-lit peaks of Saint Francis. The evangelizing of cities, then, is merely calling into operation, on a large scale and in a conspicuous way, a law which holds good in all our spiritual life. Why then is it the object of so much criticism?

To this question there will be many answers. I shall not try to give them. But in thinking the matter over it occurs to me that there is one thing we have not scrutinized: that is, the nature of the fold into which cities are trying to get. For the hen had a very simple objective. She was trying to get

back into the hen-yard; she wanted to go to roost, and she wanted to be where she would get a morning feed of grain. Once in the hen-yard, she could say complacently, 'I have arrived.'

But for cities is there any such fold? Or for souls? I fancy not. And here, perhaps, is the weak point in the evangelistic scheme. It rather assumes something like a hen-yard, it rather assumes that one magnificent effort will enable one to arrive. The hen, it will be remembered, after a few moments of agitated but rapidly subsiding reminiscence, settled contentedly upon the roost. This is what is said to happen much too often after the rush of an evangelistic movement. Perhaps, however, the responsibility for this is rather with the churches, since it is they who must follow up the movement begun by the evangelist. Theirs is the harder task. Their stumbling-block, which is also their opportunity, is found in these same latent powers of humanity which are always craving to be summoned into activity (hence the surge toward the evangelist), but which always have a tendency to sink back into latency. This is forever the difficulty of the church. It is not a new difficulty. It was probably not new when Moses encountered it in a people who continually and magnificently rose at his appeal, and continually and suddenly fell away again when the freshness of contact had passed.

Yet in this continual need of fresh contacts human beings make their strongest appeal. We cry to one another for help, for inspiration. We get it; and then, so very soon, we need it again — need, not the same help, the same inspiration, but new. For nothing involving human relations can ever settle into a formula. Nothing we can do for one another, whether through our churches or through other channels, is ever done finally.

